

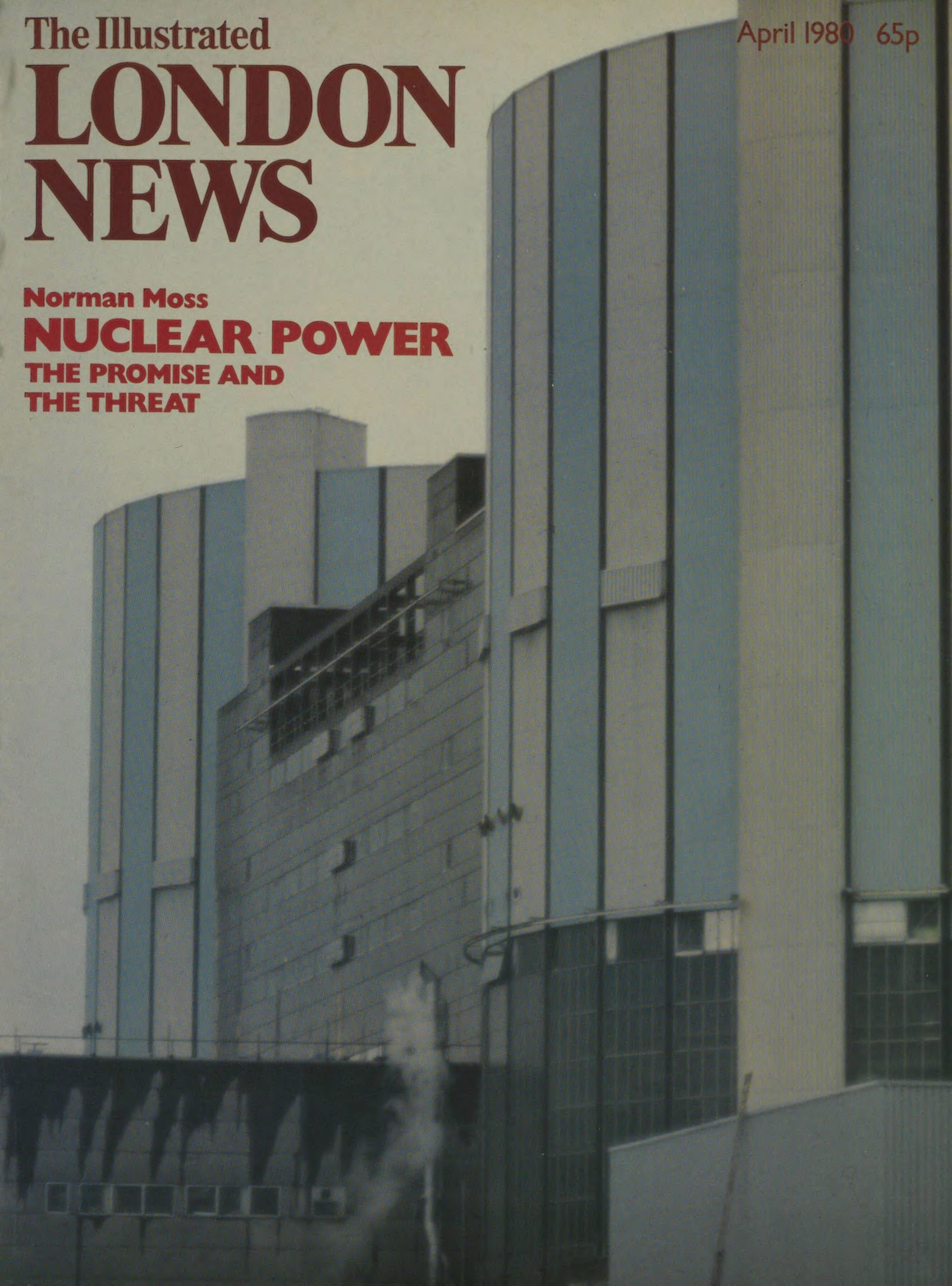
The Illustrated
**LONDON
NEWS**

April 1980 65p

Norman Moss

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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6981 Volume 268 April 1980

Cover: The nuclear power station at Oldbury on Severn. See page 31.
Photograph by Roger Jones.

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Subscription rates: 12 issues plus Christmas number.
UK and Eire, second class mail £10.50.
Overseas, air-speeded delivery £14.
ISSN number: 0019-2422

Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London News* each month by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a personal subscription. Please send orders for subscriptions to:
Subscription Department, 23-29 Emerald Street, London WC1N 3QJ. Telephone 01-404 5531.

USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA; and Expeditors of the Printed Word Ltd, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, USA. Second class postage paid in New York, NY.

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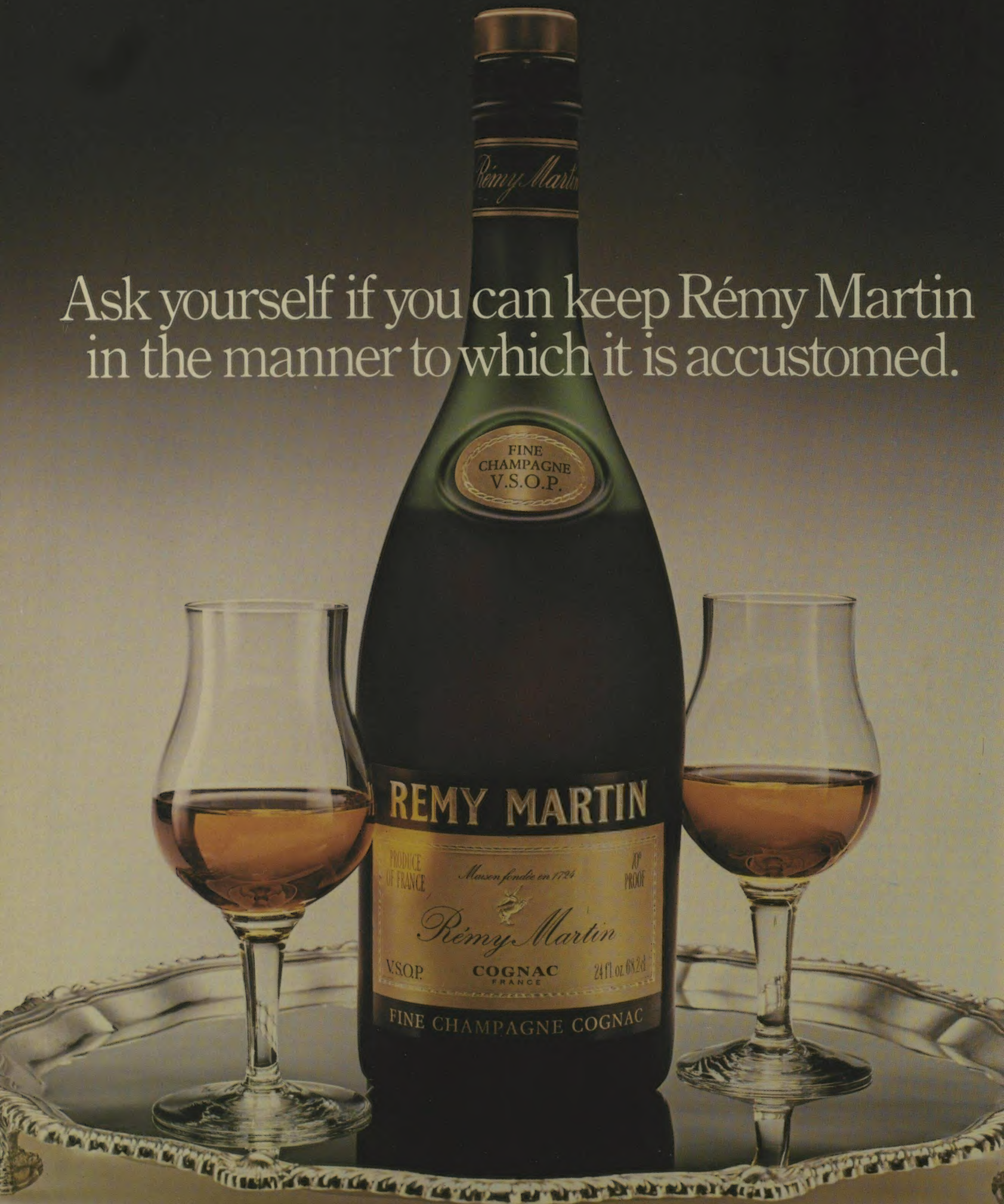


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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

THEATRE

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. Farce by Dario Fo performed by the Belt & Braces Roadshow, directed by Gavin Richards. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.* 8.40pm.

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

Appearances. Simone Benmussa's production of the not-too-lucid play she has adapted from a short story by Henry James is sensitively acted by Susannah York & Daniel Massey. *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.* Until Apr 5.

As You Like It. John Dexter lifts Arden from the bare boards of his stage in a production with Sara Kestelman's Rosalind as a conspicuous pleasure. *Olivier.*

Beecham. Caryl Brahms & Ned Sherrin have given Timothy West a splendid chance to reincarnate the witty & contentious conductor Sir Thomas Beecham. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Before the Party. Rodney Ackland's comedy, based on a Somerset Maugham story, is directed by Tom Conti. With Jane Asher, Michael Gough & Phyllis Calvert. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols's play about a curiously composed family may have a wider meaning. In the theatre it drifts along with one particularly apt performance by Barry Foster. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. *Cambridge, Earham St, WC2.*

The Club. David Williamson's blistering exposure of what can happen behind the scenes of a football club is the best play from Australia for years, and it is fittingly performed. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Until Apr 12.

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist Ira Levin, with Gareth Hunt as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty duologue called "New-Found-Land". *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

Dylan Thomas Growing Up. An entertainment devised & performed by Emlyn Williams, based on Dylan Thomas's own stories of his early life. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.* Until mid-April.

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

The Iceman Cometh. Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Bill Bryden. With Jack Shepherd as Hickey. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Apr 5. Performances start at 5.30pm.

Ipi Tombi. A South African musical with music by Bertha Egnos, lyrics by Gale Lakier. *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; directed by Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers & Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner and Virginia McKenna. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1.*

Last of the Red-Hot Lovers. In a New York apartment Neil Simon's middle-aged amorist seeks extra-marital exploits. He has three, none fortunate but cheerfully contrasted in the theatre. Brian Moorehead is the adventurer. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.* Seats half-price Monday evenings.

Make & Break. new play by Michael Frayn about a trade fair in Frankfurt. Directed by Michael Blakemore, with Leonard Rossiter & Prunella Scales. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Until Apr 19.

Middle-Age Spread. An extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with such experts as Richard Briers & Paul Eddington to lead it. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flowergirl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adephi, Strand, WC2.*

Night & Day. Tom Stoppard says cogently forcible things about journalism in a play (set in Black Africa). With Kate O'Mara & George Sewell, directed by Edward de Souza. *Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* Until Apr 5.

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

On the Twentieth Century. New musical from Broadway about the luxury train of the 1930s which ran between Chicago & New York. Directed by Peter Coe, with Keith Michell, Julia McKenzie, Mark Wynter & Ann Beach. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman, directed now by Trevor Nunn. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

An Optimistic Thrust. Comedy devised & performed by the Joint Stock Theatre Company. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Until Apr 12.

Othello. Directed by Peter Hall, with Paul Scofield, Michael Bryant, Felicity Kendal, Stephen Moore & Michael Gambon. *Olivier.*

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaine's acting. *Piccadilly.*

The Primary English Class. Israel Horowitz's comedy about a language school in New York. Directed by Sam Walters. *Wyndham's, New 10pm.*

Private Lives. 50th-anniversary production of Noël Coward's play, directed by Alan Strachan. With Michael Jayston, Maria Aitken & Jenny Quayle. *Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10.* Until Apr 12.

The Promise by Aleksei Arbuzov. The story of three young people growing up between 1942 & the end of the Second World War. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Until Apr 12.

Reflections. New play by John Peacock based on events in 1793 where Madame Dubarry is brought back to France to face charges of having committed crimes against the state. With Dorothy Tutin & Donald Pleasence. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

Rose. Comedy by Andrew Davies, with Glenda Jackson as a Midlands primary school-teacher. Directed by Alan Dossor. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play: the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Ian Ogilvy & James Cossins are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

Streets of London. 19th-century melodrama by Dion Boucicault, directed by Diane Cilento. With William Squire, Frank Grimes, Jane Wymark, Elspet Gray & Louisa Rix. *Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15.* Until Apr 13.

Thee & Me. by Philip Martin. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Ian Hogg, Mary Maddox & Billy McColl. *Lyttelton.*

Threads. New play by John Byrne, the sequel to "The Slab Boys", takes place at the staff dance of a carpet manufacturer. Directed by Robin Lefevre. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Until Apr 19.

The Three Sisters. Trevor Nunn directs Chekov's play in this production from The Other Place. With Suzanne Bertish & Bob Peck. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earham St, WC2.* From Apr 8.

Twelfth Night. Cherie Lunghi's Viola & John

Woodvine's Malvolio are happiest in last year's self-indulgent revival by Terry Hands transferred from Stratford. The play opens during a hard winter in Illyria. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* From Apr 11.

When We Are Married. J. B. Priestley gets his knife and fork into the splendid high tea of this broad comedy of West Riding manners 70 years ago. Directed by Robin Lefevre, with performances of sustained relish by all concerned. *Lyttelton.*

Whose Life is it Anyway? Kim Grant directs Brian Clark's play discussing the right to die. With Simon Ward & Lynette Davies. *Thorndike Theatre, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Until Apr 12.

The Wild Duck. One of Ibsen's more testing plays, with its lunge at blind idealism, this is closely directed by Christopher Morahan, with Stephen Moore, Michael Bryant, Andrew Cruickshank & Eva Griffiths as, respectively, self-deceiver, meddling idealist, grandfather lost in fantasy & tragic girl. Christopher Hampton's translation is new. *Olivier.*

Woyzeck. New adaptation of George Büchner's play, performed by Foco Novo. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until Apr 5.

First nights

Shadow of a Gunman, by Sean O'Casey. Directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Michael Pennington & Norman Rodway. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Apr 1.

Hamlet, directed by Richard Eyre. With Jonathan Pryce, Michael Elphick, Jill Bennett & Christopher Logue. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Apr 2.

As You Like It. First production in the Royal Shakespeare Company's Stratford season, directed by Terry Hands. With John Bowe, Sinead Cusack, Susan Fleetwood & Joe Melia. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Apr 3.

Say Who You Are. Comedy by Keith Waterhouse & Willis Hall, directed by Val May. With Michael Aspel, Pete Murray, Una Stubbs & Dilys Watling. *Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* Apr 7-12.

Only in America. Musical by Lieber & Stoller, written & directed by Ned Sherrin & co-directed by David Yakir. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Apr 9-26.

Arsenic & Old Lace. Joseph Kesselring's comedy, directed by Peter Clapham. *Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon, Surrey.* Apr 9-19.

Cymbeline. A new version by Shared Experience takes the action from Ancient Britain to Ancient Rome & from Renaissance Italy to the Welsh mountains. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Apr 9-26.

Early Days. New play by David Storey, directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Ralph Richardson. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Apr 22.

Romeo & Juliet, directed by Ron Daniels. With Judy Buxton, Anton Lesser, Trevor Baxter & Brenda Bruce. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Apr 23.

Hay Fever. Noël Coward's comedy directed by Michael Blakemore. With Constance Cummings & John Le Mestrier. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Apr 29-May 31.

CINEMA

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

The Amityville Horror. The story of nightmare events which overtook a family after moving into a house in Long Island. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with James Brolin, Margot Kidder & Rod Steiger.

... And Justice for All. Al Pacino plays a young American lawyer fighting the corruptness of the American legal system. Directed by Norman Jewison.

Animalympics. Animated musical fantasy with music by Graham Gouldman. Directed by Steven Lisberger.

Apocalypse Now. Francis Ford Coppola's near-mastpiece using the Vietnam war to explore Conradian themes of good and evil. On the sensuous level it is a stunning re-creation of a lunatic war but it also has a tenacious sense of moral blackness.

The Big Fix. The story of a Los Angeles private detective. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan, with Richard Dreyfuss & Susan Anspach.

Black Jack. Set in 18th-century Yorkshire, the

film is based on Leon Garfield's novel about a French ruffian & a draper's apprentice. Directed by Kenneth Loach, with Stephen Hirst, Louise Cooper & Jean Franval.

Breaking Away. Comedy about four American teenagers & the ambition of one of them to become a champion racing cyclist. Directed by Peter Yates, with Paul Dooley, Denis Christopher & Denis Quaid.

The Brood. Horror film written and directed by David Cronenberg about a clinic where doctors use "psychoplasms" to make emotions manifest themselves on the outside of the patients' skin. With Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.

The China Syndrome. Will the nuclear reactor self-destruct? Will Southern California be destroyed? A topical thriller about nuclear power that confuses rather than clarifies the issues, but Jack Lemmon & Jane Fonda are very watchable.

Cuba. Sean Connery plays a soldier of fortune in pre-revolution Cuba. Directed by Richard Lester, with Brooke Adams & Denholm Elliott.

The Electric Horseman. Robert Redford plays a cowboy disillusioned with his life in publicity stunts who abandons his work, but is pursued by a news reporter played by Jane Fonda. Directed by Sydney Pollack.

Escape from Alcatraz. The story of the only convict ever to escape from the island prison. Directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood & Patrick McGowan.

The Getaway. Steve McQueen as a bank robber & Ali MacGraw as his accomplice in a film directed by Sam Peckinpah.

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs. Award-winning French matrimonial comedy written & directed by Bertrand Blier. With Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere & Carole Laure.

Goin' South. A post-Civil War comedy-Western directed by & starring Jack Nicholson. With Mary Steenburgen, Christopher Lloyd & John Belushi.

The Human Factor. Otto Preminger's lacklustre recreation of a tip-top Graham Greene novel about the nature of loyalty & treason. The subject is timely, but the film is miscast & lamely directed.

Kramer vs Kramer. Dustin Hoffman & Meryl Streep star in a story of divorce & dispute over custody of their child. Directed by Norman Jewison.

La Luna. Bertolucci hokum about an American opera singer (the delectable Jill Clayburgh) on tour in Italy with her draggy, druggy son. Pretentious melodrama.

The Magician of Lublin, based on the Nobel-prizewinning novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, about a Polish magician who believes he can fly. Directed by Menahem Golan, with Alan Arkin, Louise Fletcher, Valerie Perrine & Shelley Winters.

Manhattan. Woody Allen's best film to date. A sharp look at contemporary manners in New York but also an indictment of the materialism & spiritual emptiness of much of modern America.

Meatballs. Comedy about American summer camps, directed by Ivan Reitman. With Bill Murray, Harvey Atkin, Kate Lynch & Chris Makepeace.

Messidor. Two Swiss girls leave home for a life of adventure which declines as they run out of money, culminating in a police chase when they are mistaken for terrorists. Directed by Alain Tanner.

Meteor. Will the meteor heading towards earth destroy civilization as the Hollywood filmmakers know it? Sean Connery, Natalie Wood & Karl Malden among those implicated in this disastrous disaster movie.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Some see it as a blasphemous parody of the life of Christ. In fact it is a patchy plea for never subscribing wholeheartedly to any particular faith or cause.

Murder by Decree. Sherlock Holmes investigates the mystery of Jack the Ripper. Directed by Bob Clark, with Christopher Plummer, James Mason, Donald Sutherland, Genevieve Bujoild, David Hemmings, John Gielgud, Anthony Quayle & Frank Finlay.

My Brilliant Career. Interesting Australian movie about a woman's struggle to make it in a male-oriented, turn-of-the-century world. Not startling; but well directed by Gillian Armstrong.

North Dallas Forty explores the world of American professional football. Directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Nick Nolte as a veteran player forced into a decision about his career & his life.

The Onion Field. Based on a true story about two Los Angeles criminals who are still in jail

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after shooting a police officer in 1963. Directed by Harold Becker, with James Woods & John Savage.

Orchestra Rehearsal. A Fellini parable using an orchestral session as a chance to warn Italy about the dangers of resurgent Fascism. Not a good film but one hopes Italy got the message.

Pretty Baby. Louis Malle's controversial film about a 12-year-old girl in a Storyville brothel. Soft-edged & voyeuristic.

The Rose. The superbly talented Bette Midler redeems a hackneyed tale about the decline & fall of a late 60s, Joplinsque superstar.

The Runner Stumbles. Stanley Kramer produces & directs this story of a priest accused of murder. With Dick Van Dyke, Kathleen Quinlan & Maureen Stapleton.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Alan Alda's story of a man whose ambition begins to destroy his marriage. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Alan Alda, Barbara Harris & Meryl Streep.

SOS Titanic. Film based on the events of the ship's disastrous maiden voyage. Directed by Billy Hale, with David Janssen, Cloris Leachman, Susan St James, David Warner, Ian Holm & Helen Mirren.

The Swissmakers. A lively satire by Rolf Lyssy on the hideous process of applying for Swiss citizenship: pungent & funny like an Ealing comedy with teeth.

10. Unfunny comedy about the male menopause in which Dudley Moore lumbers through some protracted sequences with Julie Andrews supplying the love-interest & Bo Derek the sexual diversion.

Time After Time. Ingenious thriller in which Jack the Ripper escapes to modern San Francisco in a time machine, breathlessly pursued by H. G. Wells. An enjoyable time-killer.

Wise Blood. Stark, fascinating John Huston movie about religious obsession in the American Bible belt: a work of unimpeachable integrity.

Yanks. A lengthy account of the impact of American soldiers on a small Lancashire town in wartime. John Schlesinger directs with careful competence but the film rarely becomes more than a nostalgic wallow.

Yesterday's Hero. Catchpenny attempt to combine the worlds of professional soccer and pop. Jackie Collins scripted. Perhaps she should stick to studs of a different kind.

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Triple bill, Apr 2, 7: **The Four Seasons**, choreography MacMillan, music Verdi, revival dispensing with set & danced in practice clothes, with Jackson, Penney, Rosato, Deane, Eagling, Fletcher, Jefferies, Sleep, Apr 2; with Collier, Mason, Thorogood, Coleman, Fletcher, Page, Sleep, Wall, Apr 7; **Gloria**, new ballet by MacMillan, music Poulenc, with Ellis, Eagling, Hosking, Penney; **The Concert**, choreography Robbins, music Chopin, with Park, Coleman, Derman.

La Fille Mal Gardée, choreography Ashton, music Hérold, with Jackson, Jefferies, Shaw, Sleep, Edwards, Apr 5 2pm; with Ellis, Eagling, Shaw, Sleep, Edwards, Apr 10.

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa & Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky, with Porter, Wall, Apr 12; with Collier, Eagling Apr 19.

Troy Game, choreography North, music Banucada, Downes, cast to be announced; **new ballet** by Bintley, cast to be announced; **My Brother, My Sisters**, choreography MacMillan, music Schönberg & Webern, with Eagling, Penney, Collier, Apr 29.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE, Theatre Royal, Glasgow:

Then You Can Only Sing/Solo Ride/Reflections, Ice/The Annunciation/Songs, Lamentations & Praises, Apr 1-5.

SCOTTISH BALLET on tour:

Swan Lake, Cinderella.

King's Theatre, Edinburgh. Apr 1-12.

Cinderella, Giselle.

Opera House, Blackpool. Apr 15-19.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Apr 22-26.

New Theatre, Hull. Apr 29-May 3.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Metamorphoses/Sphinx/Etudes, Sleeping Beauty, Mar 31-Apr 5.

On tour: La Sylphide, Rosalinda, Romeo & Juliet, Sleeping Beauty.

New Theatre, Oxford. Apr 14-19.

Coventry Theatre, Coventry. Apr 22-26.

Gaumont, Southampton. Apr 28-May 3.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour: Cinderella.

Charter Theatre, Preston. Mar 31-Apr 5.

Coppélia, Rustic Variations/Incognita/10 Easy Pieces.

Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Apr 7-12.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET THEATRE on tour:

Repertory includes **Housewarming, The Gentleman Caller, La Favorita, Charades, Soirée Musicale, Peter & the Wolf, Masquerade, Circuit.**

Rep Theatre, Dundee. Apr 1-5.

Dartington Arts Association, Totnes. Apr 7-8.

Arnaud Theatre, Guildford. Apr 14-19.

Johnson Hall, Yeovil. Apr 21.

Opera House, Buxton. Apr 24, 25.

Carlton, Teignmouth. Apr 28.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

Lucrezia Borgia, conductor Bonyng, new production by John Copley, with Joan Sutherland as Lucrezia Borgia, Anne Howells as Maffio Orsini, Alfredo Kraus as Gennaro, Stafford Dean as Alfonso d'Este. Apr 1, 5, 9, 12 2pm, 16.

The Rake's Progress, conductor Sillem, with Robert Tear as Tom Rakewell, Felicity Lott as Anne Trulove, Donald McIntyre as Nick Shadow, Robert Lloyd as Trulove. Apr 3, 8, 15, 18.

La Fanciulla del West, conductor Patané, with Jon Vickers as Dick Johnson, Arlene Saunders as Minnie, Silvano Carroli as Jack Rance. Apr 11, 14, 17, 22, 25, 28.

Die Zauberflöte, conductor Conlon, with Stuart Burrows as Tamino, Thomas Allen as Papageno, Kiri te Kanawa as Pamina, Zdzislaw Donat as the Queen of the Night, Robert Lloyd as Sarastro, Donald McIntyre as the Sprecher. Apr 21, 24, 26, 30.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Aida, conductor Reid, with Linda Esther Gray as Aida, Katherine Pring as Amneris, Tom Swift as Radames, John Gibbs as Amonasro, John Tomlinson as Ramphis, Harold Blackburn as King of Egypt. Apr 12, 15, 19, 23, 26, 30.

The Barber of Seville, conductor N. Davies, with Della Jones as Rosina, Graham Clark as Almaviva, Niall Murray as Figaro, Eric Shilling as Bartolo. Apr 16, 25.

Tosca, conductor Williams, with Ava June as Tosca, John Treleaven as Cavaradossi, Geoffrey Chord as Scarpia. Apr 18, 24, 29.

On tour:

Julius Caesar, Aida, The Turn of the Screw, La traviata, The Ring of the Nibelung.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool. Mar 18-Apr 5.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH: Der Rosenkavalier, The Mines of Sulphur, Nabucco.

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Mar 21-Apr 5.

Empire Theatre, Sunderland. Apr 8-12.

Garmen, Nabucco.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Apr 15-19.

Der Rosenkavalier, The Mines of Sulphur, Nabucco.

New Theatre, Hull. Apr 22-26.

KENT OPERA:

The Magic Flute, La traviata, The Turn of the Screw.

Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Mar 18-22.

ABC Theatre, Peterborough. Mar 25-29.

Towngate Theatre, Poole Arts Centre. Mar 31-Apr 5.

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1. Apr 15-19.

SCOTTISH OPERA:

Rigoletto. Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Mar 22, 25, 27, 29.

Mary Queen of Scots, The Bartered Bride.

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1.

Apr 1-5.

Peter Grimes. Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Apr 30.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:

Eugene Onegin, The Coronation of Poppea, Ernani, Tristan und Isolde.

Hippodrome Theatre, Bristol. Mar 25-29.

Hippodrome Theatre, Birmingham. Apr 1-5.

Madam Butterfly, Eugene Onegin, Ernani, The Coronation of Poppea.

Gaumont Theatre, Southampton. Apr 15-19.

Ernani, Eugene Onegin, The Coronation of Poppea.

Grand Theatre, Swansea. Apr 22-26.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

London Mozart Players, Royal Choral Society, conductor Meredith Davies; Eiddwen Harthy, soprano; James Bowman, counter tenor; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; Peter Knapp, baritone. Handel, Messiah. Apr 4, 2.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Nash. Bizet, Carmen, Suite No 1; de Falla, Dance from La Vida Breve, 4 Dances from The Three-Cornered Hat; Mussorgsky, Night on the Bare Mountain; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade. Apr 5, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Irish Guards, conductor Tausky; Allan Schiller, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1, Capriccio Italien, Suite from Swan Lake, Overture 1812. Apr 6, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Francis; Fiona Dobie, soprano; Emile Belcourt, tenor. Viennese music & operetta. Apr 13, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Goldsmith's Choral Union, BBC Symphony Chorus, conductor Wright; Teresa Cahill, soprano; Brian Rayner-Cook, baritone. Brahms, Ein Deutsches Requiem. Apr 15, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, Walter Susskind, conductor & piano. Delius, On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring; Mozart, Piano Concerto No 23 in A K488; Dvorak, Slavonic Dances Op 46. Apr 18, 25, 7.45pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Krips; Yaltah Menuhin, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5, Symphony No 7. Apr 20, 7.30pm.

The Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, Iona Brown director & violin. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 3 in G; Mozart, Divertimento in D K136, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. Apr 27, 7.30pm.

CITY MUSIC SOCIETY, Bishopsgate Hall, EC2:

John Lill, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in B flat Op 106. Apr 3, 1.05pm.

Ian Hobson, piano. Chopin, Scherzo in E Op 54, Etudes 6 & 7 Op 25; Ravel, Gaspard de la nuit. Apr 15, 1.05pm.

Steven Isserlis, cello; **Francis Grier**, piano. Bach, Adagio from Toccata in C; Fauré, Sonata No 2; Seiber, Jazz Suite. Apr 22, 1.05pm.

Nobuko Imai, viola; **Ka Kit Tam**, piano. Kreisler, Recitativo & Scherzo; Tate, A Seasonal Sequence; Franck, Sonata in A. Apr 29, 1.05pm.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Sq, WC1:

Lindsay String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in C Op 20 No 2; Dvorak, Quartet in E flat Op 51; Janacek, Quartet No 2. Apr 13, 6.30pm.

Ian Partridge, tenor; **Jennifer Partridge**, piano. Schubert, Die Schöne Müllerin. Apr 20, 6.30pm.

Allegri-Robles Ensemble. Mozart, Theme, Variations & Rondo Harp Solo, Flute Quartet in C, Clarinet Quintet; Debussy, Sonata for flute, viola & harp; Ravel, Introduction & Allegro in G flat for harp, flute, clarinet & string quartet. Apr 27, 6.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Saltarello Choir, conductor Bernas; Roderick Earle, bass. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 4 in G, Cantata No 158, Lobet den Herrn, Singet dem Herrn, Cantata No 106. Apr 2, 7.30pm.

Abbey Orchestra & Opera Chorus, conductor Shelley. Vaughan Williams, Sir John in Love. Apr 13, 7pm.

Lindsay String Quartet, Simon Rowland-Jones, viola. Hugh Wood, Quartet No 3; Mozart, Quintet in C K515. Apr 14, 1pm.

Henri Honegger, cello. Bach, Suite No 1 in G, Suite No 5 in C minor, Suite No 3 in C. Apr 15; Suite No 2 in D minor, Suite No 4 in E flat, Suite No 6 in D. Apr 17; 7.30pm.

English Chamber Soloists, conductor Josefovitz; Jean-Pierre Fonda, piano. Elgar, Serenade for Strings Op 20, Elegy for Strings Op 58; Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K271. Apr 16, 7.30pm.

Michel Beroff, piano. Beethoven, Six Bagatelles; Bartok, Sonata; Debussy, Four Studies from Etudes II. Apr 21, 1pm.

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell. Bach, Suite No 4 in D, Brandenburg Concertos No 4 in G & No 6 in B flat, Suite No 3 in D. Apr 23, 7.30pm.

London Mozart Players, Tamas Vasary, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in A K414; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 1 in C. Apr 28, 1pm.

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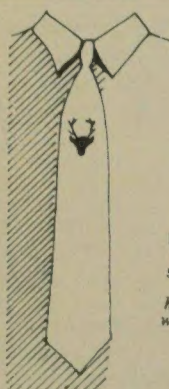
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Ashley Courtney - BTA Commended - Signpost

Festival Chorus, conductor Macal; Katie
Clarke, soprano; Anne Collins, contralto; Louis
Devos, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass baritone;
John Birch, organ. Dvorak, Symphony No 7;
Janacek, Glagolitic Mass. Apr 1, 8pm. *FH*.

Bernard Lagace, organ. Buxtehude, Wie schön
leuchtet der Morgenstern; Bach, Passacaglia &
Fugue in C minor BWV582, Sei gegrüßet Jesu
gütig, BWV768; Reger, Wie schön leucht'uns der
Morgenstern Op 40 No 1. Apr 2, 5.55pm. *FH*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor
Pritchard; Walter Trampler, viola; Ann Murray,
mezzo-soprano; William Lewis, tenor. Walton,
Viola Concerto; Mahler, Das Lied von der Erde.
Apr 2, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor
Albrecht; Michel Dalberto, piano. Henze, Aria
de la Folia Española; Mozart, Piano Concerto in
C K503; Beethoven, Symphony No 2. Apr 2,
7.45pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Volk; Clifford Curzon, piano. Mendelssohn,
Symphony No 4; Mozart, Piano Concerto in C
minor K491; Stravinsky, The Rite of Spring. Apr
3, 8pm. *FH*.

**English Chamber Orchestra, London Choral
Society, Pimlico School Choir**, conductor
Kraemer; Jon Garrison, Evangelist; Robert
Lloyd, Christus; Felicity Lott, soprano; Linda
Finney, contralto; Keith Lewis, tenor; Stephen
Roberts, bass. Bach, St Matthew Passion. Apr 4,
5pm. *FH*.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Howarth.
Rodney Bennett, Commedia I; Satie/Birtwistle,
Aventures des Mercuries; Walton, Façade. Apr 4,
7.45pm. *FH*.

BBC Concert Orchestra, Ambrosian Singers,
conductor Goldschmidt; Sigrd Martikka, Helga
Papouschek, sopranos; Peter Minich, tenor;
Karl Dönch, Kurt Huemer, baritones; Rudolf
Wasserlof, bass. A programme to celebrate the
centenaries of Offenbach & Stolz. Apr 5, 8pm.
FH.

**London Savoyards Orchestra, Young
Savoyards**, conductor Murray; Pamela Field,
soprano; Gillian Knight, mezzo-soprano; Terry
Jenkins, tenor; Peter Pratt, baritone; Harry
Coghill, bass. A gala night of Gilbert & Sullivan.
Apr 5, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Volk; Clifford Curzon, piano. Mendelssohn,
Symphony No 4; Mozart, Piano Concerto in D
K537; Stravinsky, The Rite of Spring. Apr 6,
3.15pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Susskind; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Wagner,
Overture & excerpts from Act III, Die Meister-
singer; Bruch, Violin Concerto No 1; Rach-
maninov, Symphony No 1. Apr 6, 7.30pm. *FH*.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods;
Marilyn Hill Smith, soprano. Viennese evening.
Apr 6, 7.15pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Susskind; Moura Lympny, piano. Dvorak,
Slavonic Dances Op 46; Rachmaninov, Piano
Concerto No 2; Simpson, Symphony No 6. Apr
8, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor
Pritchard; Kiri te Kanawa, soprano. Haydn,
Symphony No 95; Mozart, Exsultate, Jubilate!
K165, Ruhe sanft mein holdes Leben, Or sai chi
l'onore; Schubert, Symphony No 3. Apr 9, 8pm.
FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor
Celibidache. Tippett, Ritual Dances, The Mid-
summer Marriage; Debussy, Iberia;
Mussorgsky/Ravel, Pictures from an Exhibition.
Apr 10, 8pm. *FH*.

Anthony Goldstone, piano. Weber, Invitation to
the Dance; Beethoven, Six Bagatelles Op 126;
Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques Op 13;
Medtner, Sonate Orageuse; Grainger, Rattle on
Love; Alkan, Le Festin d'Esopo. Apr 10, 7.45pm.
FH.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell;
Ifor James, horn; Nona Liddell, violin; John
Wilbraham, Michael Laird, Crispian Steele-
Perkins, trumpets. Handel, Arrival of the Queen
of Sheba; Purcell, Suite from Abdelazer;
Telemann, Horn Concerto in D; Forster, Horn
Concerto; Bach, Violin Concerto in A minor
BWV 1041, Suite No 3. Apr 11, 7.45pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor
Celibidache. Kodály, Dances from Galanta;
Ravel, Mother Goose Suite; Brahms, Symphony
No 1. Apr 13, 7.30pm. *FH*.

The Nash Ensemble, conductor Friend; Sarah
Walker, mezzo-soprano; Ian Comboy, bass.
Barber, Dover Beach; Ives, The Unanswered
Question; Carter, Syringa for mezzo-soprano,

bass & chamber ensemble; Patterson, At the
Still Point of the Turning World; Copland,
Appalachian Spring. Apr 13, 7.15pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Pope. Beethoven, Symphony No 7, Symphony
No 5. Apr 14, 8pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Rattle; Ida
Haendel, violin; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano.
Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Mahler, Symphony
No 4, Apr 15, 8pm. *FH*.

Lindsay String Quartet, Karoly Botvay, cello.
Boccherini, Quintet in C; Elgar, Quartet in E
minor; Schubert, Quintet in C D956. Apr 15,
7.45pm. *FH*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor
Rozhdestvensky; György Pauk, violin. Alwyn,
Symphony No 5; Walton, Violin Concerto;
Prokofiev, Symphony No 5. Apr 16, 8pm. *FH*.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech;
Michael Roll, piano; Christine Messiter, flute;
Malcolm Messiter, oboe. Beethoven, Piano Con-
certo No 4; Salieri, Concerto for flute & oboe;
Bizet, Symphony in C. Apr 16, 7.45pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Kondrashin; Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano.
Ravel, Piano Concerto in G; Berlioz, Symphonie
Fantastique. Apr 17, 8pm. *FH*.

Malcolm Binns, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in D
minor Op 31 No 2; Schumann, Vier Nachtstücke
Op 23, Toccata in C Op 7; Debussy, Suite,
Children's Corner; Liszt, Deux Légendes. Apr
17, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Rattle; Ida
Haendel, violin. Brahms, Violin Concerto;
Mahler, Symphony No 10. Apr 18, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Keefe. Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Richard
Strauss, Johann Strauss. Apr 19, 8pm. *FH*.

Michael Howard, solo organ & piano; Elaine
Pearce, soprano. Bach, Fantasia & Fugue in G
minor, Chorale Preludes, Prelude & Fugue in C,
Prelude & Fugue in B minor; Howard, Scena
Dramatis for Antoinette Michael: Prayers for the
Salvation of One's Soul, Scena Dramatis
secunda: Dances for a Mountain Goat. Apr 20,
3.15pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir,
conductor Previn. Berlioz, Grande Messe des
Morts. Apr 20, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Rafael Orozco, piano. Brahms, Sixteen Waltzes
Op 39; Beethoven, Sonata in F minor Op 57;
Liszt, Sonata in B minor. Apr 20, 3pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Svetlanov;
John Lill, piano. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto
No 3; Elgar, Symphony No 2. Apr 22, 8pm. *FH*.

Rita Hunter, soprano; **Hazel Vivienne**, piano.
Wagner, Mozart, Puccini, Verdi, Gershwin,
Novello. Apr 22, 7.45pm. *FH*.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC
Singers**, conductor Rozhdestvensky. Mozart,
Symphony in D K111a & K120; Schnittke,
Symphony (St Florian); Bruckner, Mass No 2 in
E minor. Apr 23, 8pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Svetlanov;
Vladimir Spivakov, violin. Tchaikovsky, Intro-
duction, Melodrama & Dance of the Tumblers
from The Snow Maiden, Violin Concerto;
Shostakovich, Symphony No 5. Apr 24, 8pm.
FH.

Vlado Perlemuter, piano. Ravel, Le Tombeau
de Couperin, Gaspard de la Nuit; Chopin,
Polonaise Fantaisie in A flat Op 61, Twelve
Etudes Op 25. Apr 24, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Svetlanov;
Vladimir Spivakov, violin. Tchaikovsky, Intro-
duction, Melodrama & Dance of the Tumblers
from The Snow Maiden, Symphony No 4;
Mozart, Violin Concerto in A K219. Apr 27,
3.15pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Kamur; Yehudi Menuhin, violin. Chausson,
Poème; Bartók, Violin Concerto No 1; Strauss,
Also sprach Zarathustra. Apr 27, 7.30pm. *FH*.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods;
Jack Rothstein, violin. Mendelssohn, Violin
Concerto in E minor, Overture A Midsummer
Night's Dream; Schubert, Symphony No 8,
Overture & excerpts Rosamunde. Apr 27,
7.15pm. *FH*.

The City of London Sinfonia, conductor
Hickox; Meryl Drower, soprano; Howard
Shelley, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in C
K467, Ch'io mi scordi di te? K505, Symphony
No 31. Apr 28, 7.45pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Rostropovich; Heather Harper, soprano. Haydn,
Symphony No 104; Strauss, Songs; Dvorak,
Symphony No 5. Apr 29, 8pm. *FH*.

London Mozart Players, conductor Vášáry;
Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Haydn,

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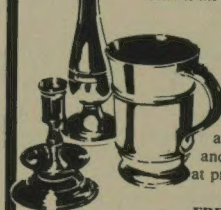
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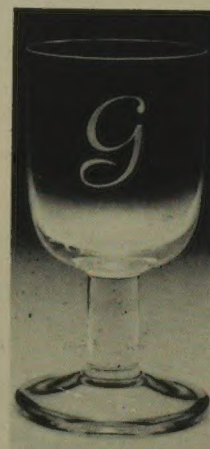
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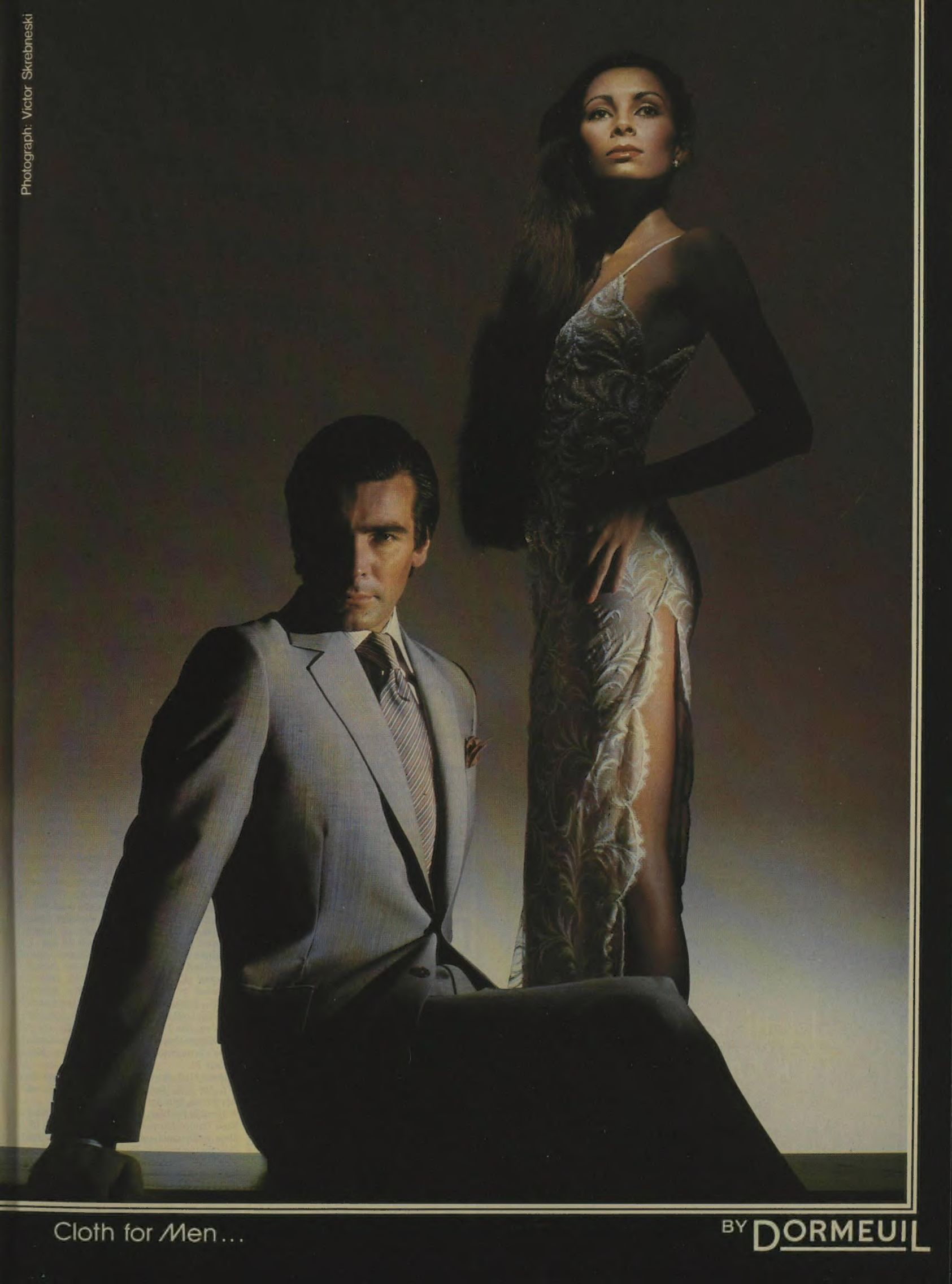
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Symphony No 93; Mozart, Piano Concerto in A K488; Mendelssohn, Symphony No 3. Apr 30, 8pm. FH.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

David Roblou, harpsichord. Cabezón, Gibbons, Philips, Sweelinck, Cabanilles, Scarlatti. Apr 1, 7.30pm.

Delmé String Quartet. Bach (ed Simpson), Art of Fugue II; Simpson, Quartet No 4; Beethoven, Quartet Op 59 No 1. Apr 2; Bach (ed Simpson), Art of Fugue III; Simpson, Quartet No 6; Beethoven, Quartet Op 59 No 3. Apr 12; 7.30pm.

Albani String Quartet, John Lill, piano. Beethoven, Quartet Op 18 No 2; Britten, Quartet No 2; Brahms, Piano Quintet in F minor Op 34. Apr 9, 7.30pm.

Mark Varshavsky, cello; **Frank Wibaut**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in D Op 102 No 2; Tishchenko, Solo Sonata; Debussy, Sonata; Rachmaninov, Sonata. Apr 13, 7.30pm.

Sarah Walker, mezzo soprano; **Thomas Hemsley**, baritone; **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Wolf, Spanisches Liederbuch. Apr 16, 7.30pm.

Fortune's Fire, Rosemary Hardy, soprano; Wynford Evans, tenor; Carl Shavitz, lute; Peter Vel, viola da gamba. Aspects of love: Oliver, The Garden; Dowland & Bartlett, duets & solo songs; Campion, Corkine, Greaves, Jones, lute songs. Apr 17, 7.30pm.

Ilse Wolf, soprano; **Maria Ingolfssdottir**, violin; **Anne Rycroft**, viola; **Andrew Knight**, baritone; **Andrew Marriner**, clarinet; **Geoffrey Osborn**, **Graham Barber**, pianos. Schumann: the last years. Songs. Apr 18, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in C; Shostakovich, Quartet No 8; Tchaikovsky, Quartet No 2 in F. Apr 19, 7.30pm.

Alison Baker, piano. Bach-Busoni, Toccata in C; Beethoven, Sonata Op 26; Debussy, 4 Etudes; Prokofiev, Sonata No 2. Apr 20, 3.30pm.

Patricia Conti, mezzo soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Haydn, Schumann, Berlioz, Chausson, Songs. Apr 21, 7.30pm.

Elena Obraztsova, mezzo soprano; **Vazha Chachava**, piano. Schumann, Falla, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Songs. Apr 23, 7.30pm.

Ann Woodward, viola; **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Carter, Pastoral; Finney, Sonata No 2; Rhodes, Partita; Rochberg, Sonata; Bloch, Suite Hébraïque. Apr 26, 3.30pm.

Medici String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in B flat; Mozart, Quartet in C K465; Brahms, Quartet in A minor. Apr 26, 7.30pm.

Yonty Solomon, piano. Bach, Schumann, Balakirev, Busoni, Godowsky, Sorabji. Apr 30, 7.30pm.

FESTIVALS

Harrogate International Youth Music Festival. Harrogate, N Yorks. Apr 3-8.

Marlboro International Festival of Country Music. Wembley Arena, Middx. Apr 4-7.

St Endellion Easter Festival of Music. St Endellion, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Apr 6-13.

York Early Music Festival. York. Apr 8-13.

Swansea Bach Week. Swansea, W Glamorgan. Apr 10-16.

Leith Hill Musical Festival. Dorking, Surrey. Apr 11-19.

EXHIBITIONS

Abstraction—towards a new art. The development of abstraction in painting between 1908 & 1921, particularly the work of Kandinsky, Mondrian & Malevich. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Until Apr 13, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Apr 4. £1.

African textiles. The British Museum's collection of African textiles & weaving equipment showing each stage of cloth production & decoration. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1*. Until end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 4.

American Prints 1879-1979 including prints by James McNeill Whistler & Mary Cassatt. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until May 4. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 4.

Art made for strangers, Haida argillite carving from British Columbia. *Museum of Mankind*. Until mid-1980.

Tony Ashton, geometric paintings. *Woodlands Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3*. Mar 29-Apr 29. Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Aspects of Siberian design, utilitarian objects from Siberia. *Museum of Mankind*. Until Aug.

The Atlantic Neptune, the history of charting, including 18th-century charts. *National Maritime Museum, SE10*. Until May, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Apr 4.

Roland Batchelor, Rodney Burn, Phyllis Ginger, Sydney Harpley, Margaret Thomas, Carolyn Trant, paintings, watercolours & graphics. *Business Art Galleries, Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1*. Until Apr 25, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Boudoir silver. Easter exhibition of silver eggs, boxes, pomanders & flowers. *H. Knowles-Brown, 27 Hampstead High St, NW3*. Mar 25-Apr 26, Tues-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. Until Apr 20. Reopening May 20. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed Apr 4. 60p.

British Sub-Aqua Club exhibition. *Crystal Palace, SE19*. Apr 19, 20, 10.30am-6.30pm. £1.

Marcel Broodthaers, paintings, drawings, lithography, photography & art from found objects. *Tate Gallery*. Apr 16-May 26. 60p.

Edward Burra, paintings from America. *Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1*. Mar 27-May 2, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

The butchers of London 1180-1980. Archives & treasures of the Butchers' Company. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Until Apr 13. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Captain Cook & Mr Hodges. Paintings & drawings of Cook's second voyage, 1772-75, by the "Resolution" artist. *National Maritime Museum*. Until Aug.

Captain Cook in the South Seas. A British Library exhibition. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1*. Until May 28.

Celebration: New York in colour. 160 giant colour photographs of New York. *National Theatre foyers, South Bank, SE1*. Until April 12, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm. Closed Apr 4.

Challenge of the Chip: how will micro-electronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until June, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 4.

Covers of the world, the Collection of J. Marriott, Keeper of the Royal Philatelic Collection. *Stanley Gibbons' Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2*. Apr 1-30, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Craft of the Weaver, in association with the BBC series. *British Crafts Centre, 43 Earham St, WC2*. Until Apr 12, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm. Closed Apr 4, 7.

The Eight & the Activists, Hungarian avant-garde art 1910-25. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Until Apr 7. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Mon-Thurs until 8pm, Sun noon-6pm. 80p. (20p all Mon & 6-8pm Tues-Thurs.)

Sir William Russell Flint, centenary exhibition of watercolours, drawings, etchings & drypoints. *Campbell & Franks, 37 New Cavendish St, W1*. Apr 2-26, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat until 1.30pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

David Garrick, Garrick's collection of early English plays. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until May 11, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 4, 7.

The Gold Reliquary of Charles the Bold. 15th-century gold piece from Liège, depicting Duke Charles & St George. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Mar 26-June 1, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. 50p.

The Great British—photographs by Arnold Newman of eminent British men & women. Presented in conjunction with "The Sunday Times". *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2*. Until May 11, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Apr 4. 30p.

The Great Optical Illusion: 50 years of television broadcasting. *Science Museum*. Mar 27-Sept 29.

Edward Hall, pictures. *Agnew's, 3 Albemarle St, W1*. Apr 1-30, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. Closed Apr 3 from 1pm-Apr 7.

A Head in Fashion, post-war millinery by Mme Rose Vernier. *Museum of London*. Until May 18.

Here be Dragons, scenes from Persian, Mughal & Turkish miniatures. *British Library*. Until Sept 1.

Susanna Heron "Body Work", plastic jewelry. *Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1*. Apr 16-May 31, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Hiroshige I & Hiroshige II, 19th-century Japanese woodblock prints. *Japanese Gallery, 66D Kensington Church St, W8*. Until Apr 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. Closed Apr 7.

Paul Hogarth, "Travels through the 70s", drawings & watercolours. *Francis Kyle Gallery*, 9 Maddox St, W1. Mar 25-Apr 18, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Illustration in early Hebrew printing, 1474-1700. *British Library*. Until June 29.

Images of Ourselves, printmakers & figurative themes including works by Cézanne, Hamilton, Tilson & Warhol. *Tate Gallery*. Until mid-summer.

Imperial Ottoman textiles. The Rothschild Collection of 16th- & 17th-century Turkish silks & velvets. *Colnaghi & Co*, 14 Old Bond St, W1. Apr 23-May 23, Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

In Danger's Hour, photographs, models & equipment illustrating the work of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. *Kodak Photographic Gallery*, 246 High Holborn, WC1. Until Apr 11, Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Ellsworth Kelly, paintings & sculpture 1963-79. *Hayward Gallery*. Until Apr 7.

Lord Leverhulme, paintings, sculpture, furniture, oriental porcelain, Wedgwood & architecture. *Royal Academy of Arts*, Piccadilly, W1. Apr 12-May 25, daily 10am-6pm. £1 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

Luxury Apartments, four room settings showing luxury furnishings. *Design Centre*, Haymarket, SW1. Until Apr 12, Mon-Sat 9.30-5.30pm, Wed, Thurs until 9pm. Closed Apr 4, 7.

Russell Mills, mixed media interpretations of the lyrics & music of Brian Eno. *Thumb Gallery*, 20/21 D'Arblay St, W1. Apr 1-May 2, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Musical Boxes from Czechoslovakia. *Science Museum*. Until Apr 13.

John Nash, RA, paintings, watercolours & woodcuts. *New Grafton Gallery*, 42 Old Bond St, W1. Mar 27-Apr 23, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

New Contemporaries, the best of current student art. *ICA, Nash House, The Mall*, SW1. Until Apr 6, Tues-Sun noon-8pm. 30p non-members.

Patterns of diversity, exhibition in connexion with the 150th anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society. *Natural History Museum*, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Apr 1-end Sept, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 4.

David Poston, jewelry. *British Crafts Centre*. Apr 18-May 17.

Arthur Rackham & Hendrik Werkman: a contrast in modes of design & illustration. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Apr 27.

Railway Mania, how to finance, build & operate a railway. *Guildhall Library*, Guildhall, EC2. Until Apr 25, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.45pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Anne Estelle Rice, watercolours, pastel drawings & stage designs. *Annexe Gallery*, 45 High Street, SW19. Apr 11-May 3, daily 10am-6pm, Sun until 4pm.

Safe as Houses, safety & security in the home. *Design Centre*. Mar 25-May 3.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough 1660-1744. A collection of family & historical papers from Blenheim Palace. *British Library*. Until Apr 27.

Second Sight. The first of a new series of exhibitions of two paintings by different artists in juxtaposition: Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" & Turner's "Dido building Carthage". *National Gallery*, Trafalgar Sq, WC2. Until Apr 13, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Apr 4.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery*, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1. Until June, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Apr 4, 6p.

Ship models, small exhibition of winning entries in recent model-making competition. *National Maritime Museum*. Apr 8-May 17.

Ruskin Spear, RA, a retrospective exhibition of paintings. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Until Apr 13, 80p (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

Southwark & the Thames, the development of riverside industries & a look at the area's future. *Livesey Museum*, 682 Old Kent Road, SE1. Until July 19, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Textile Arts of France, including haute couture, bed-hangings & tapestries. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Apr 7.

Three on holiday at Rye 1913, a group of Post-Impressionists. Oils & watercolours by Lucien Pissarro, James Bolivar Manson & James Brown. *Parkin Gallery*, 11 Motcomb St, SW1. Until Apr 19, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Apr 4-7.

Turner at the Tate. "Sea, sky & sun", a group of 16 oil sketches found in the early 1960s. *Tate Gallery*. Until end June.

The Vikings. A major exhibition reflecting our growing knowledge of the Viking people. *British Museum*. Until July 20. £1.40.

War exhibition. New permanent display of aspects of war from the American War of Independence to the present, including section of a First World War trench & interior of a Halifax bomber. *Imperial War Museum*. From Mar 28.

John Ward, RA, watercolours. *Agnew's*. Apr 1-30.

Antiques fairs

Norfolk Easter Antiques Fair. *St Andrew's & Blackfriars Hall*, Norwich. Apr 2-5.

Antique Market. *Church Hall*, Olney, Bucks. Apr 7.

Decorative Arts Fair, Art Nouveau & Art Deco. *Camden Arts Centre*, Arkwright Rd, NW3. Apr 10-13.

Arms Fair. *Royal Lancaster Hotel*, Bayswater Rd, W2. Apr 25, 26.

SALE ROOMS

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month.

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Silver & plate. Apr 1, 15, 29, 11am.

Watercolours & drawings. Apr 2, 30, 11am.

European oil paintings. Apr 3, 10, 24, 11am.

English & Continental furniture. Apr 3, 10, 17, 24, 2.30pm.

Stamps. Apr 3, 2pm.

Porcelain & works of art. Apr 11, 25, 11am.

Stevengraphs, Baxter/le Blond prints, Goss, fairings, pot lids & Staffordshire figures. Apr 11, 11am.

Prints. Apr 16, 11am.

Old Master paintings. Apr 17, 11am.

Oriental porcelain & works of art. Apr 17, 2.30pm.

Jewels & objects of vertu. Apr 18, 11am.

Modern paintings, sculpture & drawings. Apr 23, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1:

American coins. Apr 1.

Russian & Greek icons. Apr 1.

Chess sets. Apr 3.

English pictures. Apr 11.

Chinese ceramics & works of art. Apr 14.

Italian maiolica & pottery. Apr 14.

Autographs. Apr 16.

Contents of the apartment of H. J. Joel in Grosvenor Square, including English & French furniture & porcelain. Apr 17.

Sculpture & works of art. Apr 29.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Mechanical music. Apr 2, 2pm.

Dolls. Apr 11, 25, 2pm.

Printed books. Apr 11, 18, 10.30am.

Motoring, aeronautical & railway art & literature. Apr 15, 2pm.

Colonial pictures. Apr 16, 2pm.

Lead soldiers. Apr 17, 2pm.

Postcards, cigarette cards, Baxter prints, Stevengraphs & ephemera. Apr 18, 2pm.

Wine. Apr 22, 11.30am.

Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, fairings, Goss, West Country & studio pottery. Apr 22, 2pm.

Tools. Apr 24, 2pm.

STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St, WC2:

All-world stamps, including Indian states & the Strutt-Nutting collection of Sarawak. Apr 9-11, 1.30pm.

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Furniture, carpets & works of art. Apr 1, 15, 22, 29, 11am.

19th-century pictures. Apr 1, 11am.

Jewelry. Apr 1, 15, 29, 1.30pm.

Oriental ceramics & works of art. Apr 2, 16, 30, 11am.

Lead soldiers. Apr 2, noon.

Postage stamps: General. Apr 3, 10; **British Commonwealth**. Apr 24; 11am.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. Apr 9, 23, 11am.

Toys & models. Apr 9, noon.

Silver & plate. Apr 11, 18, 25, 11am.

Furniture, carpets & objects. Apr 14, 21, 28, 11am.

Watercolours. Apr 14, 11am.

Prints. Apr 14, 2pm.

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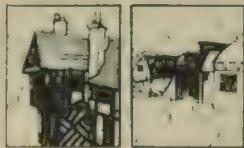


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Railways & railways. Apr 16, noon.
Art Nouveau & decorative arts. Apr 17, 11am.
Scripophily. Apr 17, 1pm.
Oil paintings. Apr 21, 2pm.
Pewter & metalware. Apr 22, noon.
Dolls & dolls' houses. Apr 23, noon.
Miniatures, fans & icons. Apr 23, 2pm.
Furs. Apr 24, 10am.
Books, MSS & maps. Apr 24, 1.30pm.
Modern pictures. Apr 29, 11am.
Automobilia. Apr 30, noon.
SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:
Arms & armour. Apr 1, 11am.
19th-century Continental drawings. Apr 2, 11am.
Japanese prints. Apr 2, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
Silver & plate. Apr 3, 24, 11am.
Sporting prints. Apr 10, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
18th- & 19th-century drawings & watercolours. Apr 10, 2.30pm.
Maps & atlases. Apr 14, 15, 11am.
Objects of vertu & works of art. Apr 14, 11am.
Early Chinese works of art. Apr 15, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
Old Master pictures. Apr 16, 11am & 2.30pm.
Apr 30, 11am.
Medieval, Renaissance & baroque works of art. Apr 17, 10.30am.
Kevorkian miniatures & MSS. Apr 21, 11am.
Islamic works of art & antiquities. Apr 21, 2.30pm.
Oriental miniatures. Apr 22, 11am.
Continental pottery & porcelain. Apr 22, 11am.
Islamic rugs & carpets. Apr 23, 10.30am.
Islamic coins. Apr 23, 2.30pm.
Jewels. Apr 24, 10.30am.
The Waugh Collection of glass. Apr 28, 11am.
Continental autograph letters. Apr 28, 29, 11am.
SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:
Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. Apr 1, 22, 29, 11am.
French & Continental furniture, clocks & works of art. Apr 2, 30, 11am.
Victorian paintings & drawings. Apr 9, 7pm.
Silver & plate. Apr 10, 11am.
Oriental ivories, shibayama & lacquer. Apr 14, 11am & 2.30pm.
Chess sets & related works of art & European ivories. Apr 15, 2.30pm.
English furniture, including Arts & Crafts. Apr 16, 11am.
Decorative arts including Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Apr 18, 11am.
European ceramics. Apr 24, 11am.
Automobilia, aeronautica, bicycling material, nautical & other related items. Apr 25, 11am.

LECTURES

INSTITUTE OF ARCHAEOLOGY, 31-34 Gordon Sq, WC1:
Palestine Exploration Fund: Excavations at Pella, Jordan, B. Hennessy. Apr 29, 5.30pm.
MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:
Manpower defences in Renaissance London, D. Cook. Apr 23, 1.10pm.
Lectures in connexion with "A Head in Fashion" exhibition: The work of Mme Vernier, J. Reed-Crawford, Apr 25; Talk by W. Jackson, Apr 30; 1.10pm.
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:
A portrait of Charles I in words & pictures, R. Kelly. Apr 1, 1pm.
ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, Kensington Gore, SW7 (Exhibition Rd entrance):
Our habitable planet—a geographical appraisal: Our planet's resources, G. Manners. Apr 10, 7.30pm; *Geography for society*, Professor P. Hall. Apr 28, 6.30pm; 50p.
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:
Fleet Street: retrospect & prospect, S. Black. Apr 2, 6pm.
The uses of satellites: The space shuttle, G. Merrick, Apr 14; Weather satellites, D. Miller, Apr 21; Satellite communications, P. Cott, Apr 28; 6pm.
The impact of science, technology & social change on management, J. Diebold. Apr 17, 6pm.
Defence in the 1990s, Sir Neil Cameron. Apr 30, 6pm.
Tickets free in advance from the Secretary.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
Metals—from the improbable to the impossible, A. Tulley. Apr 5, 7-10, 3pm.
Amateur radio ... making a start, Radio Society of Great Britain. Apr 11, 3pm; Apr 12, 11am & 3pm.
Lighting, J. Stevenson. Apr 15, 1pm.
Atomic physics, A. Wilson. Apr 17, 1pm.
Mother Nature—mathematical genius, J. Stevenson. Apr 19, 3pm.
Bridges, A. Tulley. Apr 22, 1pm.
Optics, A. Wilson. Apr 24, 1pm.
Inside the atom, A. Wilson. Apr 26, 3pm.
The chemistry collection, A. Tulley. Apr 29, 1pm.
Films:
Dawn of motoring. Apr 2, 5, 1pm.
The veterans. Apr 9, 11, 12, 1pm.
The vintage years. Apr 16, 18, 19, 1pm.
The Thirties (motoring). Apr 23, 25, 26, 1pm.
Deep sea drilling projects. Apr 30, 1pm.
TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:
Great Sculpture, T. Measham. Apr 1, 1pm.
Absolute abstraction: Rheinhardt, Klein, Kelly, Law, S. Wilson. Apr 2, 1pm.
Bonnard's view of the good life, T. Measham. Apr 3, 1pm.
Abstraction: towards a new art, L. Bradbury. Apr 3, 10, 6.30pm.
Modern French painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 5, 3pm.
Modern German painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 6, 3pm.
Pre-Raphaelites: I, Apr 8; *II*, Apr 15; P. Turner, 1pm.
Hans Bellmer: the metamorphoses of Eros, S. Wilson. Apr 9, 1pm.
The attitudes of Van Gogh, T. Measham. Apr 10, 1pm.
"Laborare est Orare": a beautiful landscape by J. R. Herbert, T. Measham. Apr 11, 1pm.
Modern Dutch painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 12, 3pm.
Modern Spanish painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 13, 3pm.
Images of war in the work of Paul Nash, M. Maidment. Apr 14, 1pm.
Early English portraits: crooks, queens & courtiers, S. Wilson. Apr 16, 1pm.
The Constable letters, T. Measham. Apr 17, 1pm.
Working landscapes: Linnell & Lewis, M. Seymour. Apr 18, 1pm.
Modern Russian painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 19, 3pm.
Modern Italian painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 20, 3pm.
Blazing brushes: the Fauves, G. Cohen. Apr 21, 1pm.
John Martin's heaven & hell, P. Turner. Apr 22, 1pm.
The portraits of William Hogarth, S. Wilson. Apr 23, 1pm.
The sculptures & paintings of Giacometti, G. Lord. Apr 24, 1pm.
The theatrical landscape: de Louthembourg, M. Seymour. Apr 25, 1pm.
Modern American painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 26, 3pm.
Modern British painting, L. Bradbury. Apr 27, 3pm.
Gwen John, J. Stern. Apr 28, 1pm.
John Constable & English landscape, P. Turner. Apr 29, 1pm.
20th-century portraits: from Matisse to Warhol, S. Wilson. Apr 30, 1pm.
VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:
Into the eighties: The visual receipt—or why Harley Earl grooved it, S. Bayley, Apr 1; *The silicon factor—furniture craft & technology developments*, D. Field, Apr 8; *Some futures for photography*, M. Haworth-Booth, Apr 15; *Ceramics into the eighties—pottery to sculpture*, E. Graham, Apr 22; *Design in industrial ceramics*, N. Holland, Apr 29; 1.15pm.
The mirror of the age: The Renaissance altarpiece, Apr 2; *The baroque ceiling*, Apr 9; *The 18th-century landscape*, Apr 16; *The Romantic portrait*, Apr 23; R. Parkinson, 1.15pm.
The Persian carpet, E. Graham. Apr 13, 3.30pm.
Decorative painters of the 18th century, S. Jones. Apr 20, 3.30pm.
The age of Louis XV, J. Gardiner. Apr 27, 3.30pm.
Art in the Middle Ages: Medieval fakes & forgeries, P. Williamson. Apr 30, 1.15pm.
Gallery lectures:
Talks in French: Décor et société au moyen-

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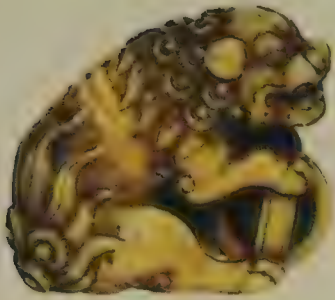
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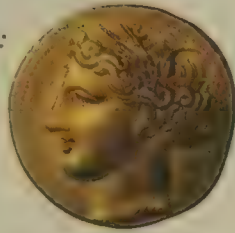
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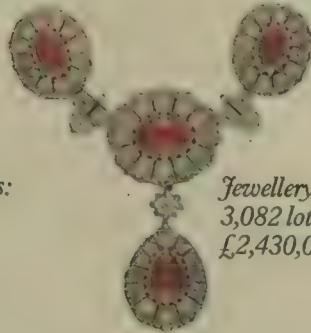


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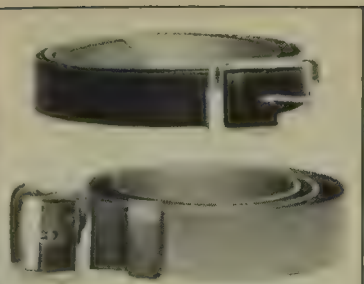
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âge et à la Renaissance, Apr 2; Décor et société au XVIII^e siècle, Apr 9; Décor et société au XVIII^e siècle, Apr 16; Des artistes français en Angleterre: les Huguenots, Apr 23; L'art du tapisserie, Apr 30; A. Ceresole, 11.30am.

Arthur Rackham & Hendrik Werkman: a contrast in modes of design & illustration, L. Lambourne & R. Miles. Apr 10, 17, 24, 1.15pm. Neo-classicism in the decorative arts, G. Darby. Apr 12, 3pm.

The Devonshire hunting tapestries, R. Lambert. Apr 12, 3.30pm.

The Tudors at home, S. Bowles. Apr 19, 3pm.

William Morris, J. Compton. Apr 19, 3.30pm.

Constable, M. Trusted. Apr 26, 3pm.

Interiors in the Stuart period, J. Ross-Munro. Apr 26, 3.30pm.

WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, W1:

The history of Apsley House, S. Bowles. Apr 24, 1.15pm.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

FA Challenge Cup, semi-finals. Apr 12.

FA Challenge Vase, final. Wembley Stadium, Middlex. Apr 26.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Southampton, Apr 5; v Nottingham Forest, Apr 12; v West Bromwich Albion, Apr 26.

Charlton Athletic v Luton Town, Apr 4; v Fulham, Apr 8; v Queen's Park Rangers, Apr 19.

Chelsea v Queen's Park Rangers, Apr 2; v Luton Town, Apr 7; v Notts County, Apr 19.

Crystal Palace v Brighton & Hove Albion, Apr 5; v Leeds United, Apr 12; v Liverpool, Apr 26.

Fulham v Cardiff City, Apr 1; v Newcastle United, Apr 12; v Cambridge United, Apr 26.

Millwall v Wimbledon, Apr 5; v Rotherham United, Apr 12; v Chesterfield, Apr 26.

Orient v Swansea City, Apr 1; v Queen's Park Rangers, Apr 8; v Preston North End, Apr 19.

Queen's Park Rangers v Birmingham City, Apr 5; v Cambridge United, Apr 12; v Newcastle United, Apr 26.

Tottenham Hotspur v Ipswich Town, Apr 2; v Arsenal, Apr 7; v Everton, Apr 19.

West Ham United v Orient, Apr 5; v Charlton Athletic, Apr 12; v Shrewsbury Town, Apr 26.

Wimbledon v Oxford United, Apr 1; v Reading, Apr 7; v Hull City, Apr 19.

BADMINTON

Debenham's Trophy (ladies). Richard Dunn Sports Centre, Bradford, W Yorks. Apr 10.

CRICKET

MCC v Essex. Lord's. Apr 23.

The Oval: Surrey v Hants (Schweppes Championship). Apr 30.

EQUESTRIANISM

Birmingham International Showjumping Championships. National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham. Apr 2-6.

Wales & West Show. Newport, Gwent. Apr 11-13.

Badminton Horse Trials. Nr Tetbury, Glos. Apr 17-20.

Dressage Championships. Goodwood, Sussex. Apr 25-27.

FENCING

Public schools' championships. Dulwich College, SE21. Apr 1-3.

Men's junior foil championship (Doyné Cup). De Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14. Apr 12, 13.

HORSE RACING

Earl of Sefton Stakes. Newmarket. Apr 16.

Tote Free Handicap. Newmarket. Apr 16.

Clerical, Medical, Greenham Stakes. Newbury. Apr 19.

William Hill Scottish National Handicap Steeplechase. Ayr. Apr 19.

XYZ Handicap Stakes. Newcastle. Apr 25.

Midlands Grand National Handicap Steeplechase. Uttoxeter. Apr 26.

Whitbread Gold Cup Handicap Steeplechase. Sandown Park. Apr 26.

ROWING

University Boat Race. Putney to Mortlake. Apr 5.

Scullers' Head of the River. Mortlake to Putney. Apr 12.

RUGBY UNION

France v England (RFSU 19 group). Dax, France. Apr 5.

England v Scotland (RFSU 19 group).

Nuneaton, Warwicks. Apr 9.

England v Ireland (RFSU 19 group). Twickenham. Apr 12.

John Player Cup final. Twickenham. Apr 19.

England v Wales (RFSU 19 group). Torquay, Devon. Apr 19.

England (Colts) v France Youth. Nottingham. Apr 19.

SKIING

British universities' ski championships. Aviemore, Scotland. Mar 31-Apr 3.

British alpine ski championships. Aviemore. Apr 12-15.

Pernod Scottish senior championships. Aviemore. Apr 19, 20.

SQUASH

Harp Lager finals. Wembley Squash Centre, Middlex. Apr 8.

SRPA Championships. Sportshouse, Frome, Somerset. Apr 10-13.

Evening News/Simpsons finals. Wembley SC. Apr 23.

SWIMMING

Coca-Cola national short course championships. Salford, Manchester. Apr 4-7.

Coca-Cola international meet. Leeds, W Yorks. Apr 11-13.

Two nations' international: England v Sweden. Blackpool, Lancs. Apr 19-20.

ROYAL EVENTS

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, takes Lord High Admiral's Divisions. Dartmouth, Devon. Apr 2.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the Maundy Service & the Queen distributes the Royal Maundy. Worcester Cathedral, Worcester. Apr 3.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, opens King Edward Court. Windsor, Berks. Apr 8.

The Queen Mother opens the 900th Anniversary Centre & visits the restored Blackfriars Monastery. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Apr 16.

The Queen Mother visits Tyrwhitt House, the Convalescent Home of the Ex-Services Mental Welfare Society. Leatherhead, Surrey. Apr 22.

The Queen Mother opens the Lygon Almshouses' flats. Fulham Palace Rd, SW6. Apr 23.

The Queen Mother attends the 80th Anniversary Thanksgiving Service of the National Free Church Women's Council. City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, EC1. Apr 24.

The Queen Mother attends the Burma Star Reunion. Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7. Apr 26.

The Queen Mother visits Davenant Foundation School to mark its tercentenary. Debden, Nr Loughton, Essex. Apr 29.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh, at the invitation of the President of the Swiss Confederation, pay a state visit to Switzerland. Apr 29-May 2.

OTHER EVENTS

"The jungle look" children's trail. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2. Until Apr 20, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm, closed Apr 4.

"Magic & mystery" children's trail. Until Apr 20, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm, closed Apr 4; Children's tour, M. Ellis. Apr 10, 17, 11.30am.

Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1.

Easter Parade. Battersea Park, SW11. Apr 6, 3pm.

London Harness Horse Parade. Regent's Park, NW1. Apr 7, 9am-1pm.

Bank Holiday flying display. Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. Apr 7, 11am.

Easter bonnets: create a hat (family activity). Apr 9, 10.30am & 2pm: John Stow's London

—life & times in Tudor London (9-13-year-olds). Apr 15-18, 10am & 2 pm. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2.

Sundays in the Orangery: Margaret Wolfit & James Cairncross read from the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson & Fanny Osbourne.

Apr 13; Keith Michell & Jeannette Sterke read a selection of poetry, Apr 20; 7.30pm. Kenwood House, Hampstead Lane, NW3. Tickets from GLC, County Hall, SE1.

Kent & E Sussex Railway open weekend. Tenterden, Kent. Apr 19, 20.

Harrogate Spring Flower Show. Harrogate, N Yorks. Apr 24-26.

ENGLISH PAINTED ENAMELS

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The following are examples selected from a complete series of some fifty different designs. Each box is individually made and hand-painted, and supplies are consequently limited. They are available from selected outlets throughout the country. Prices for standard series vary between £14 and £25 each. Further details on request.



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LET THIS CONVEY MY LOVE TO YOU — often used in the wording of old boxes, these words have now been set with a delightful spray of flowers, with leaf green base. Size: 5 cms wide oval.



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As you might gather from the name, the car is roomy, comfortable and rather stylish.



In the field of two-litre cars, the Vauxhall Carlton is something of a rarity.

Because it's one of the few cars designed exclusively for a two-litre engine, right from the word go.

Consequently, you can't have one with a smaller engine, even should you wish.

Nor, indeed, can you have one with an inferior standard of luxury.

The list of options is surprisingly modest, because almost everything you could wish for is already present.

LUXURIOUS, BUT RESTRAINED.

The Carlton successfully avoids the baroque flourishes that creep into many of the so-called luxury cars.

The seats are covered entirely in a rich velour cloth, but have just the right degree of firmness.

Adjustable head restraints are standard at the front, while a central armrest is included at the rear.

You can even adjust the driver's seat for height as well as for reach and rake.

And, naturally, there's wall-to-wall cut pile carpeting (it even has separate underlay).

Then there are numerous small but practical touches that make the car a pleasure both to drive and be driven in.

A push button radio. A comprehensive (but thankfully uncomplicated) heating and ventilation system with a four-speed fan.

Two-speed wipers with that vital intermittent wipe. Electric screen washer. Cigar lighter. Quartz clock.

GOOD LOOKS, BUT WITH GOOD REASON.

The steeply raked front end makes the Carlton one of the most distinctive designs on the road.

But there are better reasons for the way it looks than its ability to turn heads.

Aerodynamically, the Carlton slips through the air with a minimum of fuss and, consequently, with minimal wind noise:

An achievement that's also reflected in the car's fuel economy: even driven at a steady 75 mph, it returns a creditable 30.7 miles to every gallon.

If, on the other hand, you choose to throw caution to the wind, the Carlton will accelerate from rest to 60 mph in as little as 11.2 seconds.

And go on accelerating to a highly illegal top speed of 107 mph*.

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The new Zimbabwe



TELKA FINCH & PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL

Zimbabwe begins its life as an independent nation with more hope for a secure and stable future than has for many years seemed possible. In terms of self-sufficiency and experience Southern Rhodesia should have been able to achieve its independence many years ago—certainly before many other former British colonial territories in Africa—but the reluctance of the white inhabitants, comprising less than 5 per cent of the total population, to consider the introduction of majority rule held the country back. It was also one of the main causes of the collapse of the old Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and after its dissolution in 1963 Northern Rhodesia quickly became independent as Zambia and Nyasaland as Malawi, while Southern Rhodesia reverted to the status of a self-governing colony. Now at last, after 15 years of isolation following Mr Ian Smith's unilateral declaration of independence in November, 1965, and seven years of civil war during which more than 25,000 people lost their lives, Southern Rhodesia becomes independent as Zimbabwe, the name taken from the imposing ruins of the African Iron-Age settlement.

It has been a remarkable achievement, not least for the British Government, which has finally succeeded in resolving an issue that has baffled so many of its predecessors. The process of ending the war and holding free elections, which were the essential precursors of independence, was begun by Mrs Thatcher herself at the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in Lusaka last year. This led to the Lancaster House conference and the precarious cease-fire monitored by Commonwealth troops, to the brief restoration of colonial rule under the governorship of Lord Soames, and to the holding of elections which, in spite of the fears of

widespread intimidation and gerrymandering, were accepted by most observers as fair. The formal result of the elections, declared in Salisbury on March 4, gave Mr Robert Mugabe's Zanu (PF) party 62.9 per cent of the total poll and 57 of the 80 seats up for election. Mr Joshua Nkomo's Patriotic Front party won 24.1 per cent and 20 seats, and Bishop Abel Muzorewa's United Africa National Council 8.3 per cent and three seats. The remaining 20 seats in the new House of Assembly were reserved for whites and were in the hands of Mr Ian Smith's Rhodesia Front party as a result of separate elections held earlier. The elections thus gave Mr Mugabe an overall majority of 14.

It was not a result the British Government had expected, nor one it had hoped for. Mr Mugabe has described himself as a Marxist, and he was one of the leaders of the Patriotic Front guerrillas who waged war with Russian arms. It had been expected that he would emerge as ultimate leader of the new state, but with his power based on some form of coalition which would, it was hoped, put some restraint on his communist ambitions. But there were always disadvantages in such a design, which would have meant continuing uncertainly and the distinct possibility that the bargaining for power would have been conducted by force of arms which the Commonwealth troops could hardly have hoped to contain. Mr Mugabe's convincing victory removed the major risk of a further outbreak of fighting, though he will not be able to eliminate all uncertainty about his ultimate intentions, an uncertainty based partly on his past statements and attitudes and partly on the experience of attempts to impose Marxist dogma in other African nations.

There are nonetheless reasons for hoping that

Mr Mugabe may be able to establish the confidence among all sections of the community of Zimbabwe that will certainly be necessary. Though the use of the word "Comrade" to introduce him in his first televised address following his election victory seemed provocative his own words were remarkably conciliatory. He has formed a broadly-based government, he chose General Peter Walls, the Commander of the former government's security forces, to take charge of the integration of the security forces and the two guerrilla armies, he reassured the business community that there would be no immediate nationalization and the farmers that there would be no expropriation of land, he promised civil servants that their pension rights would be respected, he announced that his government's foreign policy would be based on non-alignment and membership of the Commonwealth, and relations with South Africa on co-existence. He also said that any changes in the country's economy, which is run with considerable success on capitalist lines, will be built on the present structure.

These are the words of a pragmatist. In the past Mr Mugabe has been portrayed as a revolutionary, and he has indeed encouraged that impression. It is too soon yet to judge whether, as leader of Zimbabwe, Mr Mugabe will be a pragmatic politician or a dedicated Marxist revolutionary. He has achieved his first objective, which was to lead an independent Zimbabwe, and he has shown, in his first acts as well as his words, that he understands the needs for reconciliation and to win the confidence of all the people of Zimbabwe. It is not unrealistic to hope that he also recognizes that on such a foundation Zimbabwe could quickly become one of the most prosperous countries in Africa.

Monday, February 11

Two members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary were killed when their vehicle was blown up by a remote-controlled bomb detonated by terrorists on the road between Roslea and Lisnaskea in Co Fermanagh.

Tuesday, February 12

British Leyland workers voted by 41,422 votes to 28,623 in a secret ballot to reject a pay increase offer ranging between 5 and 10 per cent. Management said they had no money to increase the offer.

A report entitled "North South: A Programme for Survival" of a two-year study by 18 leading world figures was presented by Willy Brandt, former Chancellor of West Germany and Chairman of the International Development Commission, to Kurt Waldheim, the UN Secretary General, in New York. The report proposed a four-point emergency programme involving the large-scale transfer of resources to developing countries, international energy strategy, a world food programme and the reform of the international economic system.

The International Olympic Committee, meeting at Lake Placid, site of the winter Olympic Games, unanimously rejected a demand by the United States that the 1980 summer Olympics be moved from Moscow or cancelled.

Lord Soames, Governor of Southern Rhodesia, assumed powers enabling him to disenfranchise voters in areas where intimidation was considered to have prevented a fair and free election.

Vittorio Bachelet, a leading Roman Catholic layman and professor of law at Rome University, was shot dead by two terrorists in the grounds of the university.

An RAF pilot died when his Hunter jet crashed on the Isle of Skye while on a routine weather check flight.

Wednesday, February 13

President Carter announced that the United States would rejoin the International Labour Organization which it left in 1977.

The UN formally acknowledged the breakdown of the cease-fire in southern Lebanon which had been in operation since August, 1979, because of fighting between Palestinian guerrilla forces and an Israeli-backed Christian militia.

The winter Olympic Games opened at Lake Placid in New York State, USA.

The British sixpenny piece would cease to be legal tender on June 30, it was announced by the Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

Thursday, February 14

A heart transplant operation, the third in two weeks, was carried out at Papworth Hospital, Cambridgeshire, on a 23-year-old man, Ewan McPhee, from Inverness.

Lord Soames, Governor of Southern Rhodesia, suspended Robert Mugabe's Zanu (PF) Party from electioneering in an area near the town of Chiredzi, 200 miles south-east of Salisbury, because of alleged intimidation of other parties in the area. On the same day a series of explosions took place in Salisbury. Two men in a Land Rover in Harare, who were killed when their bomb exploded prematurely, were later discovered to be members of the security forces.

Friday, February 15

Prices in Britain increased by 2½ per cent in January, taking the annual rate of inflation to 18.4 per cent—the highest figure since April, 1976. Britain's visible trade deficit also increased in January to £346 million.

Piotr Jaroszewicz, Prime Minister of Poland since 1970, resigned having failed to be re-elected to his post in the Politburo at the Polish Communist Party Congress. Edward Gierek, the party leader, was unanimously re-elected as First Secretary. On February 18 Edward Babuch, an economist and close associate of Gierek, was appointed Prime Minister.

The European Parliament carried a motion calling on the governments of the EEC to advise their Olympic Committees not to support the Olympic Games in Moscow and recommended the Games be held at an internationally agreed alternative site.

Saturday, February 16

England beat Wales by 9 points to 8 in a rugby international at Twickenham marred by rough play. Scotland beat France by 22 points to 14 at Murrayfield.

Sunday, February 17

The *Athina B*, the Greek coaster which ran

aground on Brighton beach on January 22, was successfully refloated but ran aground again the following day 300 yards off Rainham, Kent, on her way to the Medway to be scrapped. She was refloated the next day.

Graham Sutherland, the artist, died in hospital in London aged 76.

Monday, February 18

Pierre Trudeau, Canada's former Prime Minister and leader of the Liberal Party, was returned to power in the Canadian general election after a nine-month interval out of office. The election was called after the defeat of the Progressive Conservative Government, led by Joe Clark, on a motion of confidence.

Dorothy Hayward, 46, the first woman in Britain to undergo a heart transplant operation, died eight hours after the operation was performed at Harefield Hospital, Uxbridge, in Middlesex.

Israel opened its first embassy in Cairo.

Tuesday, February 19

The Government proposed that, in order to qualify for legal immunity on industrial action, unions would have to show that they were not taking action for "some extraneous motive" and that the action was "reasonably capable of furthering the trade dispute in question".

The Government proposed that GCE O level and CSE examinations would be replaced by a single system for children aged 16, with alternative papers for different levels of ability. The new system would not be introduced for at least five years.

Wednesday, February 20

Workers at British Leyland's Longbridge factory voted overwhelmingly to reject a strike call from the engineering union in support of the reinstatement of Derek Robinson, the sacked communist shop steward.

President Carter called on US athletes to withdraw from the Olympic Games in Moscow because of the Soviet Union's failure to remove its troops from Afghanistan.

The EEC Commission confirmed that it was resuming sales of subsidized butter to the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries. The following day the British Government protested at the decision.

Thursday, February 21

Miners in South Wales voted against their leaders' call for an indefinite strike in protest at steel plant closures and redundancies.

The Government announced that housing capital allocations for 1980-81 would be 21 per cent lower than forecast and that council house rents would be increased by more than 20 per cent.

Union leaders recommended to water and sewerage workers that they accept a 21.4 per cent pay offer.

Damage by the worst storms in California for over 50 years was estimated at over £218 million. More than 30 people were reported dead.

Friday, February 22

Martial law was declared in Kabul after widespread protests at the Soviet military occupation of Afghanistan.

Israel announced the replacement of the pound by the shekel valued at 10 Israeli pounds, as part of an economic package in response to inflation estimated at well over 100 per cent.

Strikers at Sheffield's biggest private sector steel company, Firth Brown's, voted to return to work.

Astrid Proll, the former Baader-Meinhof terrorist, was sentenced to 5½ years in prison in Frankfurt, but set free because she had spent two-thirds of the sentence awaiting trial.

Oskar Kokoschka, the Expressionist painter, died aged 93.

Sunday, February 24

The Winter Olympics at Lake Placid ended with East Germany (23) and the Soviet Union (22) at the head of the medals table. Eric Heiden of the United States won an unprecedented five gold medals for speed skating, breaking five Olympic and one world record. Britain's solitary medal was the gold for men's figure skating won by Robin Cousins. There was euphoria in the US over its defeat of the Soviet Union at ice hockey, and subsequent gold medal in the competition.

After two years of negotiation the EEC and Yugoslavia concluded a preferential trading agreement designed to improve Yugoslavia's economy and reinforce its ability to defend its

non-aligned status.

Monday, February 25

The High Court ruled that Patrick Jenkin, Secretary of State for Social Services, had acted unlawfully in evoking emergency powers to appoint commissioners to run Lambeth, Southwark and Lewisham Area Health Authority after they had refused to implement spending cuts.

The Rt Rev John Ward Armstrong, Bishop of Cashel and Ossory, was elected the Church of Ireland's Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland.

The United Nations Commission into alleged crimes of the deposed Shah of Iran began work in Teheran.

Hundreds were killed in Afghanistan over the weekend in an uprising in protest at the Russian occupation. Moscow Radio claimed that Afghanistan had crushed a revolt organized by the United States, China and Pakistan.

The civilian government of Surinam was overthrown in a military coup.

Tuesday, February 26

Government figures showed the sharpest rise in the underlying rate of unemployment since October, 1975. The seasonally adjusted jobless total was 1,319,000 in February, or 5.6 per cent of the work force.

In the New Hampshire primaries former California Governor Ronald Reagan comfortably defeated his main Republican rival George Bush, and in the Democratic contest President Carter defeated Senator Edward Kennedy by 49 per cent of the votes to 38 per cent.

The Greater London Council decided not to bid to hold the 1988 Olympic Games in London but instead to pursue the possibility of a national sports complex in the Dockland area.

Israel and Egypt formally exchanged ambassadors in keeping with the timetable laid down in the Camp David talks in March, 1979.

Wednesday, February 27

In Colombia left-wing terrorists attacked the Dominican Republic embassy in Bogota and took 45 hostages, including 13 ambassadors.

The report of the inquiry into the deaths of 12 people in a British Rail sleeping car at Taunton in 1978 said the tragedy "could have been avoided". British Rail accepted recommendations for safety improvements.

The High Court ruled a London borough, Hillingdon, had a duty to house an Ethiopian refugee and her son and that the obligations of the Housing (homeless persons) Act 1977 was not limited to those with local connexions.

A Stoke-on-Trent brewery worker won a record £953,874.10 on the football pools.

Thursday, February 28

In the House of Commons the Government won a majority of 59 to defeat a motion of no confidence.

The BBC announced economies totalling £130 million including the scrapping of five orchestras and the loss of 1,500 jobs.

The Irish government announced tax cuts of £200 million in a full year, but stiff increases in tax on petrol, alcohol, cigarettes and electrical goods.

A world record auction price for a piece of oak furniture was set with the sale in Suffolk of a 17th-century carved Flemish cabinet for £133,000.

Protests by conservationists were ignored as Japanese fishermen slaughtered 800 dolphins at the island of Iki, claiming their livelihood was threatened by the amount of fish the dolphins took.

Friday, February 29

A Private Members' Bill put forward by John Corrie to amend the 1967 Abortion Act was talked out in the House of Commons.

Former Northern Ireland Secretary Roy Mason's parliamentary seat was threatened by a take-over of his Barnsley constituency Labour Party by left-wing members, co-ordinated by the National Union of Mine Workers.

The United Nations launched a £150 million appeal to finance the next nine months of the Kampuchea relief programme.

Saturday, March 1

The United Nations Security Council called for Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, including Jerusalem, to be dismantled. The United States voted for the resolution but the following day said this had been a mistake.

Salop County Council decided to change its

name back to Shropshire County Council from April 1.

Wales defeated Scotland by 17 points to 6 and France defeated Ireland by 19 points to 18 in rugby internationals.

The Duchess of Gloucester gave birth to her third child, a daughter.

Monday, March 3

The International Athletics Club of Britain announced that in the event of an official British boycott of the Olympic Games it would be prepared to send a team to Moscow.

Tuesday, March 4

Mr Robert Mugabe's Zanu (PF) party won the Rhodesian election with 57 parliamentary seats, an overall majority of 14 over all other parties. Mr Joshua Nkomo's Patriotic Front party won 20 seats and Bishop Abel Muzorewa's Uanc party won three. The remaining 20 seats reserved for whites had been won earlier by Ian Smith's Rhodesia Front party. Mr Mugabe, asked to form a government, immediately authorized Lt-Gen Peter Walls to preside over the integration of former Patriotic Front forces with the Rhodesian army.

Senator Edward Kennedy won the Massachusetts primary with a two to one majority over President Carter, but the President won handily in Vermont. In the Republican primaries, Congressman John Anderson surprised by virtually dead-heating for first place with George Bush in Massachusetts and with Ronald Reagan in Vermont. Senator Howard Baker announced his withdrawal from the race.

Two workers were killed by an explosion at the Summerfield Rocket Research Station on the outskirts of Kidderminster, Worcestershire.

Wednesday, March 5

In Rhodesia, Prime Minister-elect Mugabe reached agreement with Mr Nkomo to form a Patriotic Front coalition government.

Thursday, March 6

The Iranian students holding 50 American hostages in their embassy in Teheran offered to turn their captives over to the Revolutionary Council.

Manual workers in the electricity industry accepted a 19 per cent pay offer giving them estimated increases of £14-17 a week.

Left-wing guerrillas holding hostages in Dominica's embassy in Bogota released the Austrian ambassador. He was the 23rd hostage to be released. The guerrillas said the negotiations for the release of the remaining 30 hostages could take two weeks.

Marguerite Yourcenar, a Belgian-born citizen of the United States, became the first woman to be elected to the French Academy, and was granted French citizenship for the purpose.

Friday, March 7

Two bombs exploded at an army camp on Salisbury Plain, injuring two soldiers. The Irish National Liberation Army claimed responsibility.

Banks in the United States increased interest rates to a record level of 17½ per cent.

A private member's bill to make the use of car seat belts compulsory was talked out in the House of Commons.

Saturday, March 8

The students holding American hostages in Teheran changed their minds about releasing them to the Revolutionary Council after a dispute with the Iranian foreign minister Sadeq Gotbzadeh.

South African prime minister P. W. Botha called for a conference of "white, black and brown" organizations to discuss problems confronting the country.

Sunday, March 9

Thousands of trade unionists marched through central London to a Trafalgar Square rally in protest at government economic and industrial policies.

As employers and trade unions prepared for new negotiations in the steel dispute, the British Steel Corporation announced results of a ballot on whether strikers wished to participate in a second ballot on the Corporation's latest offer, said to be worth 14.4 per cent. Of the 65 per cent of strikers who voted, nearly two-thirds favoured the second ballot.

In the US presidential election primaries, Ronald Reagan further strengthened his position in the Republican race by comfortably winning in South Carolina. Mr John Connally subsequently withdrew his candidacy.



TERRY FINCHER PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL



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HERBIE KNOTT REX FEATURES

Victory in Rhodesia: Jubilant supporters of Robert Mugabe paraded his symbol, the cock, through the streets of Salisbury, top, after his overwhelming success at the polls. A period of adjustment began: members of the Rhodesian Security Forces, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Darrell Van Zyl, were entertained by Zipra troops at Camp Papa, one of the assembly points for Joshua Nkomo's soldiers during the elections, above left. The voting had gone smoothly and, in the judgment of international observers, without the degree of intimidation that had been feared. In some places British bobbies were there to lend a hand, above right.



Resistance in Afghanistan: A wave of anti-Soviet demonstrations, with shops and markets staying shut, Russian and Afghan troops firing upon Muslims, and several hundred casualties, resulted in the imposition of martial law. One group of 200-300 people confronted Russian soldiers outside a barracks in Kabul, chanting slogans. President Babrak Karmal declared that the Russians would stay in his country "until plots and conspiracies" had been eliminated.



Demonstration in Tehran: More than 1,000 crippled, maimed and paralysed Iranians packed the Hilton Hotel in Tehran to protest to a UN Commission examining atrocities allegedly inflicted during the Shah's rule. The disabled, some of whom are pictured above, revealed to the Commission scars, burn marks and other injuries apparently received in the Shah's prisons. In a speech Mr Mohammed Bedjaoui, the Algerian co-chairman of the Commission, condemned the human rights violations of the previous régime.



Israeli embassy in Egypt: After 30 years of war and two of tentative peace-making Israel's first embassy in an Arab capital was opened in Cairo on February 18 by the Israeli chargé d'affaires Dr Josef Hadas, right, accompanied by his wife. Armed guards cordoned off the embassy during the inauguration, which was attended by Egypt's Chief of Protocol.



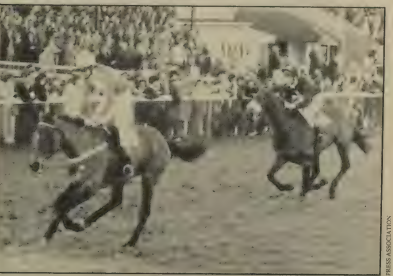
Crash landing escape: All 135 passengers and crew survived when a China Airlines Boeing 707 burst into flames having lost two engines on landing at Manila airport in the Philippines. More than 30 passengers were taken to hospital with burns and broken bones sustained when they leapt 15 feet from the aircraft to the tarmac; one Taiwanese woman died later of burns. All 11 crew members were injured.



Massachusetts votes in presidential primaries: While Senator Edward Kennedy defeated President Jimmy Carter by a margin of 2 to 1 to win the Democratic primary in Massachusetts and keep his candidature alive after an earlier defeat by Carter in New Hampshire, Congressman John Anderson, a moderate, shook his rivals for the Republican nomination by coming from nowhere virtually to tie the Massachusetts primary with George Bush and the Vermont primary with former California governor Ronald Reagan. Above, the jubilant Anderson and Kennedy address their excited supporters as the results come in.



Pierre Trudeau's comeback as Canadian Prime Minister: Less than a year after his and the Liberal Party's defeat by the Progressive Conservatives, led by Joe Clark, and after announcing that he would shortly retire from active politics, Pierre Trudeau made a remarkable comeback to the Canadian premiership after Clark's budget measures were defeated in Parliament and his party was defeated in the subsequent general election. Trudeau, who is 60, was sworn in as Prime Minister in a ceremony in Ottawa on March 3.



Favourite beaten: The Prince of Wales, riding on the favourite *Long Wharf* in a charity race at Plumpton, was beaten into second place by the outsider *Classified* ridden by sports commentator Derek Thompson.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Winter Olympics: The five-ring flag flew successfully over the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, USA despite continuing argument over the future of the summer Games in Moscow. Speed skater Eric Heiden won himself immortality by taking five gold medals for the US. The host nation also rejoiced at the unexpected 4-3 victory of the US over the USSR in ice hockey; the US went on to beat the Finns and take the gold. The USSR won ten gold, six silver and six bronze medals, E Germany nine, seven and seven, the US six, four and two. Britain's solitary medal was won by Robin Cousins who took the gold for figure skating.



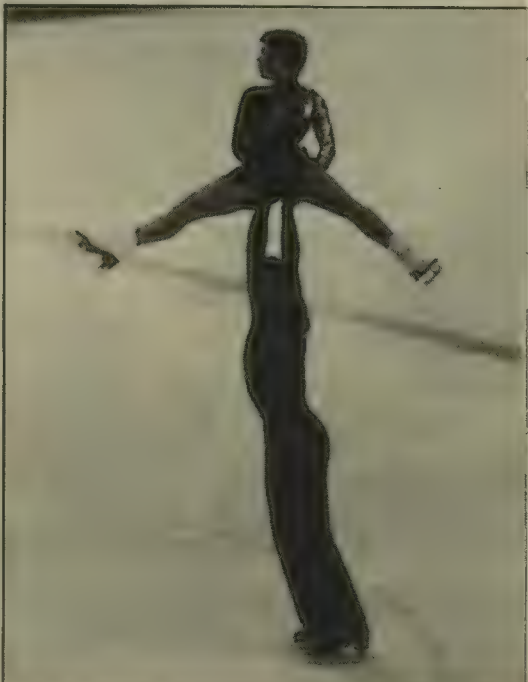
Robin Cousins, 22, took the gold for Britain in the figure skating by only 0.24 points from Jan Hoffman of E Germany. He overhauled Hoffman with his excellent marks for artistic impression.



Tony Innauer, Austria, won the gold in the 70 metre ski jump. Joint silver winners were Manfred Deckert, E Germany, and Hirokazu Yagi, Japan.



Ingemar Stenmark, Sweden won two gold medals on Whiteface Mountain, for the slalom and giant slalom.



Irina Rodnina and her husband Sasha Zaitsev took the gold in pairs skating—her third gold, his second.



Golden Man of Lake Placid was Eric Heiden of the US, who won five gold medals in the speed skating, taking the 500, 1,000, 1,500, 5,000 and 10,000 metre races. No man has ever before won more than three gold medals in a Winter Olympics.



Hanni Wenzel of Liechtenstein won two golds, in the slalom and giant slalom, and a silver in the downhill, equalling Mittermeier's 1976 achievement.



Annemarie Moser-Pröll of Austria, 26, won her first Olympic gold medal in the women's downhill. She had already won the World Cup six times.

WESTMINSTER COMMENTARY

Broadcasting in the 80s

by Phillip Whitehead

Parliament has decisions to make about broadcasting. It sees the national instrument of broadcasting, the BBC, wracked by cuts which have provoked the biggest internal crisis for a decade. Simultaneously it is giving to the other, prosperous, part of the broadcasting duopoly a fourth television channel and more local radio. While the ITV moguls contemplate a new service on which they will be retained as the monopoly sellers of advertising, and which will make further profit for them within a very few years, the BBC departments are calculating cuts that run into millions. Government proposes; Government disposes. The decision about the £34 licence fee, as much as the decision to give a new television service to the IBA, shape broadcasting for the 1980s.

In Britain every national crisis sooner or later translates itself into a crisis within broadcasting as well. The BBC was kept on short commons by the previous Labour government, with annual increases which the then Director General described as "scandalously inadequate and politically craven". It may have hoped for better things from the incoming Tories. They had a large majority; early in their term they could therefore afford the political unpopularity of increasing the licence fee. The BBC could confidently expect friends at court, with, as has rarely happened in its history, a right-of-centre chairman and a right-of-centre DG serving at the same time. Swann had been appointed by Heath, and had in turn appointed Trethowan, another friend of Edward Heath, to be Director General.

So the BBC has had a rude awakening. In Parliament it cuts no ice now to be a friend of Edward Heath. For the first time strident back-bench attacks on the BBC were echoed by the Prime Minister herself. They interviewed the alleged assassins of her friend Airey Neave, distressing his widow. They were said to have been colluding with the IRA at Carrickmore, unknown to those who ought to have been responsible, on the very day that the Cabinet were discussing the licence fee. One of their very few friends around that table slipped away to telephone the BBC, warning it to get out an apology fast if it wanted any kind of licence fee at all. And what made matters worse, for many Tories, was that Trethowan, whom they had thought one of their own, had sanctioned these things. The licence fee was fixed at £34, instead of the £42 which the BBC had wanted, and worsening inflation is eroding it still further. It is a terrible irony that at a time when the BBC has been practising discreet self-censorship under cautious leadership Press attacks on *Panorama* over Carrickmore—travesties of the truth though they were—have left

the Corporation isolated.

Westminster is now contemplating the drastic cuts of £150 million which the BBC must make. Five orchestras out of 11 are to be axed. So are many regional and educational posts. These are precisely the areas where the public service concept alone sustains excellence. The hidden hand of the market will not do it. The BBC has said that its central services, and newsgathering in particular, will be preserved. But the salaries differential with the bloated ITV companies is now so great that there is likely to be a further exodus of key staff this year.

This brings us to the crucial point. The revenue before levy of the IBA system for the latest available year, ending July 1979, was £415 million. That pays for one television network, 19 radio stations and the administration of the Authority. In contrast the BBC's revenue from licence fees and sales in the last fiscal year was £319 million. That ran two TV networks, the whole of national radio and 20 local stations, too. Parliament is currently considering the Broadcasting Bill, which will put the Fourth Channel under the control of the IBA and—with some diaphanous safeguards for independent producers—lock it to the ITV companies. The largest of the companies, which have made vast profits over the years, will argue that they and they alone can now afford the "risk" involved in helping to launch the new channel. They estimate that it will cost £85 million in its first year of operation, but will be making a further profit for them after two or three years. There is in the Bill a small element of re-distribution in the radio field. The IBA is empowered to make, out of its secondary rentals, payments for exceptional programmes of merit to deserving companies.

In the present crisis in broadcasting Parliament may well have to go further, and concede that some areas of exceptional merit within broadcasting as a whole deserve this form of cross subsidy if they are to survive. The revenues of the commercial sector and the BBC over the next few years will otherwise drift further and further out of balance. Some will argue that this is a case for making the BBC take advertising on Radio 1. But if that is done licence fee income will be squeezed more and more. The case is rather for the support, from levy income, of some areas of national broadcasting which are simply too important to lose: education, music and arts programming most of all. Otherwise Westminster may wake up to the fact, too late, that out of a mixture of ignorance and fear it has presided over the dismantling of a public broadcasting system once thought to be the best in the world.

Phillip Whitehead is Labour MP for Derby North.

Dance to the music of time

"Every year, as a quite useless and not even ornamental Trustee of the National Folk Music Fund," I wrote on this page nine years ago, "I attend—and with immense enjoyment—the annual Festival of the English Folk Dance and Song Society in the Albert Hall. It is an extraordinarily happy occasion; for everyone, old and young, is manifestly enjoying himself or herself; and the dancers' sense of enjoyment communicates itself to the spectators. Yet though a very large proportion of the performers are young, the media of popular communication, Press and radio and television, which ordinarily devote so much attention to the aberrations of a minority of unhappy teenagers—drug-taking, crime, sexual excess, hooliganism—seldom so much as mention this splendid annual gathering of young people with good manners, self-discipline and harnessed enthusiasm, who have come together to practise an art calling for a high measure of skill, and for providing for those who witness it, as well as those who take part, a feast of beauty both for eye and ear."

What I wrote then still holds true of this annual Festival. And every February, as a grateful guest of this great national Society, I still attend what I regard, I think rightly, as one of the most beautiful occasions in the London year. For colour, sound and movement, as well, for a historian, in its historical significance, it rivals the majestic Trooping the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade. It rivals, too, that other gentler, but equally moving, military ceremony, the Founder's Day Parade at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, when the scarlet-coated in-Pensioners of that noble foundation, in their 18th-century tricorne hats, march past the statue of their royal founder against the lovely background of Wren's exquisite building—so simple and unassuming yet so perfect; "a gentleman," Thomas Carlyle used to say when he passed it, "must have built it."

For the historical connotations of this annual celebration of English folk dance and song are as significant to any Englishman with a sense of his country's past as even the magnificent royal pageantry of the Sovereign's Parade and the commemoration, there and on the lawns of Chelsea Hospital, of the timeless valour of the British Army. For all three bear witness to the greatness of our national past and the undying soul of the English people.

It was just over 80 years ago, on Boxing Day, 1899, that Cecil Sharp witnessed for the first time—performed by what, to many so-called cultured and educated minds in late Victorian England, might well have seemed a band of rough, illiterate rustics—the historic Morris of the Headington Quarry Dancers, whose transmitted and unbroken tradition went far back

into English folk history, so making a discovery, or rather rediscovery, as momentous in its own way as any of those made in Africa or the Antarctic by the great 18th- and 19th-century British explorers—Cook and Bruce, Speke and Livingstone, Scott and Shackleton. For from that day dates the beginning of those, at the time little regarded, journeys or pilgrimages of investigation and rediscovery of the until that time forgotten, but formerly intensely rich, cultural life of a rustic people, through which Cecil Sharp and others with a like sense of dedication rescued from oblivion, just in time and when they were on the point of vanishing for ever, the traditional dances and songs of the English countryside.

It was one of the highlights of this year's Festival—the most beautiful of all those I have seen—that it was attended by the Headington Dancers, who gave two performances of their highly accomplished traditional art, including the famous Rapper Sword Dance. They included boys from

Headington's junior team, recruited from the sons of those who have been giving these dances, both at home and in exhibitions all over England and Europe, for the past quarter of a century. And what superb dancing it was! I doubt if at any time in their long history these dances can have been performed as they are now. Another group, the Redcar Sword Dancers, formed only a dozen years ago to revive the historic Greatham Sword Dance and Play every Boxing Day on the green at Greatham, gave almost as distinguished a performance as Headington's incomparable senior team.

Every year since I first attended the Festival the standard of Morris dancing has become more and more accomplished, until—without the more sophisticated public yet realizing it—it has become an art form as beautiful, in flawless dancing, colour and musical rhythm, as the Russian Ballet. Both these great art forms have sprung from the past of the Russian and English peoples, and it is time we began to

recognize, for the exquisite as well as moving and evocative thing it is, our own Morris dancing. It has an enduring strength, like the simpler country dancing to which it is allied, it is practised, not only in professional international theatres, but by amateur groups of dancers all over our country in the towns and cities of a now mainly urban Britain. One of the most memorable features of this year's Festival was a revival of the Dustman's Dance, a comic Morris first performed in 1965, in which a group of London dustmen enact in traditional cockney Morris the likeness of their clattering and salutary craft. No knockabout I have ever seen has made me laugh so much.

With the dancing goes the music. I never cease to be struck by the moving subtlety and depth of feeling of English folk music—that of an ancient, evolving rural civilization whose richness and variety have never been surpassed by that of any comparable national society in history. It was four years after he discovered the Headington Quarry Morris that Cecil Sharp heard and recorded for posterity in a Somerset garden the exquisitely beautiful song, "The Seeds of Love", sung by John England, its last living repository. The great English musical revival of the present century associated with the names of Vaughan Williams, Butterworth and Percy Grainger, as well as many others, was inspired by such songs, of which hundreds like it were rescued from oblivion by dedicated men and women to whom, and to whose work, Cecil Sharp House is a memorial. Such songs arose out of a culture not founded on courts and cities but on the green fields and growing earth. They voiced the sentiment, honour, memory, poetry and robust coarseness, as well as the delicate, sensitive feeling, of a healthy, courageous, cohesive people.

As I wrote in my account of English rustic life at the beginning of the 19th century in *The Age of Elegance*, "there were songs that kept England's history bright; of ships with names like poems, of pastoral duties transformed by imagination into acts of significance and beauty, of courtship, tender, tragic or bawdy, but always shot with the haunting loveliness of the green, peaceful land that gave them birth; of wild rovers and the misfortunes that befall poor men when passion sounds and the reckless heart tries to transcend the iron bars of destiny; of indignation against cruel laws and injustice and foul play; and, underlying all, the moral sense of a great people and their perception of the sweetness of love, courage and loyalty to wife and home, and of the unchanging goodness of laughter and comradeship, striking, as the pewter pots beat time on the ... malt-stained alehouse table, chords that rose from the very depths of the English heart." ●

100 years ago



The Swedish Arctic explorer *Vega*, illustrated in the *ILN* of May 1, 1880, completed her North-Eastern Expedition, led by Professor Nordenskjöld, on April 24, having left Gothenburg on July 4, 1878. The 300-ton steamer had circumnavigated the combined continents of Europe and Asia, and had established the feasibility of a trade route between Siberia and the rest of the world. Her arrival in Stockholm was greeted by cheering crowds, and 200 steamers escorted her into the harbour. After landing, the Professor, who was later created a baron, and his companions were received by the Swedish King.

A man for all nations

by Des Wilson

Dr Kurt Waldheim was in the best of spirits when I called on him at his office on the 38th floor of the United Nations skyscraper in Manhattan recently. I had hardly got past the door before he was confiding the events of the day. There had, for instance, been a letter from President Nyerere of Tanzania appealing to him to intervene in a dispute over the Rhodesian election; and in a few hours' time President Carter was to reveal that the US would agree to the formation of a commission to investigate the alleged crimes of the Shah of Iran, a proposal put forward by Dr Waldheim to try to secure the release of the American hostages held in their embassy in Teheran. On such days, asked Waldheim, who could deny that the UN had a vital role to play in world affairs?

The 61-year-old Secretary-General's exuberance no doubt owed a little to the fact that like Carter, whose re-election prospects had been so dramatically improved by the crisis, he had needed a public success; if he could be seen to help the United States out of this tricky situation it would both compensate him for his own upsetting and humiliating trip to Iran and boost the UN's standing as the world's arbitrator and peacemaker.

It is said that Waldheim did not want to visit Iran during the crisis, not least because he was accused of having been over-friendly with the Shah. The Security Council, however, had asked him to go and, on the surface, his trip seemed to have been a disaster. The Ayatollah Khomeini refused to meet him, his life was threatened, he became involved in some ugly crowd scenes, and was at one point confronted with mutilated people who were alleged to have been victims of the Shah's secret police, an experience that particularly distressed him. Nonetheless Waldheim said he was pleased he went. "As is always the case with the UN, it's not what is seen on the surface that counts," he said. "What we achieved was in behind-the-scenes diplomacy. If a solution emerges it will be partly on the basis of the commission I discussed with the Iranians."

He regrets that few critics of the UN will give it credit for such "behind-the-scenes diplomacy". "When we are called in, and remember that we are only called upon when things are going wrong and when the parties involved in a dispute cannot find a solution themselves, it is usually in a situation in which great political and national prestige is involved. Part of the solution will usually mean that credit for compromise or initiative goes to one or both of the parties concerned. What we at the UN achieve is seldom stated or recognized."

It is this ambivalence towards the UN, this tendency by many member



RICHARD COOKE

The crises in Iran and Afghanistan focussed attention once more on the United Nations and its Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, now in his ninth year in what has been described as "the most impossible job in the world".

states to carp about its costs and call it a talk shop, then to turn to it—"usually too late"—in times of trouble, though still rarely conceding its value afterwards, that caused one of Waldheim's predecessors as Secretary-General to call it "the most impossible job in the world". Certainly it must be one of the most frustrating, calling both for unlimited patience and the ability to act decisively and urgently. It is a job with massive responsibility but no real power. Waldheim, who was a compromise choice when elected for his first term in 1972 (the East and West being unprepared to accept each other's first choices), has lived with its frustrations and contradictions for eight years.

Though the Secretary-General ranks as a head of state and converses with them on equal terms, the reality is that, as he told the General Assembly when accepting re-election for a second term, "unlike the leader of a sovereign state the Secretary-General has no consistent political constituency he can claim as his own, no clear-cut, single-minded policy line on which to base his efforts, and only a modest establishment with which to carry out the decisions of the organization."

It is an extraordinary job. The Secretary-General is answerable to a General Assembly comprising 152 member states each with its own view on every issue. He is the administrator of the organization and chief of staff, but he also has the authority to summon the Security Council or place any

item he so desires on the agenda of the General Assembly. He is called upon to act as representative of the UN, but also can personally decide to take diplomatic initiatives. He is seen by the world as a custodian of human rights and justice and yet cannot publicly take sides between large and small nations, or between governments and people. Secretary-Generals vary in their approach to this "impossible job". Waldheim believes in what he calls "preventive diplomacy", but this does mean, he said, that "if I achieve my objectives there is no crisis and no one knows what has been done; if, on the other hand, I fail, everyone says 'There, the United Nations is no good.'"

He said that he felt his life had been a particularly useful preparation for the job. "To start with I was faced in my early life with the deprivation and the suffering that the UN exists partly to help eradicate today. I have often heard it said that I come from an aristocratic background but the opposite is the case. My family lived in poverty. At one time we nearly starved." The son of a schoolteacher, he was born in 1918 in St Andrä-Wördern in Austria and was raised in the small town of Tulln. He was in his teens when war broke out between political groupings in Austria and he talks with feeling of seeing men sprawled in the street in pools of their own blood. In 1938, when the Germans took over Austria, Waldheim's father was arrested by the Gestapo, then released but deprived of any means

of earning his livelihood.

The young Kurt was called up and served in the army until wounded on the Eastern front in 1941. Back in Austria he studied at Vienna University, assisted financially by friends and relatives, and in 1944 married a fellow student. Their wedding night was spent in a packed shelter under the local railway station listening to bombs devastating Vienna overhead. At the war's end, in 1945, he was offered a position in the Austrian Ministry of Foreign Affairs and thus was launched on a diplomatic career that led to his selection to be Austria's first permanent observer to the United Nations when his country regained its sovereignty in 1955. He went on to be Ambassador to Canada and then Director-General for political affairs in the Foreign Ministry before returning to the UN as Austria's permanent delegate in 1964.

Waldheim then switched to politics and became his country's Minister for Foreign Affairs. He contested the federal Presidency, and nearly won, but after a few years of political life returned to the UN and in 1971 was elected Secretary-General to begin his first five-year term in 1972.

Waldheim is articulate, and at times loquacious. This is usually when he talks about the UN and his own job. On the public platform or on television he looks austere and severe, and this does not prepare the visitor for his personal warmth and the humour in his face. Close associates say he works incredibly hard and for all his philosophical descriptions of the frustrations of his job he still reacts strongly to criticism of himself or the UN. "What you have to understand about Kurt," said one, "is that he begins the day with *The New York Times*. If it has a good word for the UN, he comes in to the office in good form; if it has a criticism he can be very hard to work with indeed."

He works long hours and worries sufficiently about keeping fit to walk home from restaurants late at night and to do as much riding as he can. It is easy to believe, however, the report of associates that he is really happiest when he is in his office on the 38th floor. From this imposing room he has a breathtaking view of the East River and the borough of Queens. From it, too, he has a unique view of the world and its conflicting ambitions and problems.

His compulsion to convey a positive impression of the UN is such that an interview with him contrasts sharply with his more restrained 1979 report to the General Assembly. In conversation he concentrates on the virtues and achievements of the UN; in his report he listed some disturbing problems but concluded: "It cannot be said that the past year has witnessed any striking progress on our main problems." ➤ ➤ ➤

A man for all nations

Indeed, the lack of progress, especially on the economic side, is distinctly disappointing and in strong contrast to the evident urgency of most of the problems." Likewise on human rights: "Discouraging and grave new problems have emerged... while the world community has focussed greater attention on human rights violations... the number of instances of overt assaults on human dignity, sometimes on a massive scale, remains cause for deep anxiety."

Given the gulf between the ideals expressed at the UN and the international tensions, the poverty and the injustices which remain, surely Waldheim must from time to time become disillusioned, even wonder whether mankind will ever be capable of solving its problems in co-operation and harmony? Such a question unleashes a torrent of words. "The more and greater the problems, the more the world needs the UN. Faced with these problems we tend to forget all that we have done. We have helped through our health organization to reduce disease—even to eradicate some altogether. We have defused a considerable number of dangerous situations in the world. We have remained, for all the talk of our weakness, a place to which nations, large and small, can come and place their case before world opinion. Then there are our peace-keeping forces. When two countries are facing each other with troops, the alignment of the powers on either side means that on their own they would be unacceptable to the combatants as a peace-keeping force."

Many UN observers say that Waldheim's finest hour was during the Middle East flare-up in October, 1973, when within 24 hours of a decision by the Security Council to dispatch UN troops he had placed his first contingent between the Egyptian and Israeli forces and made a cease-fire effective. Throughout the preceding days he and the UN had played a crucial role in restraining the United States and the Soviet Union from becoming involved on opposite sides. Probably his biggest gaffe was also in the Middle East when, during the summer of 1973, he replied to a toast at a dinner in Jerusalem by saying how pleased he was to be in the capital city of Israel. Such are sensitivities in the Middle East that he had to spend days explaining this away. He now quotes this to illustrate the dangers of his position: "One badly chosen word or careless remark, one small slip, can be catastrophic."

The best moments for him personally, he told me, were those when he was able to end some human misery. "In 1973 a number of French men and women were held hostage in north Africa and I negotiated their release. A condition was that I went personally to get them and take them home to Paris, and we arrived there on Christmas Eve.

I will never forget the happiness of those families united at Christmas."

A major limitation upon the Secretary-General is the article in the UN Charter denying it the right to intervene in the internal affairs of any country. Though there are obvious reasons for this, it does mean that the UN is often powerless to act in the face of appalling human injustices, such as occurred under the régimes of men like Amin and Bokassa. "My basis for intervention in such circumstances has to be humanitarian concern for the people concerned," Waldheim says. "I have to make it clear to the government in question that I am not seeking to interfere in its affairs but at the same time, by my offer of assistance to arbitrate or unite families, to encourage them towards the right action."

But surely it must be frustrating, indeed maddening, to have to stand silently by while atrocities or denials of human rights occur? "We are always trying to do something, even if only behind the scenes..." He pauses. Then says quietly, "But, yes, it can be disillusioning, especially when ideals are having to give way to pragmatic political priorities."

I pointed to a section of his recent report referring to his concern at "prevailing public attitudes to the United Nations and by our apparent inability to generate... broad public support, confidence and understanding". Was the world growing impatient with the time it was taking to make the UN an effective instrument for world peace and co-operation? "Possibly," he answered, "but who does the answer lie with? Partly with you, the media. We are doing valuable things all over the world every day, but no one writes about them. Then we make one small mistake, or someone makes a criticism of the UN, and we see big headlines. As for our effectiveness, never forget that we have no powers. We are an organization at the service of the world—we are its servant, not its master. We cannot tell leaders and nations what to do. We can advise and we can bring parties together but the will has to be there, on their part, to solve problems. What is the UN? It is an organization of civil servants acting on the instructions of its member states, with complex individual problems as well as shared problems. It is inevitable that we will never act as decisively as many people would want."

A helicopter flies down the East River past his window. He pauses and watches it for a moment and, as if reminded that there are things happening out there he should be attending to, he rises with a smile. But all the way to the door he is still talking. "The world faces many complex problems... but there are many good things happening too, and we forget them too easily. We have to get more peoples, more nations, committed to the belief that only by co-operation can we solve our great problems. If there were no United Nations you would need to start one." ●

Battle of the Blues

by Nigel Starmer-Smith

The annual Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge has long been a popular national event, drawing big crowds to the Thames and attracting huge television audiences. Few sportsmen train so hard with such personal sacrifice for just one race.

The Boat Race brings quickly to mind the supreme qualities to be found in sport: self-discipline, skill, team-work and courage. It enshrines, too, within that unpretentious title, more than 150 years of a unique sporting tradition. Yet when the rowing eights of Oxford and Cambridge Universities meet in their annual challenge race over the 4 miles 374 yards of a neutral reach of the River Thames, from the University Stone (close by Putney Bridge) to the Stone (just downstream of Chiswick Bridge in Mortlake) a world-wide television and radio audience approaching ten millions is held in thrall.

I suppose that with Oxford sited on the River Thames and Cambridge on the Cam it was inevitable there would eventually be a rowing contest between the two Universities. But what is surprising, beyond the public interest that the event engenders, is that the first challenge race between the two university crews should have been as long ago as 1829. Why so? W.F. MacMichael, Secretary of Cambridge University Boat Club in 1868, reminds us in his chronicle of the first 25 Boat Races that in the war-ridden reign of George III, "from the noble to the artisan, the whole of the active material energy of the people was enlisted to fight the nation's wars. To the Universities on the other hand would go the mental energy of the upper and middle classes, those who were not physically fitted for the toils and hardships of active service, and those whose inclinations led them to follow intellectual pursuits." But when the wars had ceased new outlets of physical energy were sought and, not surprisingly, many turned to athletic exercise and sport. Rowing until this time was only engaged in as an exercise in pursuit of a livelihood and where it was otherwise, "the class of men who supported aquatics were much of the level with the frequenters of prize-fights".

College rowing did not begin in Oxford until 1815 when boats began the practice of racing home from Iffley lock after visiting the King's Arms at Sandford-on-Thames (the origin, incidentally, of the summer "bumping" races). Cambridge were later still in taking to the water, which may be associated with the fact that the Cam was described at the beginning of the

19th century as being little better than an open sewer. Cambridge's first eight-oared boat, built at Eton and belonging to St John's College, was not launched until 1826—yet it was only three years later that the CUBC issued the first challenge to Oxford for a rowing race.

The invitation followed a meeting on February 20, 1829, at which Mr Snow from St John's College was requested to write to Mr Staniforth, Christ Church, Oxford, proposing to make up a University match for the ensuing Easter vacation at or near London. It would be fair to say, however, that the true originators of the race were Charles Wordsworth of Christ Church (son of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and also instrumental in the founding of the Varsity cricket match in 1827) and Charles Merivale of St John's, Cambridge. Their close association, consequent upon Wordsworth's guest appearances, courtesy of Merivale, in the St John's boat in his vacations spent in Cambridge, led to the idea of an inter-University event. A date was soon agreed upon for the first Boat Race: the evening of June 10, 1829, from Hambledon Lock to the bridge at Henley-on-Thames, a distance of 2½ miles.

An eye-witness reported on the event for *London Society*: "The gravest and the most unexpected men were to be seen riding, or even driving, on some part or other of that three-and-twenty miles between Oxford and Henley. There were gigs, tandems, pairs, and one party of friends actually approached the scene, and I believe returned in safety, in a four-horse drag." In all a crowd estimated at 20,000 beheld the spectacle. "As the time for it drew near, the whole crowd of Oxford and Cambridge men swelled down to the river-side and on the bridge; the Oxford men showing their blue favours, the Cambridge pink... When the boats showed themselves rounding the bend of the river, all doubts as to the outcome were over. The first 'corona navalis' was to come to Oxford... Never shall I forget the shout that rose amongst the hills." Not that the occasion was without controversy: a second start to the race and a collision later on. The colours mentioned were described in *Jackson's Oxford Journal* as "blue-checked



EMMON MCCABE

Boris Rankov, and their invited coach Dan Topolski.

For them the 1980 Boat Race began last October when 80 hopefuls first came together in a progressive elimination process, by trials, which reduced the Blue boat contenders down to 20 by the end of the Michaelmas term. The training régime is unmatched in its harshness in any other team sport: five sessions a week on the river, each of more than two hours, followed by twice-weekly weight and circuit training periods in the gym. This built up to a pre-Lent-term fortnight in Putney, where the University hired a house as a base (as they do for the two weeks prior to the race).

This London-based training period entailed each day a minimum of four training sessions—an early morning run, two two-hour outings on the river, an hour and a half in the gymnasium (of callisthenics, rowing ergometer tests, circuits) and in addition other waterborne trial and fitness races, sculling heads and such like. Then came the weeks of final selection procedure. And then, with a virtually settled crew, there were fortnightly matches with opposition, against the National Quadruple Sculls, the University of London, then the Reading Head of the River Race and finally the Tideway Head. Interspersed between these race days were the continuing daily outings, centred on nearby Radley College, where the Dark Blues are given use of the school's boat house and facilities.

The Blue Boat and the Isis crew went through their daily ritual under the watchful eye of Dan Topolski (or one of the six other coaching advisers periodically called in). Hour upon hour of intensive physical and mental effort, and just one free day a week in a build-up that continued over six months. The last fortnight was left for the fine tuning, back on the Tideway once more—two sessions a day, not long in duration, but of maximum quality and flat-out effort. On Boat Race day the pattern of events is simple enough; out for a short run, back for breakfast, on to the river for practice rows off the Start, and then a return to the house to while away the hours in quiet preparation before the off.

Such is the prestige of the Boat Race that it has attracted sponsorship, enabling this non-gate-taking event to survive in the face of increasing costs for transport, new carbon-fibre boats, accommodation and so on.

Academic work and social life are inevitably affected, to a greater or lesser degree, as Boris Rankov, engaged in post-graduate research in archaeology, readily admits. For him this is a fifth year in an Oxford Boat, after two years with Isis and two years in the Blue Boat. But he would add that while rowing may affect other activities it need not dominate or totally disrupt them. The sacrifices, nevertheless, are considerable; the reward is in the fun, the satisfaction of being part of an improving team, of reaching new levels of fitness and technical rowing skills ●

The 1978 Boat Race: Cambridge, right, are just about to sink.

outriggers were introduced on the boats; training became more vigorous and organized; and as a popular spectacle it attracted hundreds of thousands to the river banks. And so the Boat Race became an annual national event, for from 1856, excepting the periods of the two World Wars, it has continued uninterrupted for the last 124 years.

Records and statistics abound. A unique feature of the races of 1888 and 1889 was that Cambridge were able to boat exactly the same crew (with the sole exception of the coxswain) in those two winning years; while in their golden years just before the turn of the century Oxford had nine wins in a row and Eton and Oxford epitomized rowing success. In 1897 the Oxford crew was entirely Etonian, bar their number five oar, E. R. Balfour. Oxford hold the fastest time over the present course, 16 minutes 58 seconds in 1976, representing an improvement of about 1 minute, 43 seconds on the record time of Oxford in 1909. Incidentally that Oxford boat of 1976 was the first to average in weight over 14 stones per man, a significant contrast to the Cambridge crew of 1836, the first to weigh more than 11½ stones per member. Not surprisingly England's principal rowing public schools have provided by far the greatest number of Oxbridge oarsmen: Eton, Shrewsbury, Radley, Winchester and Rugby in that order, though Eton stands out alone with 650 (out of a total of more than 2,200 Blues) from that one school.

Now we approach the 126th race on Easter Saturday, with Cambridge endeavouring to stem the tide of four consecutive Oxford victories, and to increase their overall lead in the series of 68 wins to Oxford's 56. Today no sporting event is more demanding of its participants, not just in the ultimate gruelling experience of the race itself but, even more so, during training and practice that precede it. The intensity of the preparation may be judged by the training routine followed by this year's Oxford crew, under their President,

gentlemen". Roaring cannon, deafening shouts from the banks, large river steamers and a myriad of small boats accompanied the race: Cambridge bedecked in white guernseys, white straw hats with blue ribbons; Oxford in dark pea-coats over their dark blue and white striped guernseys, dark straw hats and dark blue ribbons. Cambridge won by 1 minute 45 seconds.

Oxford men determined that action was required. Despite close training for the race under the care of Jones, a London waterman, Oxford were lacking any proper organization. The OUBC was formed at a meeting of college strokes in April, 1839, with the intention of introducing more method into their previously haphazard system of forming the university crew. Improvement was forthcoming, although Cambridge won both the following encounters. Under Fletcher Menzies, later secretary and president of OUBC, Oxford produced a challenge crew to the Blue Boat, predecessor of the present day official second eight, Isis. Training and preparation were becoming more intense. In 1842 it was reported that during the week ending Saturday, May 21, "Practising was not very first-rate, owing to the numerous suppers, dinners, and general conviviality which prevails the week after May races." That year Oxford made unprecedented changes in personnel and in the positioning within the boat right up to race day. Their new attitude brought its reward. Oxford were victorious for the first time on London water, though as Menzies, captain of the Oxford boat, mentioned later, "the Oxford men had only three weeks and two days to train in, and during a part of that time the College races were going on three days a week. This caused our training to be as severe as it was quick."

1845 saw the race on the new course of Putney Bridge to Mortlake, where it has been ever since, apart from three years when it was rowed on the ebb tide in reverse direction. It was the start of the Boat Race as we know it in several other respects, too. In 1846 a rule was passed which disallowed the employment of professional coaches;

dress", being Christ Church colours worn in honour of Staniforth, Oxford's captain, and "white with pink waistbands", a tribute to Snow, a St John's man, captain of the Cambridge boat. The race resulted in victory for Oxford by five or six lengths, on the one occasion it has been rowed at Henley.

Failure to agree on a mutually convenient venue and date determined that the second Boat Race did not take place for six years. However, in 1836 Oxford dropped their previous insistence that Henley or Maidenhead should be the site for the contest, and as the CUBC records relate, "it was finally resolved at a personal conference held at the Star and Garter, Putney, to row the race the next day at twenty minutes past four (it then being flood tide) from Westminster Bridge to Putney Bridge". Legend has it that on this occasion a Mr Phillips of Christ's, on seeing the Cambridge boat carrying no colours at all (while Oxford sported their Christ Church blue), at the last minute ran to a nearby shop and bought some lengths of pale blue Eton ribbon to deck the boat. In so doing he gave birth to the battle of the Blues, which is now the hallmark of all Oxford v Cambridge sporting encounters. 1836 saw an easy Cambridge victory in 31 minutes, though *Bell's Life* reported uncharitably that "We cannot say much in praise of the rowing of either party. Their style is bad for the Thames ... In the Oxford boat two were particularly bad rowers, one especially—it is surprising he did not shake his head off his shoulders by his frequent bobbings."

It may have been that Oxford pride had been hurt as once again they declined the invitation to meet the Light Blues over the next two years, while Cambridge substituted with races against Leander, "the crack men of the Thames," in 1837 and 1838. However, a year later Oxford relented, as *Bell's Life in London* recounted. The terms of the match were that "the race was to be rowed in eight-oared cutters, in the Easter vacation, from Westminster Bridge to Putney, no fouling to be allowed, and the boats to be steered by

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Farnham and George Sturt

From David Lloyd

Dear Sir,

In his interesting article "George Sturt's rural record" (*ILN*, November, 1979) Russell Chamberlin makes a series of strange statements on Farnham. He says it, "came into being simply because it could supply the traveller on the road to Portsmouth". It is possible to reach Portsmouth via Farnham, but it is not on the direct route. Rather the town developed, early on, along the main route to Winchester and Southampton, both important in the Middle Ages.

He says, "by an accident, the layout of the town ..." is regular. It was almost certainly no accident. For Farnham was one of the places held by the medieval Bishops of Winchester, great town founders as well as castle and palace builders. Among the many towns they founded was New Alresford, along the road towards Winchester, in about 1200. Although there is, as far as I know, no documentary proof of comparable town planning activities in Farnham, the town's plan is so similar to that of other regularly planned medieval towns, especially New Alresford, that it is difficult not to accept that the bishops laid it out—as an extension to an older village, of which there is documentary evidence.

He says there is a "ruined castle". It is difficult to believe that Mr Chamberlin has been to Farnham if he thinks that the castle is mainly ruined. The part seen from Castle Street is very much intact: partly medieval stonework, partly very early brickwork now known to be the work of Bishop Waynflete, but given a deceptively Georgian appearance because of its sash windows and other accretions.

George Sturt lived not in the town but in Bourne a mile or more away—a straggling hamlet along the shallow valley which he describes in the quotation at the opening of Mr Chamberlin's article, although now well within the modern suburbs of Farnham. Farnham was then a solid, well-established town and Sturt's business can hardly have seemed a particularly big one to find in the vicinity of such a place. Many of the original builders of the finer Georgian houses must have had more substantial businesses than this.

David Lloyd
Harlow, Essex

Russell Chamberlin writes:

The regularity of Farnham's layout could no more be an accident than the mechanics of Paley's watch. If Mr Lloyd will read my article with a little closer attention, he will see that the accident referred to is Farnham's resemblance to a town "founded on a *castrum*". It is to be doubted whether the Bishops of Winchester were trying to re-create a Roman camp.

Mr Lloyd's theory as to Farnham's origins is interesting: I think he is probably right. "Portsmouth" is a slip and should have read "Winchester", and I should have drawn a clearer distinction between the palace's domestic quarters and the Great Keep which is, and has been for centuries, a ruin.

I do not doubt that there were more substantial businesses in Farnham than that run by George Sturt. We are, however, discussing the specialized industry of a wheelwright's shop, not an ironmongery, haberdashery or whatever.

McCulloch's bridge

From Dudley S. Game

Dear Sir,

I am surprised that your contributor Carolyn Scott writing about "London's Moveable Objects" (*ILN*, November, 1979) should repeat the myth that the late Mr Robert McCulloch thought he was buying Tower Bridge and got London Bridge instead.

As the then chairman of the committee of the City Corporation which accepted Mr McCulloch's tender to purchase and remove "materials resulting from the demolition of London Bridge", I am able to state that Mr McCulloch was never under any illusion about the identity of the bridge concerned. There is ample evidence to prove that there was no misunderstanding whatsoever between the City Corporation and Mr McCulloch.

Another misleading statement is that Mr McCulloch spent two years and a further \$5 million "reassembling the bridge across the Colorado River". What actually happened was that a concrete bridge was built on dry land, the granite from London Bridge was affixed to it, and thereafter water was drawn from the Colorado River to run underneath.

Dudley S. Game
Beckenham, Kent

The smell of Harris tweed

From H. J. Vermey

Dear Sir,

In your November issue I read the article about Harris tweed.

Before the war my tailor always had four or five suit lengths of Harris tweed in stock and I have had several sports jackets made of this material. It had a peculiar "peaty" smell, which I liked.

Nowadays my tailor has only a bunch of samples and the smell has disappeared. How come?

H. J. Vermey
Hilversum, Netherlands

Correction

In the Christmas Quiz the answer to the question "How long is a light year?" should have been "rather less than six million million miles".

NUCLEAR POWER: the promise and the threat

by Norman Moss

A nuclear power plant is the most complicated device that man has yet invented for boiling water. For all its advanced technology, it is well to remember that in the end it does what a wood-burning stove does.

The steam shoots out and drives a turbine which generates electricity. From the turbine on to the electric light switch, it makes no difference whether the power plant that started it all splits atoms or burns coal or oil. But there is less coal in the mines than there used to be, and we all know about oil. Most of the industrialized countries are turning to nuclear power to plug the coming energy gap. Sir John Hill, chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, says it is "the salvation of our prosperous industrial society".

About 12 per cent of Britain's electricity is produced by nuclear power. Over the industrialized world as a whole the proportion is a little higher, about 16 per cent. A few small, compact countries such as Belgium and Switzerland get as much as a quarter of their electricity from nuclear power; Austria and Denmark, equally prosperous, get none.

Now the British Government is embarking on a programme to produce more nuclear electricity. It is a modest programme compared with, say, that of France. One new nuclear power station is to be built each year starting in 1982. By 1995 there will be twice as much nuclear power in Britain as there is now, if the programme keeps to schedule. But hardly any nuclear power programme anywhere ever *has* gone according to schedule. Early expectations about the spread and benefits of nuclear power have been disappointed in Britain and elsewhere. Twenty-five years ago the Atomic Energy Authority forecast that by 1980, nuclear power would provide half of Britain's electricity, and one happy consequence of this would be that our electricity bills would be lower.

Some people made even more extravagant claims for the changes that nuclear power would bring about. The age of the dark satanic mills would finally be over and England really would be a green and pleasant land, with no coal tips or chimneys belching out dirty black smoke; its industry would be fuelled by the new magic of atomic energy, clean, quiet and safe. In poorer countries small reactors would bring power to remote areas, irrigating deserts and lighting jungle villages.

The men in charge of the early nuclear power programmes did not endorse all these claims, but they did overestimate the ease with which a



ROGER JONES

The world's energy requirements continue to rise but fossil fuels are running out and the alternative technology appears inadequate. The only practical answer seems to be nuclear power, yet many people fear its dangers. The author discusses the pros and cons of nuclear power and the choice man has to make for the 21st century.

new scientific discovery could be turned into a commercial proposition, and they underestimated or even dismissed problems that were later to loom large. There is little in the early literature of atomic power about the disposal of radioactive waste; or the possibility of an accident that releases radioactivity; or the dangers of stockpiling plutonium—three factors that play a large part today in any consideration of nuclear power.

In those early days the public simply waited for the benefits of this new scientific wonder, the reverse and more acceptable side of the coin whose obverse was Hiroshima and the nuclear balance of terror. Indeed, the nuclear terror seems to have been one reason for the uncritical enthusiasm that some atomic scientists displayed for nuclear power: they had brought this terror to

the world and they wanted to feel that they were mankind's benefactors too.

Today we are moving ahead into nuclear power with our eyes open. There are too many uncertainties—social and political as well as technical—to be sure about either the costs or the timing of nuclear power in the years ahead, and we know it. If there are questions still unanswered, there are few that are not being asked.

A nuclear power plant is a huge structure. The visible part inside the building is a steel or concrete shielding that is up to 17 feet thick, huge and round like a gasometer. But it generates more electricity than any other power plant of the same size, and it is cleaner and quieter. Talk to an engineer who has worked in both a coal-burning and an atomic power station—there are

many, since both kinds of plant are run by the electricity boards—and he will almost certainly say that he prefers the more comfortable, healthier working conditions of an atomic power plant.

Behind that thick wall heat is produced from uranium. We can sum up roughly how this happens in only three sentences. Slightly less than 1 per cent of all uranium is what is called uranium 235, which is chemically the same as the rest but has three fewer neutrons in the nucleus of its atom. An atom of uranium 235 splits when it is hit by a neutron, giving off minute quantities of heat and radioactivity. Some of its neutrons shoot off and split other uranium 235 atoms, which also give off heat and radioactivity and other neutrons, in a continuing chain reaction. Those are the three sentences.

The part of a nuclear reactor that produces the heat, the core, is a collection of pieces of uranium interspersed with another substance that slows down the neutrons so that they are more likely to hit a nucleus on their journey; this substance is called a moderator. In one of Britain's most modern reactors the uranium is made into cylindrical pellets, darkish in colour, about the width of a penny piece and about 1 inch long. These are put together in rods and enclosed in stainless steel.

In this reactor the core is built up with blocks of graphite—forming the moderator—with 308 vertical holes, about 32 feet long. When the uranium rods are in these holes the chain reaction starts. To stop the chain reaction steel and boron rods are dropped into specially prepared holes; these absorb neutrons and break the chain.

Only about a quarter of the staff of a nuclear power plant have any training in nuclear physics or engineering. The rest are workmen of various skills and trades. They may not know about the behaviour of sub-atomic particles, but they can handle radioactive materials with respect, and know how to take precautions. They can use a radiation detector, and they talk about beta and gamma rays with familiarity.

When the chain reaction is going on the core gives off heat and radioactivity. The first is useful, the second harmful. To use the heat, it must be transferred out of the core. In British reactors this is done with carbon dioxide, which flows past the uranium rods, picking up their heat. Then the carbon dioxide is passed through pipes that boil water when they are hot, like the element in an electric kettle. The steam from the boiling water drives a turbine, and so on.

A fuel element or stringer in the Hinckley Point B reactor. Hinckley Point B is an advanced gas-cooled reactor which uses enriched uranium.



Nuclear Power: the promise and the threat

If the reactor is operating without something flowing through it to take away the heat, it is useless. It is also extremely dangerous.

Britain led the world in peaceful atomic power. But its programme was ambiguous in the early years, with the civil and military purposes entangled. What was called the world's first full-scale nuclear power station was built at Calder Hall, on the Cumbrian coast, and opened by the Queen in October, 1956, with much talk about atoms for peace. Actually the plant was intended primarily to produce plutonium, a by-product of uranium fission, for Britain's atomic bombs, though not much was said about this at the time.

This kind of reactor was called a Magnox, after the alloy cladding around the uranium rods. There are nine of these operating today. For a while the Government had high hopes of capitalizing on Britain's lead by selling Magnox reactors abroad but only two were sold, to Japan and Italy. American industry produced a light water reactor, so-called because it uses water instead of gas as a coolant, modelled on the small reactor built to power America's nuclear submarines, and this became the best-seller.

In the early 1960s electricity generating stations were becoming bigger, requiring more powerful plants to power them, so the Atomic Energy Authority sought a more powerful reactor than the Magnox. The British nuclear power industry reached a divide that has persisted ever since. It had to choose between building a British-designed reactor and building the American light water reactor (the favoured light water kind is the pressurized water reactor, or PWR). To a member of the public this may seem like a narrow technical decision not likely to make the blood flow faster through the veins. But the partisans on both sides have argued over this for years with what one of them admits has been "an almost religious intensity".

AEA engineers had designed a new reactor which is gas-cooled like the Magnox but operates at a much higher temperature; they called this simply the advanced gas-cooled reactor, or AGR. After commissioning a cost-benefit analysis of this and the American PWR the Government announced that the British reactor had won by a small margin. The analysis was really a comparison of two guesses, both of which turned out to be wrong. But the AEA would not hear of any doubts. As Jim Stewart, deputy chairman of the National Nuclear Corporation, says now: "We just planted the Union Jack and raced ahead."

The AGR fell short of expectations, with cost over-runs that dwarf the bill for Concorde. There were big engineering problems connected with the effects

of intense heat and radioactivity on materials. Construction of all five AGRs lagged behind schedule, costs soared and the two that have gone into operation so far have produced less electricity than expected because of frequent shut-downs. The most spectacular failure so far has been Dungeness B, on the Kent coast. It was due to be completed in 1971, but it is now expected to be finished next year.

The AGR versus PWR argument raged on through the 1970s. Most of the industry and the electricity boards, which buy and use nuclear power stations, wanted the PWR, while the AEA fought for the British design. It is not over yet. In announcing the new programme, David Howell, Secretary for Energy, said that the Government would go ahead with one PWR provided it passed safety and other requirements, and would then make up its mind whether to order others.

Yet costs are still competitive. AGR electricity is 1 per cent cheaper than electricity produced by an oil-fired plant, and 1 per cent more expensive than that produced by the most modern and efficient coal-fired plant. This cost will presumably go up when other AGRs come on line, because their cost over-runs caused by delays will be greater.

Dr Carroll Wilson was the first general manager of the United States Atomic Energy Commission. He has made some pertinent observations about three decades of nuclear power. "The most striking fact about this retrospective look at our nuclear energy

programme," he said, "has been the lack of awareness that the whole interdependent system must be satisfactory... Nobody seemed to understand that if the whole system did not hang together coherently none of it might be acceptable."

This explains the shrugging off in earlier days of some important problems that occurred at different parts of the system. The system goes all the way from the discovery of uranium to the disposal of waste products and, as Dr Wilson said, the parts are interdependent. How much uranium is found in the first stage may determine what is done with the used uranium at the last stage. The countries that process uranium into fuel can dictate to their customers how they should operate the nuclear reactors that use it.

Uranium is as common in the earth's crust as zinc or lead, but is rarely found in conveniently sized chunks. It is usually dispersed in such minute quantities as to be useless; a concentration of 2 per cent is a rich ore, and one of a tenth of this is still worth mining.

Most of the uranium that is exported comes from Canada, Namibia and South Africa, in that order. Australia has large deposits and will resume exports soon. The United States produces more than any other country but uses all its output. There are smaller deposits in other countries and exploration is going on all over the world: light planes fitted with gamma ray detectors fly low over the Andes and the African jungles, and teams have been on

foot in the Orkneys and Sicily, so more deposits may be found.

Mining uranium is not as uncomfortable as mining coal. For one thing a lot of it, particularly in Namibia and Australia, is open-cast mining. Even if the operation is underground the miner does not have to squeeze through a narrow tunnel, but can drive in a Land-Rover along a thoroughfare that is about 25 feet wide and 15 feet high, with gritty rock walls arching into the ceiling like the pirates' cave in a pantomime. He is not digging out materials with a shovel but blasting it out with high explosives, and then pushing the rubble with bulldozers into sifters. This operation was once dangerous because the presence of radioactive radon gas was ignored, but now huge pumps blow cool air through the tunnels to disperse the radon.

Most reactors (though not the Magnox) use uranium that has been enriched, that is, in which the uranium 235 content is raised from 0.7 per cent to 2 or 3 per cent. Enriching uranium is complex and costly, and there are not many enrichment plants in the world. Britain can meet its own needs, but Western Europe as a whole does not; much of the fuel used in European reactors is mined in Canada and then enriched in the United States. Some is enriched in the Soviet Union.

The uranium rods are left in the reactor for about four years, after which so many atoms have fissioned that some of the uranium has been changed into different substances. The rods are removed from the reactor, a

THREE MILE ISLAND WARNING

The worst kind of accident that can happen at a nuclear power plant is a core melt-down. If the core were deprived of coolant it would be like a saucepan that has boiled dry: the uranium metal would become overheated and would melt. What would happen after that is anyone's guess. The worst possibility is that the molten metal would burn through the concrete floor of the containment vessel straight down into the ground (the "China syndrome") and spread its radioactivity disastrously into the surrounding areas.

The accident at Three Mile Island, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, last year was the nearest that any reactor has ever come to a core melt-down. The official inquiry by the US Nuclear Regulatory Commission said a melt-down would have occurred within an hour if an engineer had not shut off a valve at a crucial moment. Then, according to the NRC report, the situation would have required "at least the precautionary evacuation of thousands of people living near the plant, and potentially serious public health and safety consequences for the immediate area."

As it was there was only a very small leak of slightly radioactive water. Even so, pregnant women and small children were told to leave a 5 mile area around the plant.

The Three Mile Island reactor is a pressurized water reactor. Because a valve was stuck in an open position water drained away from the core. The upper part of the core was completely dry and reached a temperature of 4,000°F. A PWR has an emergency core cooling system that is supposed to flood the core automatically if the regular cooling system ceases to function. However, operators seeking to take corrective action turned it off in error at one point. Because a valve became jammed in the open position, radioactive water escaped from the coolant circuit into the containment chamber, and a small amount escaped.

Steam interacted with the zirconium cladding around the fuel rods to form a hydrogen bubble which blocked the pipe through which water from the emergency cooling system should have come. It grew to a huge size and threatened to produce a hydrogen explosion. For days after the initial accident engineers fought to control and reduce the bubble.

Danger could have been averted if the operators had taken corrective action immediately. But they did not realize what was happening. An operator cannot go and look at a reactor to see what is happening—or rather he would not come back if he did. He must rely on instruments to keep him

informed. One instrument gave a faulty reading. The main cause of the trouble at Three Mile Island was not that equipment did not work properly—it nearly all did—but that mistakes were made by operating staff before and during the accident. The commission of inquiry appointed by President Carter severely criticized the training of plant operators.

A few days after the accident James Callaghan, as Prime Minister, told Parliament: "I believe I can safely claim that the incident in Harrisburg could not have taken place in this country because of the different nature of the reactors."

The most obvious difference is that a gas-cooled reactor has no water that can be turned into steam to create a hydrogen bubble. Furthermore in an advanced gas-cooled reactor the overheating would take longer to build up. Also the engineers in charge of shifts at a nuclear power plant in Britain are more highly trained than their equivalents in America.

A pressurized water reactor will be built in Britain but the design and siting will take full account of the Three Mile Island accident. The NRC report on Three Mile Island said that if recommended changes are put into effect "an identical accident is not going to happen again".



Distribution of actual and projected nuclear reactors in Britain.

THE LIMITED ALTERNATIVES

Dr Sigvard Eklund is director-general of the International Atomic Energy Agency, the UN body that supervises international exchanges of nuclear power facilities, conducts inspections to ensure that the exchanges are not being used to make atomic bombs and oversees world-wide development. Dr Eklund, a distinguished Swedish nuclear physicist, answered questions at the IAEA headquarters in Vienna. **Dr Eklund, has the role of nuclear power been exaggerated in the past, particularly with regard to the developing countries?**

Perhaps it has. Developments in nuclear power have been very rapid. We started with nuclear reactors of maybe 200 or 300 megawatts. Now we have reactors with an electrical output of 1,300 megawatts. This has led to certain elementary requirements if nuclear power is to be installed in a country. There must be an electrical infrastructure of a certain magnitude. As a rule of thumb one can say that a single power station should not produce more than 20 per cent of the total output of a system.

Because of a possible malfunction?

Yes, then you are in for very serious trouble. So if we are talking about a standard size plant of, say, 900 megawatts it means there should be 4,500 megawatts of installed electricity in a

country before you could put in a reactor. This is not available in most developing countries. So I think the developing countries cannot make use of nuclear energy to the extent that was thought possible, say, 15 years ago.

Can you look ahead a little to the future of nuclear power?

The world population is at present 4,200 million. It is expected to increase to 6,400 million by the end of the century. These people have to be provided with food first of all. We will have to have intensive agriculture and that means a lot of fertilizers, and fertilizer production means energy. These facts alone mean that we will need more energy. Remember also that the developed countries use ten times more energy per head than the developing countries. I don't think the developing countries will be satisfied with that in the future. They will want more.

Now, what can we do? We can use conventional energy sources, like coal and oil and so on, but these are very limited. One can talk about new energy resources in the form of solar energy, tidal energy, wind energy, geo-thermal energy and so on. But for the time the only new source available on an industrial scale is nuclear energy.

I would say that the developed world, the industrialized countries, should first of all use nuclear energy;

few at a time, and dumped into a huge water tank next to the reactor. They are hot and so radioactive that under the water they glow in the dark.

After four months or so, still radioactive though somewhat cooled, the rods are transferred in steel casks for longer-term storage at Windscale. This transfer has aroused controversy lately. Anti-nuclear campaigners have suggested that terrorists could blow up a cask en route through London, for instance, and release radiation. A protest march against the casks' shipment through London has been held and the Government is conducting an investigation to see whether these fears are firmly based. In America, where such material is normally sent by sea, the mayors of several ports have banned it.

At Windscale the used rods are left in cooling tanks for ten years or more. Then they are put into nitric acid as a first stage in chemical reprocessing, which separates the uranium and plutonium, leaving a small amount of highly radioactive material. Windscale reprocesses used fuel rods for other countries as well, principally Japan, and is building a plant to do more of it, which has aroused controversy internationally as well as domestically.

In some countries, including the United States, no used fuel is reprocessed. Whether it is reprocessed or not, parts of it remain dangerously radioactive for 500 years; the level tails off gradually. The present plan is to mould all long-life radioactive material into glass blocks, and then bury it in

underground sites that remain stable for long geological periods.

However, when some such underground site is sought, the cry goes up from the people who live in the area of "Not in our backyard!" Local authorities have banned closer investigation of likely disposal sites in places from Caithness and Northumberland to Connecticut and Montana.

In Germany the state premier of Lower Saxony rejected a government proposal to put all Germany's nuclear waste in an underground salt bed in his state. Since German law requires that anyone building an industrial plant must first demonstrate that he can dispose of any pollutants, this means that at present no nuclear power plant can be built in Germany, a reminder of the truth of Dr Wilson's point that the whole system hangs together. Another reminder comes from Britain's National Radiological Protection Board. Its last annual report warns that unless the problem of long-term disposal was solved the nuclear power industry could "choke on its own waste".

The uranium that is extracted from used fuel can be recycled. The plutonium can be used in another kind of reactor, one which some people believe will signify the coming of age of nuclear power: the fast breeder reactor. This reactor breeds fissionable material. The name is misleading: it does not breed it quickly. The word "fast" refers to a more arcane feature of this reactor, the behaviour of its neutrons, which are not slowed by a moderator, as they are in an ordinary, or thermal, reactor. (It is called this because the neutrons travel at about the speed of molecules in a thermal state, that is at ordinary temperatures.)

The core of a breeder reactor is a combination of enriched uranium and plutonium, surrounded by a blanket of ordinary uranium. The fast neutrons convert the uranium in the blanket into plutonium, which can then be fed back into the reactor. It creates 98 per cent as much fuel as it uses, and is the nearest thing that science has invented to a perpetual motion machine.

An experimental fast breeder has been working at Dounreay, Scotland, for 21 years, and now a prototype built there contributes a small amount of electricity to the national grid. Now France and Russia are both on the verge of putting a full-scale breeder reactor into service.

The attractions of the breeder are obvious. It makes a country almost independent of outside supplies of uranium. AEA officials say that the spent nuclear fuel sitting around in storage tanks in Britain now, if used in breeder reactors, would produce as much energy as all the coal mined in Britain during the next 200 years.

Margaret Thatcher, visiting the prototype breeder at Dounreay in November, told reporters: "I personally would like to see it go ahead." But the Government has promised that before a breeder is introduced into

by doing this they will make conventional fuels like coal and oil more available to developing countries.

Do you think public anxieties about nuclear power will eventually be overcome?

Oh yes. You have to remember that all the time we are gaining experience so that future reactors will be safer than today's. People in the aircraft industry have said: "What is wrong with your nuclear power people is that you have had too few accidents. We have had the opportunity of learning from accidents, and through this learning we have built the very safe aircraft we have today."

But can we afford accidents in nuclear power?

If the accidents are of the same nature as the Three Mile Island accident in Pennsylvania, which perhaps could be described as an event rather than an accident, where nobody was harmed and there was only material damage—from that event the nuclear industry will learn an enormous amount.

So you envisage that an accident will not involve loss of life?

Our experience up to now indicates that the probability is a small one. There are 220 power reactors in operation, and an operating experience of 1,800 reactor years. The safety record so far has been remarkably good.

Nuclear Power: the promise and the threat

service there will be a public inquiry, and this will probably come in 1982. When it does come there will be some vociferous objections to the plan, and on present form the objectors will have the tacit support of the US government. The principal ground for objection can be summed up in one word: plutonium.

Plutonium is dangerous in two ways. Even a minute quantity can induce cancer of the lungs. And it can be used to make atomic bombs. The big question hanging over nuclear power since its inception has been its connexion with atomic bombs, the relationship between nuclear ploughshares and nuclear swords. Plutonium is the obvious link between the two, an output of civil nuclear power and an input of nuclear bombs.

Plutonium is created from the fissioning of uranium atoms. It does not exist in nature. So long as it is a part of a spent fuel rod—hot, radioactive, dangerous to handle, and mixed with other elements—plutonium cannot be used to make bombs. But it can be so used when the spent fuel is reprocessed and the plutonium extracted.

The principal barrier between nuclear power and nuclear weapons is the safeguards system. All nuclear facilities that are exported today carry the proviso that the receiving country must open them to inspectors, usually from either the International Atomic Energy Agency, a UN organization, or from the EEC's Euratom. Many countries that have built their own nuclear facilities still open them to inspection, as a proof of their intention not to manufacture nuclear weapons. The inspector checks on what goes into the reactor as fuel and what comes out, to ensure that no material is diverted to make weapons. Sometimes he is on the site but a lot of the job is done by automatic sensors and seals.

India built its own reprocessing plant, reprocessed fuel from a nuclear reactor given to it by Canada, produced plutonium, and with this made an explosive device. This shocked the major powers and brought on a new realization of the openness of the route from nuclear power to nuclear bombs. More anxieties were aroused when Germany contracted to sell a reprocessing plant to Brazil, and France to sell one to Pakistan. This produced a major rethink on the spread of nuclear weapons.

One result of this was a series of semi-secret meetings by representatives of the nuclear exporting countries at which they agreed that they would not export certain items because they could be used to make weapons; these items included reprocessing plants.

Another result was a change in American policy. The US Administration decided that reprocessing, which



A control room at a nuclear power plant. All operations are performed by remote control and conditions inside the reactor are monitored by sensors. More than one sensor is assigned to each aspect of the reactor's performance in case one should fail or give a false reading.

THE ARGUMENTS AGAINST

Czech Conroy is a leading campaigner in Britain against nuclear power. He is a staff member of Friends of the Earth and he answered questions at the organization's office in central London.

What's wrong with nuclear power?

First of all it's connected inextricably with nuclear weapons. This worries me. The technology that produces power for electricity can produce nuclear bombs. India has shown this and Pakistan seems to be doing the same. Also there are doubts about safety. We simply do not know enough to do a proper safety analysis. The studies that have been done so far don't mean much. We do know that a breach of the containment vessel and the leakage of a large amount of radioactivity is possible and in a heavily populated area that could cause thousands of deaths.

There is also the problem of radioactive waste. We know too little about its long-term effects. So you classify it; will this leak over 10,000 years? What underground storage sites will be stable over really long periods? Then there are the social and political aspects of nuclear power. Personally I would rather not live in a society which is heavily dependent on a centralized monopoly and a technological élite. Nuclear power is a very specialized technology. It's also very vulnerable to sabotage. This will involve the need for stricter security measures, with files on

everyone and with the police being given more powers.

But don't we need it?

No. First of all it is a fallacy that a rising standard of living must mean using more energy. Gerald Leach has shown in his book *An Alternative Energy Strategy for Britain* that we can peg energy consumption at its present level and still have rising material standards, with more cars, washing-machines, central heating and so on. Here at Friends of the Earth we think you could actually go a lot further and triple economic growth over the next 50 years and actually reduce energy consumption.

We can save a lot of energy through technical conservation measures, like insulation. It is possible to increase the efficiency of a refrigerator by a third and car engines by more. And nuclear power does not contribute as much as a lot of people think. It produces 12 per cent of our electricity but only 13 per cent of the energy we use is electricity. The rest is mostly coal, gas and oil used directly. The bulk of the energy we use is low-grade heat, below 100°C, for heating water or buildings, and liquid fuels for transport. We should be looking for other ways to supply this.

What other ways are there that we know can work?

Solar collectors work, and they are simple devices you can put in the roof. They have been in use for decades in

other countries. If a house is insulated thoroughly solar energy can supply all the heat it needs throughout the year, even in Britain. It is true that solar collectors are expensive but they will come down in price if a mass market develops, and they will become economical as the price of other fuels goes up. Wind power can play an important role. More research is needed into wind machines: there are aero-generators in use in other countries that work well enough now and could supply us with electricity.

If all these means of producing electricity or saving heat are as feasible as you say, why isn't the Government pursuing them?

For a number of reasons. For one thing they are not fully aware of the state of these technologies. For another the major energy supply industries are well established and financially strong. The energy establishment always thinks in terms of producing rather than conserving energy. But I think a very important reason that these technologies are not considered seriously enough is that they are too simple. They do not have enough glamour. Britain seems to be attracted to high-technology, high-cost projects, such as Concorde. I don't know why, but a lot of other countries are better than we are at seeing that small-scale technology may in a particular instance be better for the job.



The floor here is the roof of the reactor. A cylindrical refuelling machine, as tall again as the reactor, holds the fuel stringers vertically and lowers them into their holes in the core; it also removes them when spent.

separates plutonium, and breeder reactors, which use it, are dangerous activities and are at present unnecessary as there is enough uranium for decades. The United States halted its own reprocessing and breeder projects and put pressure on other countries to do the same, using its position as a supplier of fuel. Canada, as a supplier of raw uranium, took the same sort of line. Again two parts of the system are intertwined in this argument. If there is plenty of uranium to be mined, then reprocessing, recycling and breeder reactors become less profitable and less urgent.

It is not surprising that nuclear power arouses fears and opposition. In a period when scepticism about the benefits of science and technology is growing, nuclear power seems to stand in glaring opposition to humanist values. These huge, complicated, impersonal machines can spread radiation which poisons the earth for centuries if not millennia, attacks the bones of children, and even damages generations of unborn babies. Small wonder that some people cry out against them and offer as an alternative "softer" technologies, such as solar and wave power. The nuclear technologists reply that radiation from nuclear power is minimal and much less than society accepts willingly from other sources, that a coal-burning power plant emits more radioactivity than a nuclear power plant, pouring out slightly radioactive substances in the dirt from its smokestack, and that the average citizen receives less radiation from nuclear power than he does from colour television.

However, the opponents are concerned not only with the normal operation of nuclear power but with the danger of accidents. There have been accidental leaks of nuclear material at many facilities, including storage tanks for radioactive waste. In the early days of the Windscale plant a fire sent radioactive vapour up the smokestack and into the atmosphere, and recently liquid radioactive waste has seeped out.

Sir John Hill, chairman of the UK Atomic Energy Authority, has said that too much attention is paid to unnecessary arguments about safety. "Our own caution leads to disbelief. It is like a Rolls-Royce towing a trailer full of spares," he commented.

The staffs at nuclear power stations demonstrate their readiness to deal with an accident with an enthusiasm that brings Sir John's stricture to mind. Regularly they monitor radiation within a 15 mile radius of the plant. They have an emergency procedure designed to deal with every eventuality, which includes evacuation of the plant and if necessary the area around it. Each plant has emergency offices which are used for no other purpose, with an emergency telephone and radio communications network. None of these procedures has ever been put into effect.

Anti-nuclear protest has had mass support in some countries, ➡

- 1 Pressure vessel made of 8 inch thick steel
- 2 Reactor
- 3 Fuel elements in the pressurized water reactor; these are enriched uranium rods in a zirconium casing
- 4 Fuel stringers, comprising eight fuel elements
- 5 Charge face
- 6 Concrete shield. Sometimes called the biological shield, this is made of concrete and is 15 feet thick. It is protection against a leakage of radiation whatever happens inside it and surrounds the entire reactor

- 7 Control rods
- 8 Uranium fuel store
- 9 Refuelling machine, for positioning and removal of fuel stringers in the reactor
- 10 Storage and dismantling area of spent fuel stringers
- 11 Lowering shaft for spent fuel elements
- 12 Water pond store for spent fuel until radioactivity has decreased sufficiently prior to removal in flasks (60,000 curies of radiation each) from power station

- 13 Pressurizer which controls the pressure of the water that serves as the coolant
- 14 Steam generator
- 15 Pumps for pumping water through the system
- 16 High-pressure steam turbine
- 17 Intermediate pressure steam turbine
- 18 Low-pressure steam turbine
- 19 Heat exchanger
- 20 Condensate
- 21 Cooling tower which condenses the steam from the turbine back into water so that it can be recirculated

- 22 Electrical generator
- 23 Generator transformer
- 24 Isolators
- 25 Circuit breakers
- 26 Grid system
- 27 Transformer
- 28 Distribution sub-station
- 29 To Windscale, three flasks per container. Safety standards: withstand an impact of 30 mph; withstand a drop of 9 metres on to concrete; withstand a 30-minute fire at 800 °C and immersion in water without any release of radioactivity. Flasks contain 180,000 curies of radiation (60,000 each).

Diagram of a pressurised water reactor

Nuclear power: the promise and the threat

predominantly among the educated middle-class and ecology-minded youngsters. In America the anti-nuclear movement has identified nuclear power with big business, and its dangers with the chicaneries and cover-ups that have been practised by big corporations. In France major trade unions are calling for a halt to all work at the reprocessing plant at La Hague, in Brittany, where several radioactive leaks have occurred. In Germany anti-nuclear campaigners have formed the Green Party, which looks like making its mark on elections.

In Britain an Anti-Nuclear Alliance has been formed out of the many groups, mostly small and local, who oppose one aspect or another of nuclear power, but it has not-so far attracted mass support. The followers are mostly middle-class; only one leading scientist has lent his voice to the anti-nuclear argument, Sir Martin Ryle, Astronomer Royal, and only one major trade unionist, Arthur Scargill, the Yorkshire miners' leader. The biggest anti-nuclear demonstration drew 12,000 people in a march against the expansion of the Windscale reprocessing plant in 1978. Opinion polls show that most Britons accept that nuclear power plants are safe and that more are needed.

All these movements have had their effects in creating an atmosphere in which the producers of nuclear power are often on the defensive, feeling the need to justify any expansion. In Austria protestors forced the government to call a referendum on nuclear power and then swung the vote against it, by a razor-thin margin. In America anti-nuclear campaigners have proved devastatingly adept at exploiting the courts and local inquiries to delay each new nuclear power project.

Some of the more strident anti-nuclear campaigners are clearly misguided in their warnings of the dangers and they seem to indulge in wishful thinking when they make light of the cost of discarding nuclear power. But some other people who are not opposed to nuclear power accept some strictures on past mistakes, and share at least a few of their doubts.

Thus Lord Flowers, Rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, and a part-time member of the Atomic Energy Authority, has argued for a shift of emphasis in these terms: "If nuclear power is inevitable until the end of the century, it is because for the last 25 years we have not invested in any alternatives. It should therefore be a deliberate act of policy to ensure that we have genuine alternatives by the year 2000. If we do then decide upon the further expansion of the nuclear option, we should do so not because it is the only option, but because it is the best option." ●



ROD TINTO ZING



ROGER JONES

At the Rössing Uranium Mine in Namibia, top, ammonium diuranate, "yellow cake", is recovered on rotating filter drums during the refining process. At Hinkley Point B, above, used fuel stringers are cooled in a water tank prior to transportation to Windscale for storage; the stringers are so radioactive that they glow under water.

Scotland's Number One Quality Scotch Whisky



OVER THE YEARS MERCEDES-BENZ HAVE MADE SOME CHANGES TO THEIR ORIGINAL DESIGN.



1926



1951



1968



1980

Car design may have undergone some changes over the years, but the star on a Mercedes-Benz has never followed short-lived fashions.

Ever since 1926, the star has represented the ambitions of the two men who invented the car.

Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz who forty years before had, unknown to each other, both proved that high-speed petrol engines were capable of powering road vehicles.

The name Mercedes belonged to the daughter of the then Austro-Hungarian consul-general who entered his 23 h.p. Daimler in a race which he easily won.

Many more racing successes followed and the name Mercedes very soon became established as the name for all Daimler cars.

Scarcely a decade had passed since the invention of the motorised

vehicle before Daimler and Benz wished to regularly test and compare their new vehicles in competitive races and rallies.

Racing competitions tested the new vehicles' speed and overall performance, rallies tested the construction and endurance over long distances.

Their aim was to test the basic features of design in order to build a car that was suitable for every road condition and every traffic situation.

To design a car that would be equally at home in the northern hemisphere or at the equator, on made-up or unmade roads.

Since 1926, when the firms of Daimler and Benz joined together, their aims have gradually been fulfilled.

Over the last fifty-four years Mercedes-Benz have been developing increased engine performance, easier

handling, practical comfort and greater safety for the driver and passengers in the event of an accident.

In 1951 Mercedes-Benz were, for example, the first to design the safety cell, a rigid compartment with collapsible crumple zones at the front and rear of the car.

The combination of passive safety with active safety is, in itself, a symbol of Mercedes-Benz.

Passive safety helps to avoid injuries in the event of an accident, and active safety gives the driver all possible help to avoid just that sort of situation in the first place.

In 1968, for example, we saw the development by Mercedes-Benz of the semi-trailing swing rear axle.

It was a simple system to ensure maximum roadholding, especially when you are braking and cornering, while maintaining all the benefits of

independent rear suspension.

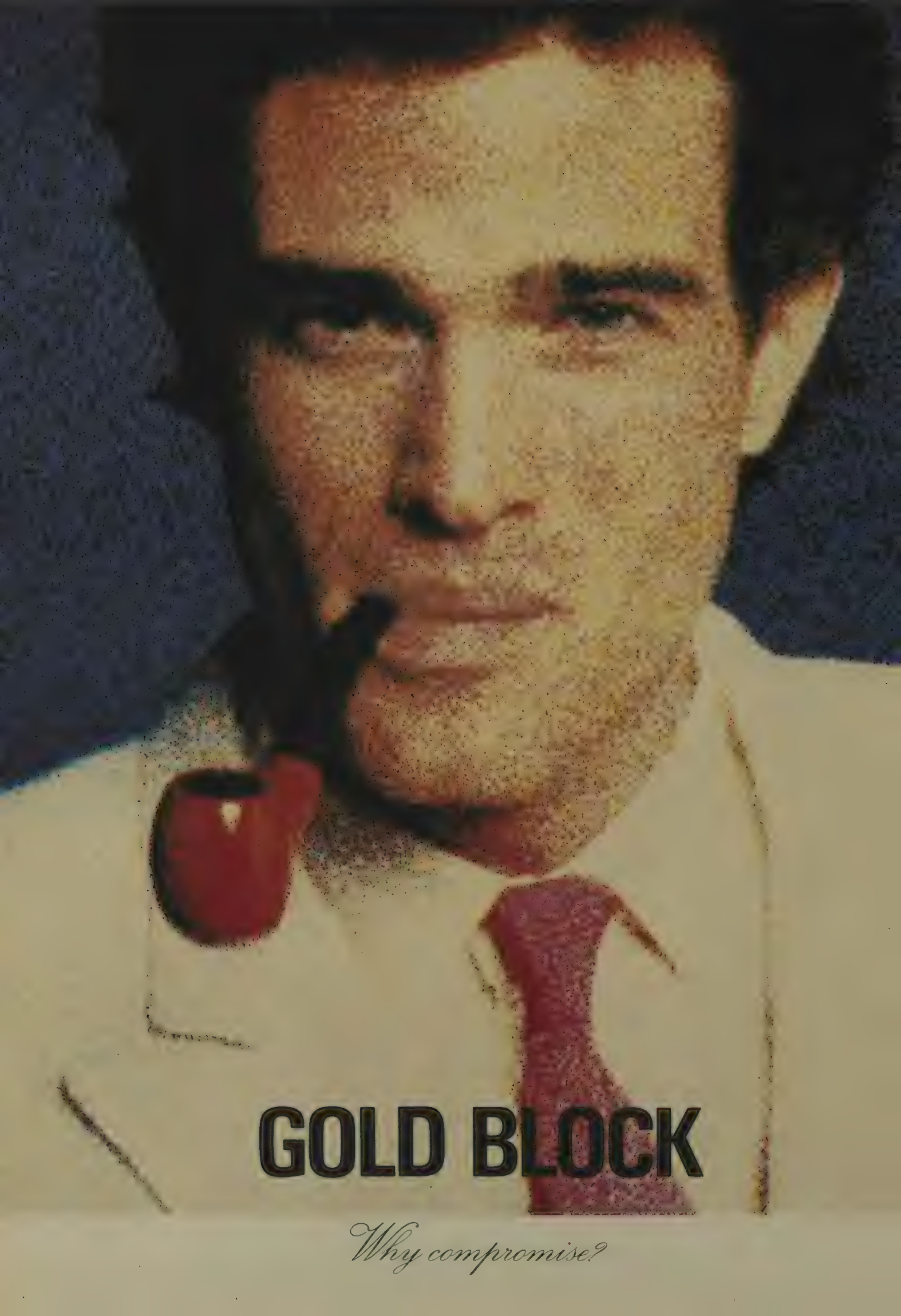
It was yet another example of the continuing Mercedes-Benz programme of research and development, testing and refining, the very concept of the motorised vehicle.

Yet another attempt to reach technical perfection, as is every single improvement made by the firm of Mercedes-Benz.

And that's exactly what the star represents on every Mercedes-Benz you see on the road to-day, albeit a 1926 or a 1980's model.



Mercedes-Benz



GOLD BLOCK

Why compromise?

Coate

by E. R. Chamberlin

Though the village of Coate, birthplace of Richard Jefferies, is almost lost in the suburbs of Swindon, the Wiltshire countryside of ancient trackways can still be easily traced. The author describes the landscape that shaped Jefferies's work and earned him a place in the literature of England.

Photographs by Julian Calder.

The receptionists in the huge motel were anxious to be helpful but they were a little bewildered and even amused. "Park your bicycle?" There was garaging for 200 cars—but a bicycle? After consultation with higher echelons of authority a solution was found. The bicycle could be discreetly placed in a cloakroom. The machine was wheeled across yards of carpet and locked away like a guilty secret.

But it was not perverse or eccentric to choose a bicycle to explore the Richard Jefferies country. It is a landscape at once compact and extended. Compact, because Jefferies with that extraordinary vision of his could turn a hedgerow into a universe. Extended, because he was a great walker, thinking nothing of striding the 10 miles from Swindon to Marlborough and back in a day. Wiltshire was made for a man like him, richly agricultural but, unlike most arable lands, crisscrossed by innumerable paths. They appear on the map under a variety of guises and names, Ridgeway, Roman road, bridleway, footpath, trackway. Some are metalled over—where neolithic, Roman, and modern traffic engineer all agree on the position of the road—while others are remote, rutted and tussocked. But all, over the centuries and the millenia, give the traveller rights over the farmer and, as by-product, shape Jefferies's works.

It would be pointless to try to follow him by car, and impractical to do so on foot within a limited period. Impractical, and decidedly unpleasant, too, for urban and traffic development immediately around his village of Coate, near Swindon, has made walking alternately tedious and dangerous. Swindon, its natives boast, is the fastest growing city in Britain; and to do justice to its city fathers it has a strong social sense and is provided with excellent libraries and museums. Swindon council bought Jefferies's birthplace in 1926 when Coate was still a distinct hamlet 2 miles from the town and, with the energetic help of the Jefferies Society, it has been turned into a bright little museum.

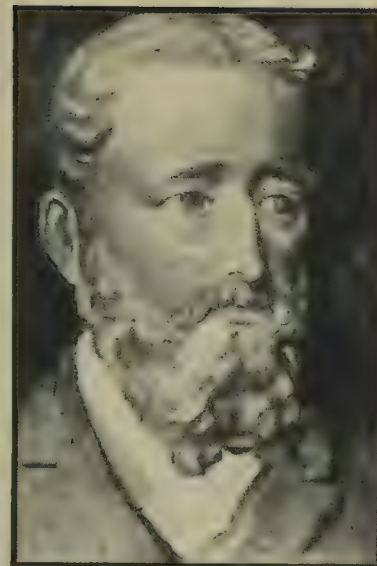
But it is a museum on a diminishing island: the area is bounded by three great roads, expressing in 20th-century terms the passion for movement that has characterized this part of England

from the remote past. Swinging down south-west from the heart of Swindon, passing within a few feet of Jefferies's home, is the A345; the A419 follows the track of the Roman road from the north, like some great natural barrier; the M4 runs from east to west; and swamping all is the remorselessly advancing tide of suburbs.

Looking at the Ordnance Survey map, it is hard to find the village. The name is there, Coate, in large, confident letters but it seems a mere cartographer's convention for the only building on this section of the road is the motel. But, peering closer, you can just see, below the main road in its red Ordnance Survey livery, a small white road with a few dots on it. This is all that is left of "the wavering double row of farmhouses" which Edward Thomas described in his biography of Jefferies in 1908, and whose buildings could be confidently identified as late as the 1950s. The arterial road has not so much destroyed Coate as edged it aside, so that it is possible to whizz past and not even know it is there. The two inns that Jefferies knew are still there though transformed into the usual de-regionalized roadhouses. The home of his wife's parents nearby is unchanged, as is Coate Water, the centre of his childhood life, though its surroundings are municipalized and prettified with putting greens and concrete paths.

Yet, paradoxically (and it is a paradox that Jefferies would have enjoyed), while it is difficult to identify the village, it is easy to follow Jefferies himself almost step by step for miles over the fields and downs. As far as Henry Williamson was concerned Jefferies was "irregularly the greatest writer in English literature since Shakespeare" and though so supreme an accolade is debatable, there are few to equal Jefferies in his intense sense of locality, his ability to convey the feeling of place.

The external details of Jefferies's life are swiftly told. He was born in 1848 and died at 38 after a long and painful tubercular illness. His father was a not-very-successful farmer who preferred books to ploughs. The father passed on his preferences to the son and gave him freedom to roam the countryside. Romantic hindsight has seen that



Top left, portrait of Richard Jefferies in a Coate public house; top right, the Ridgeway, a favourite haunt of the writer; above, his birthplace at Coate.

extended childhood as a preparation for Jefferies's art, turning him into the dreaming youth of Gray's *Elegy*. Contemporaries thought otherwise. Audrey Horsell, a grand-daughter of villagers who knew him, recorded their impressions years afterwards: "The cottagers called him a 'lazy loppet' and everybody was sorry for his parents... He sat in contemplation at the foot of an oak tree in the Home Field while the

haymakers, in a torment of midges in the island field, said that such laziness did not ought to be allowed."

But the laziness ended at 17 when Jefferies began to work for a local paper. He hated it: hated the routine, hated the discipline. But the routine, as with all local papers, took him deep into rural affairs and the discipline taught him to write. Initially he fell into the trap that awaits most

Coate

literary tyros, writing high-falutin nonsense about something he knew nothing about—in his case, London high society; and the country lad poured out a number of massive novels with unbelievable plots, stock characters and ludicrous dialogue ("Unhand me sir," said the maiden while a rosy flush mantled her fair forehead.).

But while he was producing this contrived material there was welling up, almost unconsciously, the genuine article. It first found expression in a series of long letters to *The Times*, written in response to Joseph Arch's attempt to form an agricultural union. As the son of a small tenant farmer, Jefferies was not overdisposed to be friendly to agricultural labourers: "no class of persons in England receives so many attentions and benefits from their superiors". But the letters go on to paint a vivid picture of rural life at the mid-century. Jefferies had something of D. H. Lawrence's ability to convey physical labour, physical fatigue, as with his description of milking:

"To put on coarse nailed boots weighing fully seven pounds, gaiters up to the knee, a short greatcoat of some heavy material and to step out into the driving rain and trudge wearily over field after field of wet grass . . . then to sit on a three-legged stool with the mud and manure halfway up to the ankles and milk cows with one's head leaning against their damp, smoking hides for two hours, with the rain coming steadily drip, drip, drip. . ."

The letters attracted considerable attention, and he began to receive invitations to contribute essays on country matters to the innumerable magazines that flourished in Victorian Britain. It was now that the long, seemingly idle years at Coate began to bear fruit. Henry Williamson, who was to draw heavily upon Jefferies's work, sums up his technique with precision. "Jefferies had extraordinary sight, and his style was his sight returning from his memory into words." He had total recall, the ability to reproduce an observed incident years afterwards, and also the emotions that attended it.

The bulk of his writing was produced under pressure for periodicals, and his published books are for the most part casual assemblies of these pieces; but the whole produces a curiously homogeneous picture. Habitually he disguises names and places; but they are real, and through his descriptions it is possible to discover how little this countryside and its life has changed once the traveller leaves the suburbs and the main roads. You can, for instance, identify the keeper's cottage in his *Gamekeeper at Home*. "The keeper's cottage stands in a sheltered coomb or narrow hollow of the woodland, overshadowed by a mighty Spanish chestnut. . .". The coomb is still sheltered; the chestnut or its descendant still looms over the cottage; the thatch still covers it snugly.

Most remarkable of all, perhaps, are the facts that Jack Jones, the present occupant, is a gamekeeper and so was his father before him. Mr Jones was taken to the cottage as a two-year-old in 1902; his father must therefore have been only one remove from Haylock, the gamekeeper around whom Jefferies links his essays. As for the thatch: "Best covering there is. Mark you, it isn't what it was—all this chemical fertilizer brittles it. And we have to send as far as Somerset for it," says Jones.

In 1883 Jefferies published the book that gives him undisputed right of entry into the ranks of English literature. He told his publisher that he had been planning *The Story of My Heart* for 17 years, which means that he conceived it when he was just 18. It is in no real sense an autobiography: rather, you are reminded of the great 14th-century mystic, Mother Juliana of Norwich, and her *XVI Revelations of Divine Love*. Jefferies certainly was not attracted to any formal religion. "In my opinion, that man is an out and out atheist" was the opinion of Audrey Horsell's grandfather. Pantheist would be a better word: while Mother Juliana strove to express the inexpressible by giving it the shape of visions of Christ, Jefferies sought to do so by using the real world around him. He had long since left Coate for London and the outside world when he began to write the book, but it was to the world of childhood and young manhood that he returned in memory when seeking form to clothe his vision, in particular to the high, pure, rolling downlands and their ancient, enigmatic mounds and trackways which seem to be speaking some lost language. The outer and the inner world fused to make *The Story of My Heart*, a book which struck a chord in the public consciousness. The English promptly adopted the book, and it has retained its hold ever since.

Swindon Council, which acquired Jefferies's house, has let it out as an ordinary residential tenancy, reserving part for the museum. Keith Hardy, who lived in the house in 1965 and wrote a poem describing its transformation, warns that no museum would hold such a spirit as Jefferies's:

"The spirit of Jefferies goes striding over the hills
As he did in life. Looking out still on white nights
When the traffic dies, you can see him clear in the mind's eye
A tall grey shadow moving over the fields,
Moving endlessly over the bright fields
Striding endlessly towards the hills,
away from the House."

And it is on one of those hills that his best monument stands—a great boulder-stone with a quotation from *The Story of My Heart*. "It is Eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine." ●

Aspects of the Wiltshire landscape: the boulder-stone, centre, bears an inscription from Jefferies's great work *The Story of My Heart*.





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Royal farmers

by Ralph Whitlock

At heart the members of the royal family are country people whose natural background is the country estate to which they retreat whenever the demands of state permit. Here the author, whose book *Royal Farmers* was recently published by Michael Joseph, describes some farms and estates run by or for our royalty.



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Balmoral in 1972. With them is part of the herd of Highland cattle established there in 1955.

King George III was probably the first British monarch to take a personal interest in farming. At a time when country gentry were engaged in carving out for themselves great estates from the open fields of England, and incidentally changing the landscape into the now familiar patchwork of hedged fields, the King was in the forefront of the enclosure movement, taking in hand big chunks of Windsor Forest and converting them into farms. Those farms, their boundaries somewhat altered, still function today, and the involvement of the royal family in farming their rural estates has become a tradition.

The most extensive and productive of the royal farms is Sandringham. In 1862, the year of his marriage to Princess Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, later to become King Edward VII, was presented with the Sandringham estate by Queen Victoria. Although his prime interest was in the house, which became one of his favourite residences, he felt that a country estate ought naturally to have a home farm and he enthusiastically set about developing one. The aspect of farming which interested him most was stock-breeding, and at Sandringham he established pedigree herds of shorthorn, Highland and Dexter-Kerry cattle, as well as the famous Sandringham shire horse stud. Champion after champion came from his shire stables, and the annual sales at Sandringham attracted buyers from all parts of the British Isles.

After his death Queen Alexandra continued to make Sandringham her home, while King George V lived happily with his growing family at York Cottage, in the grounds. Five of his six children were born there, and he referred to Sandringham as "the place I love better than anywhere else in the world". He maintained the Sandringham farms and the shire horse stud established by his father, taking great pride in exhibiting his splendid animals, and was patron of the Shire Horse Society from 1910 until his death in 1936.

Edward VIII's short reign left him little time to initiate the changes that he considered were long overdue at Sandringham. But one of his first acts after his accession was to alter to Standard British Time all the clocks at Sandringham which in the reign of George V had been kept half-an-hour fast!

Peace-loving King George VI had the misfortune to spend most of his reign in the throes and aftermath of a devastating war. Although from 1940 to 1945 he had little opportunity to visit Sandringham, he was determined that the royal farms should set an example of achieving maximum food production in wartime and Sandringham in particular was brought into a high state of

cultivation. He reclaimed 450 acres of marshland, started a programme of commercial fruit-growing, specializing in dessert apples, yellow plums and blackcurrants, persuaded the Government to take over and expand a flax factory that George V had started near Sandringham, a policy which proved of immense value when the war cut off Britain from its normal sources of flax supply in Europe, and in the immediate postwar years Sandringham was supporting at least 1,600 head of livestock, including more than 400 cattle.

The Sandringham estate, considerably expanded since the original purchase, now comprises some 20,100 acres, of which 3,200 acres are farmed by the estate and most of the rest let to tenant farmers. There are 1,950 acres of woodland, 470 acres of parkland around Sandringham House, and 1,780

acres devoted to Sandringham Country Park.

The estate, managed on thoroughly professional lines, has an estate agent, Mr Julian Loyd, and a farm manager, Mr Roger Mutimer, who has looked after the farms since 1956 and who is expected to make them pay their way. Since the Queen has been fully occupied with official duties and responsibilities, it has fallen to the Duke of Edinburgh to assume general responsibility for the Sandringham and Balmoral estates. "The details of cropping programmes and the selection of agricultural machinery are better left to the professionals," he says. "I have taken the line that I can make a more valuable contribution to the discussion of broad policy issues, particularly in relation to national and international trends in agriculture, and such things as clos-

ing down and starting new enterprises, taking farms in hand, housing and similar matters."

Of the two main farms in hand, Appleton, of 1,800 acres, is ideally suited to growing malting barley, while Wolferton, with 1,200 acres of heavier soils, concentrates on producing wheat. Mustard, kale, onions, maize, potatoes, grasses for seed and sugar beet are also grown. Sandringham has been a pioneer in farm irrigation and with the latest equipment can now irrigate 1,000 acres or so, a tremendous advantage in this normally dry corner of the country.

The main livestock enterprise is beef production, based on three 50-cow herds of blue-grey cattle and two herds of Hereford Friesians. Each herd is mated with a bull of a different breed and the results compared. The bulls at present in use are Hereford, Lincoln Red, South Devon, Simmental and Charolais. The calves are born outdoors in February and March, remain with their mothers at grass until the following November and are then fattened in yards. Nearly every week from February to April sees a load of about 20 fat cattle dispatched to King's Lynn market. No sheep, pigs, poultry or heavy horses are kept at Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales, speaking at the Farmer's Club's annual dinner in 1977, commented: "There remains one area in which we [the British] still remain supreme—blackcurrants. It is a little-known fact that Britain still leads the world in blackcurrants... The wind still blows through 10,000 acres of British blackcurrants, and quite a lot of them... reside at Sandringham. Very few people know all this, but perhaps they will ponder on this rare glory as they sip their next Ribena."

In fact, Sandringham has 46 acres of blackcurrants and 64 acres of apples. The blackcurrants are indeed grown on contract for processing into blackcurrant juice, but the apples, mostly Cox's orange pippins, are gathered by the public on a pick-your-own arrangement. Visitors descend on the orchards at the rate of 3,000 a day in September and October and soon clear the lot.

Of the woodlands 1,683 acres are efficiently managed on commercial lines and have some remarkably fine specimens of both hardwoods and conifers. The public are admitted free to the 1,780 acres designated a country park and can use this area for rambles, picnics and nature study. But a small charge is made for admission to the house and grounds, open at varying dates and times throughout the summer.

Sandringham is for the royal family a conveniently accessible retreat, where they can relax in brief intervals in the round of official engagements. As a rule, many of them come

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THE CLASSIC MALT WHISKY.



Royal farmers

down just after Christmas and stay until about February 5, their longest period of residence.

The Queen likes to spend a long weekend here towards the end of April and will pay other weekend visits as opportunity offers. Prince Philip enjoys several long shooting weekends in early October and mid-November. The Prince of Wales and Princess Anne sometimes join in.

The Queen Mother makes a point of being at Sandringham for the King's Lynn Festival at the end of July and for the Sandringham Cottage Horticultural Society's Show, which is held in the park on the last Wednesday of July. The society has its centenary this year. The Queen Mother is president of Sandringham Women's Institute and attends its meeting whenever possible.

For family parties and for the more official occasions Sandringham House is used, but for weekends taken at short notice and when few or no guests are invited or when Sandringham House is open to the public, the Queen has a more modest retreat at Wood Farm. A few hundred yards down a gravelly lane and half-hidden by trees, it is a pleasant red brick and flint building, once the home of the local doctor. Here the Queen and her family can relax with a minimum of fuss and formality. Mrs Hazel, wife of Jack Hazel, one of the farm tractor-drivers, who lives in the cottage next door, pops in and "does for" the royal party.

When Sandringham is out of sight it is not out of mind. Mr Loyd has to submit monthly reports, which are carefully scrutinized. Twice a year he attends a general management meeting with Prince Philip and Palace officials. Ideas for innovations have to be discussed with the Queen and Prince Philip, and the Prince frequently brings back his own suggestions, based on what he has seen on his extensive travels.

Since 1976, when the royal studs stopped using Hampton Court, Sandringham has become the headquarters for the 20 or so brood-mares belonging to the Queen and for the five brood-mares owned by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. There are two studs at Sandringham, one of 150 acres and the other, at Wolferton, of 100 acres. The Queen takes great delight in her horses, has an intense personal interest in them and an encyclopedic knowledge of all aspects of thoroughbred breeding.

Although Prince Philip and the Prince of Wales greatly enjoy the shooting at Sandringham, all the pheasants on the estate are wild. There is no artificial rearing. The farms carry a good stock of partridges, many of them red-legged. Hares have been increasing in numbers in recent years, as have rabbits. The woods conceal a lot of fallow deer and a few red deer.

The shores of the Wash attract large numbers of duck and waders. When a reclamation scheme was put into

operation Prince Philip insisted that 45 acres should be kept in their original condition, as a wildfowl reserve. He has had a shepherd's hut with viewing window perched on the old sea wall, giving him a panoramic view of the salt marsh and he seldom misses an opportunity for a few hours' bird-watching when at Sandringham.

The royal farms at Windsor are a complex group of properties lying south of Windsor Castle and extending into Windsor Forest. Hemmed in on nearly every side by built-up areas, parkland and paddocks, they are almost suburban. Tall trees enhance the scenery though not the agricultural potential of the land, and macadamized roads are more numerous than a farmer would prefer. Although so near the Thames, much of the soil is not the rich alluvium usually associated with riparian farms but is largely sandy loam over gravel, which dries out quickly in summer.

The main farming units are Shaw Farm (120 acres), Prince Consort Farm (210 acres) and Clay Hall Farm (170 acres). In addition, the horse paddocks are grazed by sheep and cattle, and part of the golfcourse is cut for hay. Shaw Farm and Clay Hall Farm comprise most of what remains of Norfolk Farm, established by King George III. Recently they have been linked with the agricultural land of the Crown Estates in Windsor Great Park, under the control of one manager, while some of the land formerly under cultivation has been returned to the park and stocked with deer.

The Windsor farms experienced a peak of prosperity under the Prince Consort, who took over their tenancies in 1849. With characteristic enthusiasm he quickly set about transforming them into model farms, complete with magnificent sets of buildings. The Royal Dairy, which he designed with loving care and meticulous attention to detail, has been preserved in its entirety, exactly as he left it. It is somewhat reminiscent of the Albert Memorial and is superficially more like a mausoleum than a dairy. Yet, for all the lavish ornamentation, it is strictly functional. Turn on the water, and it could still be used. The white basins in which the milk stood for the cream to settle are still on the marble tables, with skimmers at hand to take off the cream.

The dairy could cope with about 240 gallons of milk a day, all of which went to the castle. Exact records were kept of the quantities produced and also of the yields of individual cows—probably the earliest example of milk recording in Britain.

The present custodian of the dairy is Mrs June Williams, who lives with her husband in the adjoining cottage and is responsible for making cream and cream cheese for the palace and castle. The milk is delivered to Buckingham Palace three times a week by Mr Williams, in bottles stamped with the royal cypher. Cream and cheese are supplied as required, the cream cheese being packed in special little cartons.

Of all her farm animals, the Windsor Jerseys are the Queen's pride. Hints that they should be replaced by higher-yielding Friesians meet with definite royal disapproval. The only concession to the demands of economic viability has been that exhibiting at shows has been discontinued. It was argued that to have a big proportion of the herd calving at the right season for summer shows meant that the maximum milk production tended to coincide with the lowest prices. It must have been a difficult decision for the herd had a remarkable record in the show ring for many years. The Queen was proud of its achievements and particularly of the fact that nearly all of the major prize-winners were home-bred.

The Windsor farms also have a herd of about 150 Ayrshires. Most of the land on the farms is devoted to growing grass and other crops for the cows.

Adjoining the Windsor farmland are the gardens of Frogmore, first established in 1841. The present gardens occupy some 40 acres, of which about 2 acres are devoted to flowers for cutting and about 4 acres to soft fruit. In addition there are just over 2 acres of glass, including two vast glasshouses of about an acre each.

Both Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace are still supplied with vegetables, soft fruit and flowers from these gardens. The vans go up to London three times a week, more often if necessary, for the gardens have to provide all the flowers for state visits as well as for the daily interior decorations of the two royal residences. Because the state rooms are so lofty, there is a demand for unusually tall pot plants, and the greenhouses produce some of the most magnificent specimens of fuchsias, begonias and other spectacular flowers to be found anywhere.

A fairly recent venture is mushroom-growing, which has proved economically satisfactory and a steady supply of mushrooms is now ready for market on every day of the year.

Soon after Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort bought the Balmoral Estate, on Deeside in central Scotland, in 1852, the Prince busied himself with landscaping, building and other plans for improvements, including the modernization of the little farms. He was about to construct a dairy that was to be a replica of the one at Windsor when he fell a victim to typhoid. Characteristically, the Queen insisted that his wishes be carried out. Later she took a considerable interest in the farms and farmers on the estate and in the general improvement of Scottish agriculture. Determined to help in the promotion of Scottish cattle-breeding, she established her own herds of Aberdeen-Angus and Ayrshires at Balmoral.

Her successors were more interested in the sporting facilities of Balmoral than in its farming, which was only natural, for out of the 42,770 acres which now comprise the Balmoral and Birkhall estates, the farms occupy only 380 acres, with a further 196 acres of

rough grazing. These small farms are the home of three herds of beef cattle—one of the comparatively new Luing breed, one of the Highland breed and one of Galloways. There is also a virtually untameable flock of Soay sheep.

As on the other estates, Prince Philip takes a keen interest in the cattle and likes to be informed of events. The usual detailed monthly report is sent to the Queen who greatly enjoys walking and riding on the moors and the free-and-easy atmosphere of Balmoral. The Royal Family normally spends the period from mid August to mid October here.

The newest royal farm is Gatcombe, in Gloucestershire, the home of Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips. A typical small Cotswold estate of 773 acres, it is now linked agriculturally with the 530 acre Aston Farm, 1½ miles away, which is leased to them by the Queen at a normal economic rent. The maximum amount of arable land is probably about 675 acres, for there are many steep slopes. As much as possible is sown to winter barley, for which the land has proved especially suitable. The livestock enterprise at Gatcombe consists of breeding beef-type calves, from a mixed herd of cows, for sale as store cattle. The Aston cattle are primarily shorthorns and are being graded up by Charolais bulls.

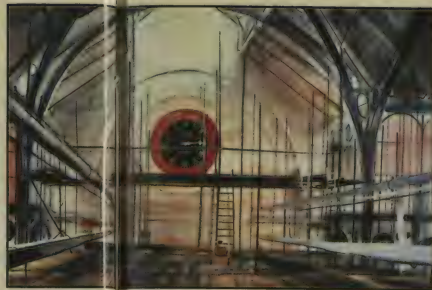
Soon after acquiring the farms Captain Phillips took a year's course at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, a few miles away. Princess Anne and he are now a typical young couple buckling down to the hard work of converting the two farms into a profitable unit, though both have to be away from home on other duties for longer periods than they would like to be. When she has time, Princess Anne takes a turn at harrowing, haymaking, harvesting and other seasonal operations—happy, hardworking and care-free in jeans.

As for the horses that attract so much publicity, they occupy a very minor place on the farms. There are about ten of them, of which seldom more than six are in residence. The horses spend a lot of their time on pastures miles away, on the banks of the Severn. While Sandringham and Balmoral are at times open to the public, Gatcombe is not.

One often-forgotten fact about the royal estates is worth mentioning. They were formerly much more extensive, including among other properties Richmond and Windsor Great Park, but were surrendered to the government by King George III in return for an annual cash grant, the Civil List, to meet the royal household expenses. The relinquished lands were entrusted to a new authority, the Crown Estates, which administers them on behalf of the government. The Civil List, reviewed a few years ago, now amounts to £980,000, whereas the income of the Crown Estates, on which the bargain was based, now exceeds £6 million annually. So the nation is £5 million or so to the good ●

An artist's view of a museum in the making

The new London Transport Museum is housed in Covent Garden's restored 19th-century Flower Market. An exhibition of watercolours entitled "Museum in the Market" by Edna Lumb will be on show there until May, following the opening of the museum, by Princess Anne, on March 28. The pictures, a selection of which we reproduce here, depict the £1 million restoration of the Flower Market, and show the huge exhibits, which were formerly housed at Syon Park, arriving and being manoeuvred into position.



Above, the "nave and cloister" of the new museum showing the more easterly of the two big windows giving on to Tavistock Street. Top, the restored Victorian cloister by Clerke of the Royal Exchange. Right, sheeting and scaffolding in the outside aisle looking south.



The 1922 electric locomotive "John Hampden" entering the museum by the covered way, above left; it ended service (as a shunter) in 1972. Above centre and

retained open balconies until the end of its career in 1938.

right, the 40-foot "Feltham Tram" being manoeuvred through the columns, at one stage with barely a half-inch clearance, into final position on a plinth.



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Glenlivet**

The Glenlivet. The Malt. 12 years old and the finest in the world.



Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth 4: George Eliot's House



George Eliot, author of *The Mill on the Floss*, *Adam Bede*, *Daniel Deronda*, *Middlemarch* and many other works, died here in December, 1880, having taken residence only three weeks previously. The painters William Dyce and Daniel Maclise were also occupants of this elegant Georgian house which dates from about 1717.

The Heraldry Society presents

The Coats of Arms of the Great Monarchs of History



Shields shown actual size of 27 mm wide x 34 mm deep.

A unique collection of 50 royal coats of arms, each hand-enamelled and plated in silver and 24 carat gold.

To be issued in a single, limited edition.

They were, originally, the emblems of the battlefield. The familiar signs emblazoned upon the actual shields of warrior kings. The emblems that medieval soldiers rallied round amid the clamour and confusion of battle. The cross. The lily. The crown. The eagle and the lion. Each a powerful symbol inspiring faith, allegiance, zeal.

No wonder these royal coats of arms hold a magic for us still. Each symbol loud with the echoes of heroic deeds. And of a courtly pomp and splendour that is no more. Each expressive, too, of the very destiny of a nation. Each endowed with extraordinary beauty.

And these are the royal arms that are now to be depicted in a remarkable collection being issued by The Heraldry Society: 'The Coats of Arms of the Great Monarchs of History.' A collection of fifty hand-enamelled shields superbly plated in silver and 24 carat gold.

Fascinating coats of arms of history
Each shield will portray the coat of arms of a famous monarch – chosen not just because of that monarch's distinctive role in history, but also because the arms themselves are as fascinating as they are significant.

- * The three gold lions on a red field appropriately used by Richard the Lion Heart – to this day a principal feature of the royal arms of the United Kingdom.
- * The chains of Navarre, in gold on red, sharing the arms of France's Henri IV with three fleurs-de-lis in gold on blue.
- * The black eagle of Prussia, bearing the monogram 'FR' that identifies this shield as that of Frederick the Great.
- * The three stags' antlers – emblems of fortitude – on the arms of Wilhelm I of Württemberg.

Upon the reverse of each shield there will be etched the name of the monarch portrayed, the name of the nation he ruled, and the dates of his reign.

Taken together, the fifty shields in this collection will form a unique heraldic history of Europe during the last thousand years. One that conjures up a glittering pageant of emperors, kings and queens. And is at the same time a kaleidoscope of great events – reflecting important dynastic alliances, and tilts in the crucial balance of power.

Beautifully hand-enamelled and plated in silver and gold

Each shield will be a spectacular work of art, created to a design that has been officially researched by England's Richmond Herald of Arms, Mr. J.P. Brooke-Little, and Scotland's Garioch Pursuivant of Arms, Mr. J.C.G. George, both of whom are distinguished officials of The Heraldry Society. The shields will be minted by the world-renowned master craftsmen of Franklin Mint. Each design will be deeply recessed into the surface of the

shield in order to accommodate the colourful enamels.

Then each shield will be individually hand-decorated. Each of the rich enamel colours must be applied separately. And the skilled enameller must accomplish this delicate task without so much as touching the polished silver background.

As a result of this painstakingly meticulous craftsmanship, each coat of arms will be perfectly and correctly depicted, in a re-creation that is accurate in both *colour* and *design*.

Furthermore, wherever gold appears in the original coat of arms, actual 24 carat gold will be used to embellish the shield.

A brilliant index of Europe's stirring past, studded with intriguing cross references

As you examine and study the shields in this collection, you will realise that quite apart from their outstanding beauty, they provide a fascinating source of knowledge and a fresh and exciting insight into the patterns of history.

You will learn something of the absorbingly interesting language of heraldry, helped by the scholarly yet simple commentaries – specially written by Richmond Herald of Arms and Garioch Pursuivant of Arms – which will accompany each shield.

Here, then, is a collection that is certain to give you and your family hour upon hour of pleasure and fascination. And to be, also, of real educational value to your children.

A most significant price guarantee
Subscribers will receive their hand-enamelled shields at the convenient rate of one per month, beginning in July. The issue price for each shield is £14.50, plus 75p p&p, and this price is *guaranteed* for the entire series, except for any change there may be in the rate of VAT. As you will appreciate, in view of prevailing inflationary trends in general and of rapidly rising increases in the price of precious metals in particular, this is a guarantee of considerable significance for collectors.

A handsome chest to display your shields in their full glory

Each subscriber to the collection will receive, at no extra cost, a de luxe wooden chest to protect and display all fifty hand-enamelled shields. The chest will be fitted with a transparent top, so that all the shields can be viewed and admired even when the lid is closed.

Also accompanying each collection will be a Certificate of Authenticity attesting to the status of these shields as an official issue of The Heraldry Society, and to the limited nature of this issue.

This is the first public announcement of 'The Coats of Arms of the Great Monarchs of History.' Subsequent announcements may be made in the UK with a later closing date, but by direction of The Heraldry Society, the subscription rolls will be open only until the worldwide

closing date of 31st December, 1980. After that, when each subscriber's collection has been crafted, the dies will be destroyed. Thus, the total edition will be limited to the exact number of individual subscribers whose valid applications are received by the worldwide subscription deadline.

Please remember that your application should be postmarked by 30th April. Be sure to post it to Franklin Mint Limited, Bromley Road, London SE6 2XG, by that date.

At time of going to press, price based on VAT rate of 15%.

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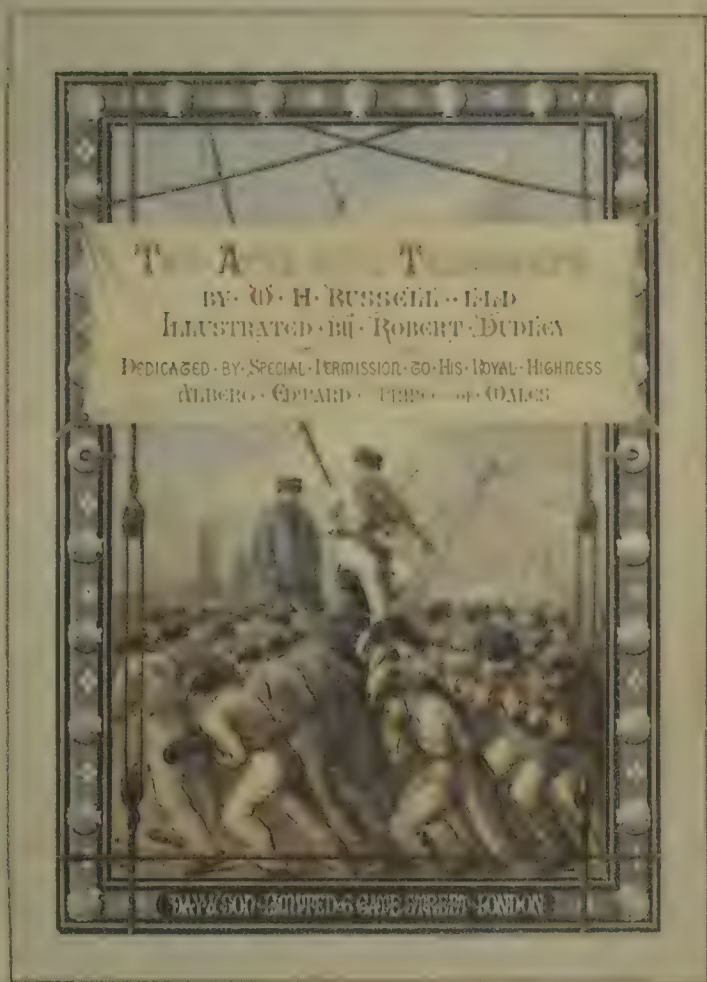
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Chester Barrie

THE FINEST NAME IN MEN'S WEAR

Appreciating Victorian books



A couple of sets of figures to begin with: a copy of *History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire* by Sir Harry Nicolas, in four volumes, illustrated in colour by George Baxter and published in 1841-42, was bought in 1972 for £80; between 1974 and 1978 it increased annually by 25 per cent, 20 per cent, 25 per cent, 50 per cent and 45 per cent, giving its value today at something over £326; a copy of *Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages* by Henry Noel Humphreys and Owen Jones, 1844-49, bought in 1972 for £210, increased annually between 1974 and 1978 by 33 per cent, 17 per cent, 16 per cent, 35 per cent and 50 per cent, giving a current value of £765.

These price increases, satisfactorily above inflation rate, are typical of the way Victorian colour-printed books of high quality have appreciated in value as collectors begin to realize what a rich and varied field is open to them. It was to catch this trend that Stanley Gibbons opened a department for antiquarian books at 395 Strand last year (our illustrations are of books from this department); and they have just published their second catalogue.

The peak period for coloured Victorian books was between 1837 and the 1860s, though there are fine things to be found in the last decades of the century as well. But in the earlier part of the period experimentation of all kinds led to the production of beautiful books in editions of only a few hundred, with illustrations

printed from up to 15 separate hand-engraved plates. Owen Jones, George Baxter, John Tenniel, William Morris and George Leighton were among distinguished artists who lent their talents to book production. Great care, skill and imagination were also devoted to the bindings, materials for which included leather, often hand-tooled in several colours, wood—which might be steam-press moulded or hand-carved—papiermâché, which again might be hand-carved, silks and hand-blocked fabrics of all kinds. Cut-out onlays were sometimes applied, like scraps; or inlays were used. These volumes were truly labour-intensive and one can still buy them for less than they would cost to produce today. Gibbons's Victorian printed books are mainly between £200 and £1,000.

Prospective collectors should familiarize themselves with two books, *Victorian Book Design and Colour Printing* (Faber, £18) and *Victorian Publishers' Book Bindings* (Gordon Fraser, now out of print), both by Ruari McLean.

Top left, title page of *The Atlantic Telegraph* by W. H. Russell, illustrated by Robert Dudley, 1886, large paper copy, £600. Top right, page from *Livre d'Heures*, Paris, 1843, hand-illuminated, £2,500. Right, frontispiece page from Sir N. H. Nicolas's *History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire*, 1841-42, in four volumes printed in colours by George Baxter, £1,500.

Frederick Forsyth has two things which are proving to be absolutely correct. Much of his latest novel. And all of his watch.

Frederick Forsyth has written a new novel called "The Devil's Alternative." It is, by his own admission, the most difficult book he has ever attempted.

Much of it is classic Forsyth: the meticulous research; the painstaking attention to detail, and the devious plots and sub plots which are set against an all too believable backdrop of world politics.

But, this is the world of 1982.

"Which, I can tell you, was extremely difficult" says Forsyth. "Attempting to predict accurately the economic and political situations in five countries several years hence and then commit them to print... well, as my books depend on people believing they *might* be reading fact... getting it wrong would be, to put it mildly, disastrous."



In the time since "The Devil's Alternative" was finished many of Forsyth's predictions have already proved to be absolutely correct, which, as he says: "Gives me a lot of pleasure... coupled with a great sense of relief!"

Real time is something Frederick Forsyth never has to make a guess at.

His watch is a Rolex Oyster Day-Date, in 18ct. solid gold with self winding perpetual movement and combined day and date display.

"It's very tough and very well made" he says. "No matter what I do to it, its predictions are always 100 per cent correct. It just goes on and on getting it right."

Rolex feel very confident about this prediction. That will still be true long after 1982.



ROLEX
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*Pictured: The Rolex Day-Date Chronometer. Available in 18ct. gold, with matching bracelet.
For further information on the complete range of Rolex watches and the address of your nearest Rolex jeweller, write to:
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The geography of the stars

Most children learn the elements of geography while at school. There can be few people, even today, who do not know the meaning of latitude and longitude. Yet by no means everyone knows how the same sort of principle can be applied to the sky, and the non-astronomer may well be baffled by such terms as “declination” and “right ascension”. There is nothing mysterious about them; they correspond to latitude and longitude in the sky, and the principles involved are the same.

Consider latitude on the Earth’s surface. This is reckoned in degrees north and south of the equator, which divides the world into two hemispheres, northern and southern. The latitude of the equator is 0°; that of the North Pole 90°N, or +90°, that of the South Pole 90°S or -90°. The latitude of my observatory at Selsey, in Sussex, is 50° 43’ 49” (50 degrees, 43 minutes and 49 seconds of arc); let us call it +51° for the sake of convenience. Then the angle made at the centre of the Earth between Selsey and the equator is 51°.

To fix a position on the Earth’s surface one needs two co-ordinates. Latitude is one. We must also have longitude, which is reckoned in degrees east or west of the meridian passing through both poles and Greenwich Observatory in outer London (more particularly, through one instrument, known as the Airy Transit Circle because it was set up by a famous 19th-century Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy). Greenwich was chosen as the zero for longitudes (longitude 0°) by international agreement more than 80 years ago, when such agreement was a great deal easier to obtain than it is now. The only nations to object on that occasion were France and Ireland.

The longitude of my observatory at Selsey is 0° 47’ 41” west of Greenwich; that is to say it is very nearly on the zero or prime meridian. With both these co-ordinates I can now fix the observatory’s position precisely.

Now let us consider the sky. The ancients believed that the Earth must be surrounded by an invisible crystal sphere to which the stars were attached and which turned round the Earth once in approximately 24 hours. It is still convenient to refer to this “celestial sphere”, even though for so many centuries we have known that it has no real existence. The celestial equator is defined as the projection of the Earth’s equator on to the celestial sphere; in other words it cuts the sky in half, just as the Earth’s equator cuts the Earth in half. Declination, corresponding to latitude on the Earth, is the angular distance of a celestial body north or south of the celestial equator. The declination of the north celestial pole is +90°; the Pole Star, Polaris, lies within one degree of this. The celestial pole is, then, the direction to which the Earth’s axis points in a northward direction.

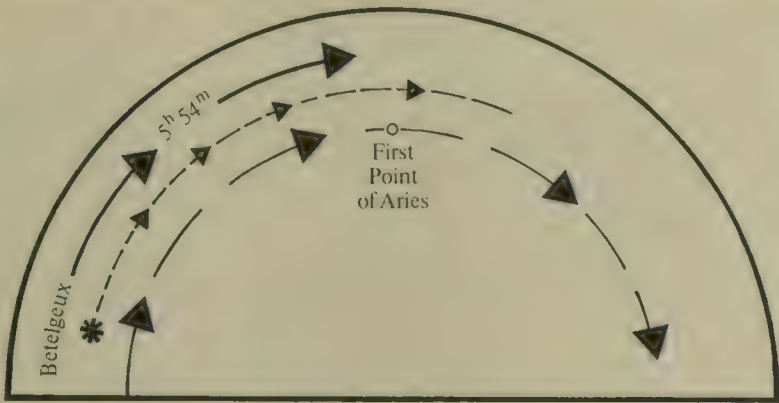


Diagram illustrating the passage of Betelgeuse to its culmination.

There is also a south celestial pole, though it is not marked by any bright star; the nearest, Sigma Octantis, is comparatively faint, and is none too easy to see with the naked eye.

The celestial equator runs right round the sky, and it happens to pass through the brilliant constellation of Orion, very close to the uppermost star of the Hunter’s Belt (Delta Orionis or Mintaka). The declination of Mintaka is thus practically zero (-0° 19’). Betelgeuse, the bright red star in the upper left of the Orion pattern, has a declination of +7° in round figures, so that it is seven degrees north of the celestial equator. We have our first co-ordinate, but to fix the position of Betelgeuse on the celestial sphere we also need something to correspond with longitude. This co-ordinate is known as right ascension, or RA.

We must have a zero point, and fortunately Nature provides us with one. Because the Earth moves round the Sun once a year the Sun seems to go right round the sky once a year, passing through the constellations of the Zodiac: Aries (the Ram), Taurus (the Bull), Gemini (the Twins) and so on. The apparent yearly path of the Sun among the stars is known as the ecliptic. The ecliptic is inclined to the celestial equator at an angle of 23½°, so that in each year the Sun must cross the equator twice, once in late March, when moving from south to north (Spring or Vernal Equinox), and once in late September, when moving back from north to south (Autumnal Equinox). At the equinoxes the Sun’s declination is 0°, because it lies exactly on the equator. The point at which the ecliptic cuts the equator in late March, the Spring Equinox, is also known as the First Point of Aries, and this is taken as the zero for celestial right ascension. It is not marked by any bright star and nowadays it is not even in Aries, the Ram; the effect of what is termed precession—a slow change in direction of the Earth’s axis—has shifted it into the adjacent constellation of Pisces, the Fishes. However, it is still known by its old name.

When a star rises in an easterly

direction, it moves across the sky until it reaches its maximum altitude, when it is said to culminate; to an observer in the northern hemisphere of the Earth the star then lies due south. Clearly, the First Point of Aries must culminate once in 24 hours. The right ascension of a star (or any other object) is the time-difference between the culmination of the First Point of Aries, and the culmination of the star. Thus Betelgeuse culminates 5 hours 54 minutes after the First Point has done so; its right ascension is 5h 54m, and we have our second co-ordinate, corresponding to longitude on the surface of the Earth. Measuring in units of time is rather more convenient than using angular measure in this connexion, and is almost always done in astronomy.

Because the stars have very slight individual or proper motions their declinations and right ascensions remain to all intents and purposes unchanged over long periods. Not so for our closer neighbours, the bodies of the Solar System (the Sun, Moon, planets and so on) which shift out relatively quickly against the starry background and whose right ascensions and declinations change constantly.

Let us now look at the sky as seen from various parts of the world. To an observer at the North Pole the celestial pole will be straight overhead, and the equator will lie all around the horizon; thus Polaris will be almost at the zenith or overhead point. The northern hemisphere of the sky will be in permanent view, and the southern hemisphere will never be seen. We have noted that the Sun spends six months of each year north of the equator (from late March to late September) and during this period it will remain above the horizon to our North Pole observer. It will then pass into the southern hemisphere and will remain below the horizon until it comes north again in late March. That is why the North Pole has a six-months’ “day” followed by a six-months’ “night”. The same conditions apply, in reverse, to the South Pole.

An observer exactly on the Earth’s equator has a very different view. Here the poles lie on opposite horizons and

the equator passes overhead, so that almost all the heavens may be seen at one time or another.

Let us return to Selsey, where the latitude is, as we have noted, +51°. The celestial pole, marked within a degree of Polaris, will have an altitude of 51° above the horizon. Some of the stars will always be on view when the sky is sufficiently clear and dark; others will never be seen—as a little elementary mathematics will show.

Take 51 away from 90; the answer is 39. Therefore, a star which has a declination north of +39° will never set from Selsey; it will go round and round the pole, always staying above the horizon. Deneb, in Cygnus, has a declination of +45°, so that it is permanently visible; it is circumpolar as seen from Selsey. Betelgeuse, only 7° north of the equator, will not be circumpolar. During part of each 24-hour period it will pass below the horizon. Look for Betelgeuse near midsummer and you will not see it; it is above the English horizon only during the hours of daylight.

Similarly, a star south of declination -39° will never rise from Selsey. This applies, for instance, to the famous Southern Cross (Crux Australis), where the declination of the leading star, Acrux, is -63°. Yet it is not necessary to go as far south as the Earth’s equator to see the Cross. Another simple sum will show what is meant. Take 63 away from 90; the answer is 27. Thus in theory Acrux rises from any latitude on the Earth which is south of 27° north, though in practice one has to go a little farther south than that because of the difficulty of observing a star very near the horizon.

Consider also the lovely star Canopus, in the constellation of Carina (the Keel of the Ship), which is second in apparent brightness only to Sirius; it is very luminous and very remote. Its declination is -53°. 90 minus 53 comes to 37; thus to see Canopus one must go south of latitude 37° north on the Earth. It so happens that this “limiting line” crosses the Mediterranean between those two famous cultural centres of the ancient world, Athens (latitude +38°) and Alexandria (+31°). Thus Canopus can sometimes be seen low down in the sky from Alexandria, but never rises from Athens. This was noted by the famous Greek geometer Pythagoras, who gave it as being one of the reasons why the Earth must be a globe. Such behaviour is only to be expected if the Earth is round, but cannot possibly be explained by the theory that the Earth is flat.

These, then, are the basic principles of measuring the positions of objects in the sky. Astronomy is still the basis of all time-keeping and navigation. Without it we would never have been able to draw up accurate maps of the world upon which we live ●

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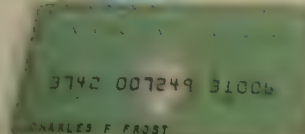


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Roman London reconsidered

The historic core of London, founded by the Romans in the first century AD as a bridgehead fort but soon to develop, because of its unique geographical advantages, as an administrative and trading centre, has been revealed in recent excavations. The Chief Urban Archaeologist of the City of London, Brian Hobley, reports.

The Museum of London has conducted a continuous programme of rescue excavations on more than 50 sites since 1974 and the history of Roman London can now be reviewed in the light of a number of remarkable discoveries. The Roman town wall, largely rebuilt in the medieval period, contained within it the historic core of London and the area known to the business community as the City or the Square Mile. This modern emphasis on trading and commerce is not an inappropriate role for the City in view of its mercantile origins in Roman times.

Since serious discoveries were first made by antiquaries in the 17th and 18th centuries the picture of Roman London has constantly changed, and it will go on changing. Fundamental to any understanding of what archaeology can achieve is an appreciation that with the excavation of many deep foundations, basements, cellars and bank vaults in the past, no record was kept of surviving archaeological layers—the only evidence available to us, as Roman historical sources give few passing references to Londinium. Sadly, knowledge of Roman London is in many respects still only rudimentary.

In the first place, London's origins have long been considered to conform with those of many other historic British towns with a Roman ancestry, for example, Carlisle, Cirencester, Exeter and Worcester, in that they began from a civil settlement (*vicus*) outside a fort. As military exigency dictated, the army often moved elsewhere and the settlement was left to survive or perish depending on its value to the local native population, as well as to the Roman civil authorities. London, it appeared, was closely involved in the campaigns that immediately followed the invasion in AD 43 and which are recorded from the somewhat distorted viewpoint of a man writing 150 years after the event. The historian Dio's account of the army's movements shows a concentrated push from Kent towards the Thames, which had to be crossed to capture the British capital of Colchester. After a two-day battle a



Impression of Roman London in the mid-second century, by Alan Sorrell. The west-looking view shows the lack of defences to the city; also depicted is the huge forum, the market-place that formed the hub of Roman city life.

river identified as the Medway was crossed and, according to Dio, the Britons fell back to a river subsequently identified as the Thames.

The outstanding advantages of the site of Roman London now come into play, for its elevated twin-hilled location (St Paul's and Cornhill), well above the flood plain, was considered by many scholars before recent investigations as an obvious choice for the Romans to establish a bridgehead fort. It is important to stress that nowhere between this location and the sea is any other site to be found as ideally suited for settlement by its military, geological, topographical or tidal advantages—all of which in such a remarkably favourable combination must immediately have been appreciated by army surveyors and engineers. Apart perhaps from trackways, no earlier native settlement of any size or permanence occupied the site: this should be remembered in appreciating Roman London's fortunes over the 400-year history, when a large local population could have helped to support its economy once its overseas markets had declined.

But though a military origin had been argued by many archaeologists no definite evidence of recognizably military structures such as defence ditches, buildings and military equipment was found even after a century of careful observations on building sites. It was becoming increasingly clear in the 1960s that this hypothesis now needed firm data to support it or it would become untenable, but it was across the river in Southwark and not the City

that this was found in the early 1970s. There had been for some time support for the idea that early roads from the Kent coast to London originally led to Westminster, the lowest point at which the army could ford the Thames. Here it was possible that a fort, built to guard a crossing, once existed on Thorney Island, site of the Abbey and Parliament. Dio, on the other hand, refers to an existing bridge which was used for the crossing, but this seems highly unlikely as the Thames served as a frontier between warring tribes in the decades between Caesar and Claudius. Modern scholars have considered the possibility of a pontoon bridge but with fords at Chelsea and Lambeth as well as Westminster this would hardly have been necessary.

Excavations in the bridgehead area at Southwark have now increased remarkably the likelihood that the army crossed at Westminster, for in Southwark the approach roads to London Bridge were almost certainly not built before the 50s. As a consequence of this discovery a detailed re-examination of the earliest Roman pottery from the city was made and showed far too little Claudian Samian pottery to be commensurate with a major military base. In addition the Claudian coins were also re-examined and were shown to be mainly imitations of later date than the regular issue and characteristic of the Neronian period. In sum, the evidence from Southwark and the city and of the roads from Southwark to Westminster raises a strong possibility that London

was not founded until the early 50s, some time late in the reign of Claudius or very early in that of Nero, and its origins cannot be shown on the present evidence to be connected with the military campaigns of AD 43.

There is no firm evidence in London itself for any military presence before AD 60, except that the historian Tacitus, commenting on the events of the Boudiccan revolt of that year, wrote that Londinium then "was crowded with traders and a great centre of commerce". The town therefore was established by that date, but its function was mercantile, not military. In fact the normal pattern of conquest by Rome, to which Britain was no exception, was to permit trade to follow the flag ensuring a full economic exploitation to justify the *Pax Romana*. Government authorities must have realized at the outset of the conquest that the new province would require a major international trading centre and no other site was better suited for this. Most importantly, Londinium was an open site free of the problems that an existing native population would impose on a rapid urban expansion.

Archaeology has shown recently that from the beginning the new city was deliberately planned with a street system to accommodate eventually an area approaching 300 acres. During these early years it would have had an appearance not unlike the 19th-century frontier towns of the American West. Increasingly traders came from all over the Roman world, as shown by some of the earliest objects found in

London, including jars for wine and olive oil from southern Spain and the Aegean, especially Rhodes, fine glass from Italy and Syria, and, from Gaul, beautifully decorated pottery lamps of the distinctive glossy red Samian ware.

Appropriately the earliest known inhabitant of London was Aulus Alfidius Olussa, a Roman citizen from Athens who died in London aged 70 not long before AD 100. Olussa would no doubt be typical of the first settlers, in what was essentially an international trading and business community, with probably few Britons to be seen.

The new settlement was centred at Cornhill and the earliest structures and objects have been discovered there. These include timber-framed buildings, probably shops, which had a piped water supply along the roadside frontage. Nearby, at 160-162 Fenchurch Street, a store of seed corn, apparently imported (on the evidence of distinctive weed seeds) from the eastern Mediterranean, has been investigated. It was believed until quite recently that the city expanded west across the Walbrook stream from Cornhill but now it is known that the earliest planning proposals included these areas from the beginning. At Watling Court, streets and two rectangular timber-framed buildings, which were clearly intended to be permanent, were established, the early property boundaries being followed by succeeding buildings.

At the General Post Office site in Newgate Street the earliest structures suggest a ribbon development along the main west road through a suburb which contained industrial activities, a cemetery and a circular "native type" building. The civic boundary ditch separating this random suburban growth from the planned area evident at Watling Court may have been established near St Martin-le-Grand and may have extended to the river. To the north-east of Cornhill and following the line of the later town wall an early ditch has been investigated which may be the early civic boundary, delimiting from the surrounding countryside a town which enjoyed self-governing status probably from the very beginning and which, in a few years, would achieve chartered status. Whether this had been accomplished by AD 60 when the Boudiccan revolt shook the Roman world, with the near loss of a province, is not known. In that year Colchester, the capital, Verulamium and London were destroyed by fire and many of their citizens were slaughtered, though an unknown number are assumed to have escaped, later returning to rebuild their lives and cities.

In London evidence of the Boudiccan episode is seen dramatically on many sites as a distinctive layer of burnt building debris up to 0.5 metre thick. The distribution of these deposits is carefully recorded, as is burnt Samian pottery of Claudian-Neronian date. Both help to give an indication of the extensive area destroyed by Boudic-

ca, especially when the burnt debris is clearly scorched *in situ* and not redeposited from clearance operations elsewhere. In addition, a study of archaeological levels immediately over the scorched debris has indicated a generally slow recovery which is similar to that noted at Verulamium. This suggests that the business community lost confidence in the security of the province. At Watling Court and other recently excavated sites there was little evidence before AD 100 of domestic redevelopment, so it seems likely that Londinium took several decades to regain its former size. But on the evidence of Newgate Street priority was given to business premises, in this case on a main road well outside the urban limits where large buildings, probably shops, were built soon after the fire.

Thus redevelopment and prosperity increased slowly but in the early 80s it apparently required the encouragement of the new governor, Julius Agricola, who provided a significant urban aid programme in an attempt to realize the pre-Boudiccan planning proposals. As Tacitus records, "with private encouragement and public aid he pressed forward the construction of temples, fora and town houses". Moreover there was now also a need to build a city which could match those of the Mediterranean world. In London this presumably culminated in its recognition as the provincial capital, as well as in the fulfilment of the plan for the town to serve as the province's main trading port.

London now had its first basilica-forum with a small classical temple just to the east at Cornhill, public baths at Hugging Hill and at Cheapside and an extensive official residence, presumably for the governor and his staff, set high on the river bank at Cannon Street. This building contained staterooms, a garden court with a great pool perhaps 54 metres long, as well as a bath suite and hypocaust central heating and tessellated floors. To the west beyond the Walbrook stream at Watling Court the most complete area of domestic buildings yet known in the city showed three town houses facing south, high on the steep natural riverbank, with corridors, mosaics and floors of *opus signinum*—a kind of cement or stucco. These were much repaired and replaced suggesting either intensive use or long life. In the Milk Street area large, timber-framed town houses were rebuilt with concrete floors and tessellated pavements.

By the end of the first century timber revetting of the Thames riverbank took place to provide basic port facilities, vital to the business interests whose main role during this initial period was to supply the growing markets of Britain with consumer and luxury goods. Apparently London remained an open, undefended settlement at this time, for no first-century defences have yet been discovered. However, by the beginning of the second century a fort was built, though



Late second- to early third-century head of Mars wearing a crested Corinthian helmet, from the Screen of Gods; it was found at Blackfriars in 1975. The sculpture formed part of the third-century formal city townscape, and was later used as the foundation in a riverside wall in the fourth century.



Section of a gold and emerald (beryl) necklace, 11 cms long, found at Cannon Street in a late first- to early second-century timber drain. The fragment reflects the early wealth of Londinium; the polished emerald beads are threaded on gold wire and interspersed with figure-of-eight flattened gold links.

probably only to garrison the governor's bodyguard and officials. Thus, at the end of the first century it would appear that after the setback of the Boudiccan revolt full recovery had been achieved and that London was now poised for an assured future in the centuries to come.

The visit of the Emperor Hadrian to Britain in AD 122 was to add a further impetus to the fortunes of London with the instigation of the second forum, dated to AD 120-130, built to replace the Flavian forum and four times its size. This was to be the most impressive building in Britain and one of the largest buildings north of the Alps. Civic pride and confidence in the future of London and the province itself was to be expressed in a way never to be seen again on such a scale in a single building. The whole complex of basilica (town hall), central courtyard, porticoed shops and offices covered 8 acres. The basilica's vast hall, consisting of nave, side aisles and tribune, was more than 30 metres wide and would doubtless have had a visual impact

comparable with that of St Paul's Cathedral today. The central feature was the large, unroofed courtyard with a decorative pool at its centre and surrounded on three sides by a colonnaded inner portico of shops. A north-to-south traverse of the foundations was achieved during 1976 when a 200 metre long telecommunications tunnel was excavated 4.5 metres below Gracechurch Street. By crawling along the tunnel the massively thick basilica and courtyard floors could be seen in the tunnel walls and roof. Early in the second century on the GPO site in Newgate Street the suburban area was brought within the town proper, in an extensive planned new development of which two large rectangular commercial premises, probably shops, were built fronting on to the main west road out of the city.

London was therefore flourishing when another disastrous fire devastated 100 acres or more of the city centre in the 120s and is known as the Hadrianic fire. This fire came significantly at a time when towns elsewhere in Britain



Part of a large deposit of Samian vessels of the late second century discovered in 1974 at New Fresh Wharf inside the Roman quay; almost all the pieces are from Central Gaul and many are clearly unused. London at this time was likely to have been the major British port for Samian imports.



Part of a second-century timber-framed building showing a hearth set against a brick-earth wall, decorated with a chevron pattern; it was found in 1975 on the GPO site in Newgate Street. Vertical members of the timber-framed superstructure show as charcoal timbers at intervals along the wall.



Timber quay front looking east and downstream, discovered at New Fresh Wharf in 1975. A dovetail tenon has been pulled out of its joint by the action of silt inside the quay, forcing the front timbers forward.



An originally unfired clay brick wall burnt and scorched in the Boudiccan destruction fire of AD60, found in Lime Street in 1976. The grain store, of which the wall formed a part, was one of the earliest buildings in London. In the trench side (by the scale) preserved seeds, carbonized by the intense heat, formed part of a shipment of seed corn from the eastern Mediterranean.

were rapidly establishing themselves with their own industries and markets. The local population they served, both in the town and surrounding countryside, apparently no longer required the type of goods, particularly the luxury trade items, imported through London or could possibly obtain them cheaper through less expensive trade inlets. The Hadrianic fire and its aftermath of economic disruption clearly worsened the situation in London and undoubtedly accelerated an inevitable decline. Hence, by the end of the second century the archaeological evidence gives a picture of decaying temples, demolished public baths and ditches of the civic boundary and fort filled with rubbish. If this means the fort was abandoned then it is probable the governor's residence was unoccupied, too. What rebuilding did take place after the fire was in a number of cases shortlived, as was apparent at Watling Court where the burnt buildings were not rebuilt immediately, and when they were, appeared as much less substantial structures. The Newgate Street and Milk Street buildings were replaced with similar structures but, nevertheless, went out of use well before the end of the century.

Unfortunately, it appears that with the absence of a large native population the gradual decline of overseas trading could not be cushioned or compensated by an expansion in local trade, as seems to have been the case with the tribal capitals. Moreover, it seems highly likely that London's population was in decline and that the south-bank suburb of Southwark was also being deserted. In short, from the middle of the second century Roman London was in a rapid decline and such an economic disaster may even have meant the loss of its status as the provincial capital, given that cities elsewhere in Britain were more fortunate at this time.

However, substantial imperial aid was at hand to save the city's fortunes. Towards the end of the second century a massive new quay was built to

improve the port facilities and extend upstream $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or more from the south-east corner of the city. This impressive structure has been investigated at the Old Custom House site, New Fresh Wharf and Seal House, where finds have reflected some of the overseas imports such as impressive quantities of Samian pottery from Gaul and *mortaria* mixing bowls from the Rhineland. Approaching the end of the second century a landward stone wall was built about 2 miles long enclosing 330 acres and extending beyond the earlier first-century civic limits on the western side. No other town in Roman Britain had defences enclosing such a large area and this must have given firm reassurance as to the prospect of London's revival as an important city, especially as few towns were walled by this period.

At this time the province's governor, Clodius Albinus, was making a bid for the Imperial throne and he could now have decided to develop and defend London as the capital around AD 192 for purely military and political reasons, as it was ideally placed for communications between Britain and the Continent. However, Albinus was defeated and Septimius Severus, the successful claimant, came to Britain in AD 208. Subsequently, also for political reasons, London could then have been included in a generous programme of town fortification, if in fact it was still an open city at that time. In addition, Britain was soon to be divided into two provinces and it is almost certain that London then became the capital of Britain Superior and York of Britain Inferior.

London's role in the third century was now set for a dramatic change, for it appears that notwithstanding all the urban aid programmes and building projects to that end a commercial revival did not take place, and London henceforth became a formal city with major public buildings, monuments and town houses, with an "official" administrative function. In the 1974-75 excavations at Blackfriars a



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The Watling Court site after the removal of the debris of the Hadrianic fire (early second century). At centre left are the remains of a sunken-floored Saxo-Norman building and an example of "dark earth" deposit.

rare find of a large group of sculptured stones gave a vivid glimpse of London in the third century. These stones came from several public monuments, including a monumental arch, a screen of gods and temples dedicated to Isis and Jupiter, all probably from the south-west quarter which may have served as an area for religious and entertainment purposes. Though these stones cannot be closely dated on stylistic grounds their broad dating to late second or early third century could allow them to be attributed to Severus's reign. It would therefore not be inappropriate for this project, with monumental architecture and grandeur representative of the age, to have been implemented early in a century which was to see London functioning mainly as a governmental and administrative centre. Elsewhere within the walls Roman buildings of the third and fourth centuries have rarely been discovered. Consequently, the Walbrook Mithraeum of the third century found in 1954 was of outstanding importance to the present concept of a formal "official" capital city, as, to some extent, are the significantly large number of centrally situated polychrome mosaics. These mosaics, though requiring a closer dating, must still reflect wealthy homeowners who could have been either merchants or senior government administrators. The archaeological deposits immediately above most of the mosaics consist of a deep layer of featureless "dark earth" up to a metre thick which in many cases is the only evidence of late Roman London. At Milk Street the dark earth came on top of the last surviving Roman levels which were of the second century. Here the dark earth appeared to be a single deposit containing mainly late Roman material, very abraded throughout and with occa-

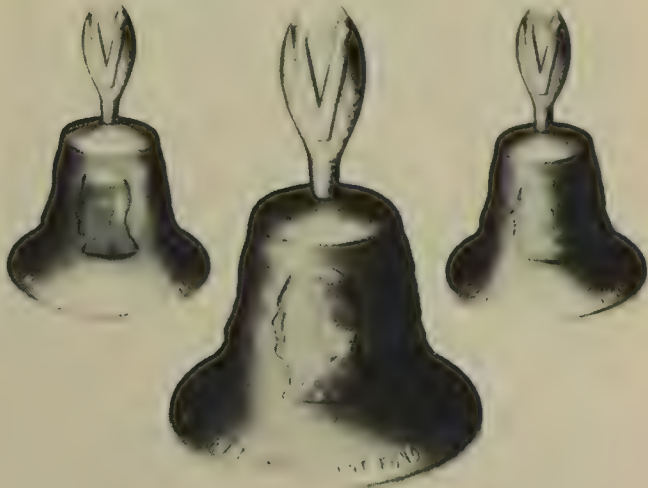
sional Saxon finds. Chemical tests surprisingly did not suggest an agricultural use, though it would be hard to imagine any other purpose. The dark colouring is from carbon which could suggest agricultural practices similar to burning stubble but this speculation has to await more controlled excavation and scientific research.

London is not alone in having this strange deposit, many other towns with a Roman ancestry have it and therefore may have shared a common fate. In London such a widespread deposit within the walls suggests a contraction of population in the late Roman period. The people, some scholars are beginning to believe, lived in squalid and less hygienic surroundings than in the usual Roman manner and they were more characteristic of the Middle Ages and Saxon times.

But the preservation of London's walls in the fourth century with the addition of bastions and a river wall built towards AD 400 shows that important town areas and functions were still worth defending against increasing Saxon raiding. In AD 396 about 14 years before the "official" end of Roman Britain in AD 410, Stilicho ordered an expedition to sail to Britain to restore its defences. In 1977 a massive section of wall dated to the 390s was found at the Tower of London. This section could be the work of Stilicho, so it is one of the latest structures not only in Roman London but also in Roman Britain. Yet it is still difficult to say exactly when Roman-style occupation ceased in London, but the decay and collapse of town services must have been well advanced by the middle of the fifth century. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle claims that at this time, around AD 457, the British fled from the Saxons and sought the protection of the Roman walls at London

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American graphics at the British Museum

The comprehensiveness of the British Museum was never better shown than in the current exhibition put on by the Department of Prints and Drawings. Called "American Prints: 1879-1979", it aims to demonstrate how a new purchasing policy is filling gaps not only in the Museum's own collections, but also in the national holdings taken as a whole. There is nothing in the Museum's constitution to prevent it from taking an interest in contemporary art, though it is mainly an archaeological museum.

American art and artists have so dominated the scene from the 1940s onwards that any exploration of contemporary graphics must necessarily begin there. The Museum has therefore dutifully bought prints by some of the major post-war names. Robert Motherwell and Willem De Kooning represent Abstract Expressionism, James Rosenquist and Jim Dine are there to speak for Pop, Robert Rymen and Brice Marden for Minimal Art and Richard Estes for Super-Realism. Naturally there are some conspicuous gaps—no Ad Reinhardt, no Barnett Newman—but these are artists already well represented at the Tate Gallery and the Victoria & Albert Museum.

The British Museum has been making an attempt to build up a systematic collection of prints by the several generations of artists who spanned the time from the rise of the Ash-Can School (about 1910) to the outbreak of the Second World War. This was an epoch when American artists were trying to explore what it meant to be just that—American. Perhaps for this reason it has taken a long time for the art of the period to be appreciated at its true value in Europe. Few European collections possess outstanding American paintings of this period: there are none in the Tate. The prints now in the Museum's collection document a kind of art which cannot be experienced elsewhere in this country. Herein lies the fascination of this exhibition.

The show begins with a small number of cosmopolitans, the most familiar of whom are Whistler, almost as much an English as he was an American artist, and the Impressionist Mary Cassatt. The transition from these to a member of the Ash-Can School like John Sloan is abrupt. Sloan has a rough vitality, an appetite for facts, which is nowhere visible in Whistler's exquisite transcriptions of what he had seen. It comes as no surprise to learn that late in his career Sloan became an admitted socialist and the art editor of *New Masses*. More vital still are the lithographs by George Bellows. The most famous of these, and indeed one of the most powerful prints ever made in America, is the

boxing-match scene *A Stag at Sharkey's*, a transcription of one of Bellows's paintings which actually improves on the original. Less familiar, and almost equally striking, is *Business-men's bath*, a humorous image which has some of the crude vitality of Hogarth or Rowlandson.

One of the fascinating things about these prints is their extroverted appetite for experience. It is worth comparing, at least in one's mind's eye, the burlesque-house scenes by Reginald Marsh with superficially similar musical-hall interiors by Sickert. Marsh is an altogether harder, tougher, more raucous artist, even in the black-and-white medium. But he does have an eye for the detail of human incident which Sickert lacks.

Some of the so-called American Scene painters of the 20s and 30s tried to get back to the essence of rural America. This was true of Thomas Hart Benton, and to some extent of Grant Wood. Wood is represented in the show by what is easily his most striking print, a group portrait entitled *Shriner Quartet* which has much of the satirical insight of his most famous painting *American Gothic*, a work long ago elevated to the status of a national icon. Benton is there, too, in fairly harsh and sombre guise. One of his prints is a savage representation of a strike which we are invited to compare with a similar print by the Mexican Orozco, now chiefly remembered for enormous murals all over Mexico.

However, most of the prints in the show, at least those earlier than the 1940s, are not only representational but also distinctively urban. The sense of the city and what it is really like is expressed subtly in a group of prints by Edward Hopper, the greatest of all American realists. Even those which show single figures in interiors—*East-side interior* and *Evening wind*—convey the solitude and menace of the city outside.

A series of images by the little-known Martin Lewis—the catalogue tells us that his paintings and watercolours are deservedly forgotten and that even his output as a printmaker was uneven—catch the precise feeling of Greenwich Village, and also of a certain kind of American small town, haunted not by physical but by spiritual emptiness. To turn from these to Charles Sheeler, the Precisionist, with his soaring image of a skyscraper, is to catch at least a glimpse of the variety and subtlety of American 20th-century experience.

Where the exhibition is moving freely through the comparatively unknown territory of American Realism, it is a brilliant success. The prints have been fastidiously chosen with no

MRS THATCHER'S FIRST YEAR



The Conservative Government came to office in May last year. Next month we review the Government's record in the light of the main events that have taken place during Mrs Thatcher's first year in office. Is the Government heading in the direction it promised, or has it been blown seriously off course by unexpected developments? Is Mrs Thatcher proving herself more of a pragmatic leader than the label of "iron lady" suggests? In the light of the experience of this Government's first year where will Britain be by 1984, when the next election will probably be held?

These and other questions will be examined in our May issue in a special feature which will include some of Mrs Thatcher's own answers.

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A Stag at Sharkey's by George Bellows, 1917, lithograph, 19 by 24 inches, signed. Left, detail from *Gaiety burlesque* by Reginald Marsh, 1930, etching, 12 by 9½ inches.

snobbery about big names or little ones to show us what American artists could do in the graphic medium.

About the final third of the show I am less certain, not only because it is necessarily so much less representative of the American art scene as a whole, but also because the images have a kind of preciousness, even a sort of facetiousness, which makes them, despite an increase in size and technical complexity, conspicuously less authoritative than what has gone before. Ryman's and Marden's exquisite minimal inanities cover moral nullity with extraordinary technical finesse. It is only when one reaches the last image in the show, a print from Richard Estes's series of *Urban Landscapes*, that one seems to return to the America of Edward Hopper. But how sadly and strangely it is transformed—into an icy, glittering, deserted townscape, so airless that not even a ghost would dare to walk in it! ●

'At long last I've decided to give up the bottle, Mr Wagstaff,' said Miss Pym.

'I've decided to go in for something more efficient,' she continued, 'but alas, more expensive I'm afraid. So I need one of those overdraft things.'

Mr Wagstaff's mind boggled precariously for a moment, as it grappled with visions of parties of a more 'advanced' nature at the WI. And financed by the bank to boot! But he was soon brought safely down to earth as Miss Pym went on:

'Yes, I'm going in for one of those freezer contraptions. Bottling is out of date and very hard work. And I can't see all my lovely soft fruit going to waste!'

'Quite right!' said Mr Wagstaff happily, relieved to be back once more in a familiar world. 'But are you sure you wouldn't be better off with a personal loan rather than an overdraft?'

'I have never borrowed money in my life!' said Miss Pym, horrified.

'I assure you it's quite respectable these days,' said Mr Wagstaff, 'and it's particularly useful if you want to buy something rather expensive like a freezer, and spread the cost over a longish period.'

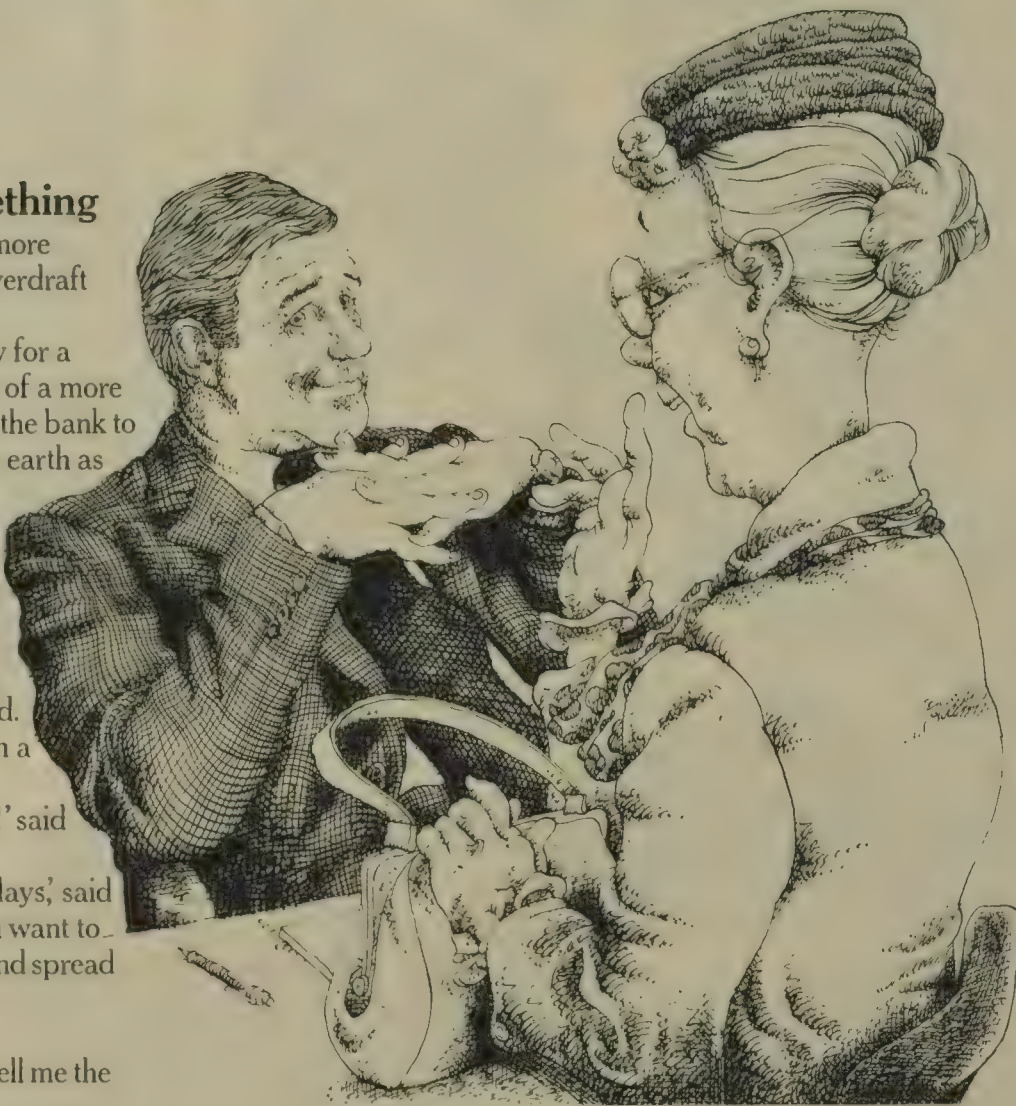
'Well, if you're absolutely sure.'

'Absolutely!' said Mr Wagstaff. 'You just tell me the amount and I'll take care of all the details.'

'Well I hope you'll buy some of my Lloyd Georges at the Jumble.'

'I beg your pardon?' said Mr Wagstaff.

'Raspberries,' said Miss Pym, 'your favourites.'



Wagstaff's mind boggled precariously.

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In north-west Wales

If a visitor to Wales, knowing little of the Principality other than its scenic splendours, ancient castles and industrialized south, were suddenly to come across Portmeirion on the north coast of the great sweep of Cardigan Bay he could be forgiven for thinking he was in Italy or perhaps on the Côte d'Azur—or even Hollywood. Around him would be buildings of exotic design: an elegant campanile, a classical colonnade, pastel-painted cottages, a spacious piazza, a gothic pavilion and varied statuary, all set in exquisite gardens with fountains and water-lily covered pools.

The architecture would be at once familiar and yet strange, a mixture that falls into no specific style other than that of its creator, the late Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, architect and designer. Much impressed as a young man with the Italian fishing town and resort of Portofino, he decided he would create in his beloved native country a similar village, but one that would allow free vent to his imaginative talents. Started in the mid 1920s, it has grown over the decades until it is now one of the principal attractions in North Wales and has been designated as of architectural and historic importance so that its future is assured.

It has been called an "expensive folly", yet it is a folly with a purpose and has become a successful commercial enterprise as well. Guests can stay in one of the charming cottages and apartments in the village, or in the hotel, a mid-Victorian building much adapted and extended, down by the tiny harbour on the tidal estuary of the River Dwyryd. Its cuisine is justifiably renowned and it has attracted a notable clientele over the years, from world statesmen to authors and composers. I stayed in The Watch House, where Noël Coward wrote *Blithe Spirit*.

The village is open to the general public for a £1 entrance fee and it has several shops as well as a café and restaurant. Portmeirion provides an ideal base for exploring by car north-west Wales. The current daily rates, between £24 single and £48 double, include accommodation, Welsh breakfast, service, VAT and parking.

What a splendid area this part of the country is, offering much that makes a rewarding holiday. Its mountain-dominated scenery is among the best in these islands, with Snowdon, the highest peak outside the Scottish Highlands, standing at the centre of the extensive Snowdonia National Park. Wooded valleys, rushing streams and deep lakes (that at Bala is one of the most attractive, with sailing and boating available) are complemented by a remarkably varied shoreline. There are miles of beaches, numerous bays and inlets, seabird-dotted cliffs and many attractive towns and villages.

There are major resorts such as Llandudno, a fine example of a well-



Harlech Castle, one of Edward I's chain of defences across Wales.

planned Victorian watering place, historic towns like Caernarvon with its medieval castle or Bangor, ancient bishopric and principal seat of the University of Wales, or little villages such as Aberdaron, at the end of the long Llyn Peninsula which points finger-like into the Irish Sea, whose streets are lined by white-washed houses.

The area has its fair share of castles from the few crumbling walls of Deganwy to the splendours of Conway or the crowning dominance of massive Harlech. Add to this a scattering of stately and historic homes, attractive gardens, several noteworthy examples of industrial archaeology, craft centres, preserved railways including that to the top of Snowdon, the only genuine "mountain railway" in the UK, the annual and colourful International Eisteddfod at Llangollen (July 8-13 this year), and traditional male voice choir concerts in numerous chapels.

Typical of the smaller resorts is Portmadoc, only a couple of miles from Portmeirion. During much of the last century and the early decades of this thousands of tons of slate, brought down the valley from the great quarries at Blaenau Festiniog some 14 miles inland, were exported from its harbour. Today that trade has gone and the coastal cargo vessels have been replaced by yachts and other pleasure craft. Here, right beside the harbour, is a well designed complex of apartments and maisonettes, modern in their facilities but built in traditional style to blend into the local scene. Fully equipped, each can sleep up to six and costs £50 to £120 per week.

They are close to the Portmadoc terminus of the Festiniog Railway, arguably the best of the "Little Railways of Wales". Built originally for the slate traffic, the line has been lovingly restored by dedicated enthusiasts. It

carried around 250,000 passengers last year in its trim, steam-hauled trains, most of which have an observation car and buffet facilities. It is a delightful ride through the foothills of Snowdonia to the man-made lake of Tanygrisiau, only a short way from Blaenau Festiniog to which the line will be extended in the not too distant future.

I first passed through Blaenau Festiniog many years ago on a wet Sunday afternoon and was thankful I did not have to tarry. It was perhaps an unfair judgment, for although it cannot be called a beautiful place it is an interesting one, and it now has two major tourist developments just north of the town. Both are examples of industrial archaeology connected with the former intensive slate industry.

One is the Llechwedd Quarry and the other the Gloddfa Ganol Mountain Tourist Centre, one either side of the road to Betws-y-Coed. At Llechwedd visitors can ride into the heart of the great caverns by little train and also on an incline railway. Realistic re-creations of the 19th-century workings have been set up, and a fascinating museum. Gloddfa also depicts many aspects of slate quarrying and one can walk, suitably helmeted, into some of the 42 miles of tunnelling. Here again is a museum, and both places have a restaurant and craft shop.

About 20 miles away to the north-west as a high-flying crow would go (crossing Snowdon and travelling on to Anglesey) lies another of the region's major assets. This is Plas Newydd, the elegant 18th- and early 19th-century stately home, seat of the Marquess of Anglesey, now owned by the National Trust. A delightful mixture of classical and Gothick styles, it has lovely gardens and a fine situation looking across the Menai Strait to the mountains on the mainland. Among its many trea-

sures is the huge, imaginative mural in the elegant dining room, painted by Rex Whistler—and the artificial leg made for the first Marquess after he lost his own at the Battle of Waterloo.

Parts of the island of Anglesey are far from attractive, with some regrettable caravan sites and similar eyesores. But it does have many miles of good beaches and dramatic cliff scenery at South Stack on Holy Island. The small town and resort of Beaumaris at the northern entrance to the Menai Strait is a place of considerable charm, much favoured by yachtsmen. Its prize possession is the great 13th-century castle, the last which Edward I of England built to keep the Welsh in check. Almost perfectly symmetrical, it epitomizes the large-scale medieval defensive fortress with a wide moat and splendid walls. The town also has The Tudor Rose, a fine example of Tudor timber work (now an art gallery and antique shop), the County Hall dating from 1614 and the Old Gaol, a fascinatingly gruesome place with a genuine treadmill.

There are a number of hotels including the Olde Bull's Head, originally a coaching inn, a pleasant and friendly place where bed and breakfast for two costs around £20 a night—and their breakfasts are most generous. About 2 miles outside the town on the Llangoed road in an ideal quiet location is Plas Llanfaes, a small private hotel in an early 19th-century house in 7 acres of grounds. Run by an enterprising young couple, it is comfortably furnished and has seven bedrooms, two bathrooms, lounge and dining room. Mrs Hughes's steak and kidney pies and pastries are renowned in the area, and the hotel also has a selection of wines and spirits. This is an excellent example of an increasing number of top-quality private hotels found in the Welsh countryside. An American couple I met there came for two nights and were staying two weeks. Half board rates per person are £11.50 a night, £69 a week inclusive of VAT and service.

Eating out in Wales, including the north-west, has improved substantially in recent years. I would recommend the small Seahorse restaurant in Snowdon Street, Port Dinorwic, 4 miles from Caernarvon, located in a converted shop. Its two young owners provided an excellent three-course dinner with a reasonable wine for about £15 inclusive for two. The Cottage Restaurant in the centre of Beaumaris, run by a Mancunian former businessman and his Swedish wife, served fresh grapefruit, rump steak with vegetables, salad, home-made ice-cream, a carafe of red wine and unlimited coffee for £7.25. And Hobson's Choice, opposite, can be recommended for its fish.

Wales Tourist Board, Brunel House, 2 Fitzalan Road, Cardiff CF2 1UY.

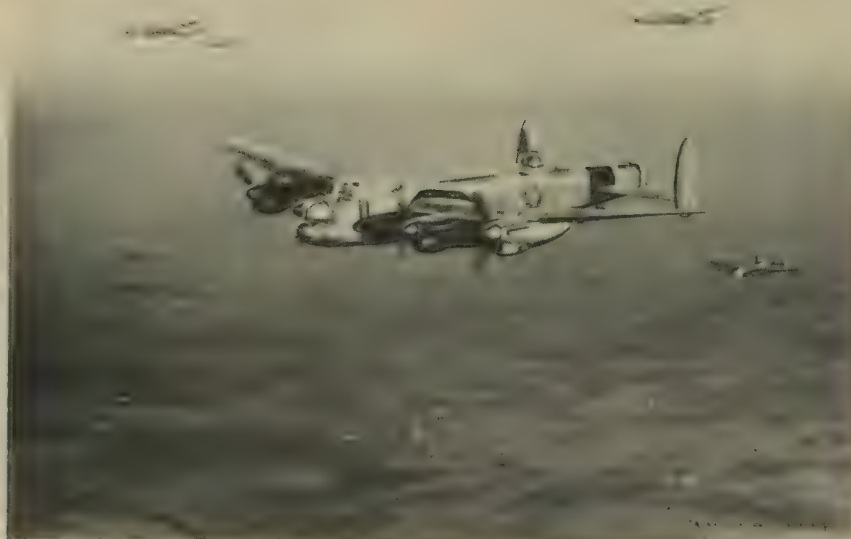
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Dorset delights

Dorset is chameleon country, always matching its moods to the weather. In winter, when sea mists roll along the Chesil Bank, when frost crackles in the sunken lanes and vixens scream in the combes at dusk, it can be withdrawn and introspective, perhaps haunted, though never hostile. And the sensitive cannot fail to sense the brooding melancholy so often portrayed in Hardy's Wessex novels. But in springtime, when the downland skies are alive with larks, when orchards blossom and cattle browse contentedly in the water-meadows of the Stour, there is nowhere so English, nowhere so soft and seemly as this gentlest of the western counties.

Then every seaward-plunging lane is a jungle of fern, bluebells, campion and cow parsley, and under the yellow cliffs of Burton Bradstock the herring gulls yelp on their nesting ledges as the waves hiss on the hot, tawny shingle. Then the visitor can follow the Dorset Coast Path on its roller-coaster route from Burning Cliff to Lulworth Cove, from Bacon Hole to Kimmeridge with its underwater forests of exquisite seaweeds, and go on by way of Chapman's Pool to the Norman chapel on St Aldhelm's Head, where a cresset once warned seamen to steer clear of the rip-tide streaming far below, to the silver-grey Purbeck coast, from Dancing Ledge to Handfast Point.

From the Devon border to South Haven Point, at the narrow sea-gate to Poole Harbour's landlocked tideways, Dorset can barely muster 80 miles of shore. But for variety of coastal scenery it is hard to surpass. It begins with the crumbling blue lias cliffs of Lyme Regis, a vast Jurassic burial ground littered with the fossil shells of ammonites, where the skeletons of prehistoric ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs are still unearthed. It ends with the cockle-strewn sands of Shell Bay, and the nature trails of Studland Heath, home of rare sand lizards and smooth snakes. In between are Golden Cap, the highest cliff on the Channel coast, the bleak and treeless crocodile snout of Portland Bill, whose limestone quarries built half of London, and Chesil Bank, one of the geological wonders of the world, a raised beach of sea-heaped pebbles stretching for 18 miles.

The entire coast is a textbook lesson in instant geology with its landslips and fossil beds, its oil-bearing shales which the Roman lathe-turners of Kimmeridge fashioned into elegant ornaments, and the famous Lulworth Crumple, with its buckled, folded strata, where the sea has punched through the softer rocks to carve a triumphal arch and giant amphitheatre at Durdle Door and Lulworth Cove.

All that is lacking is an abundance of fine sands. Had Dorset been blessed with Cornwall's beaches it would have been overrun long ago. As it is, only the sun-trap shores of Bournemouth



Part of Dorset's spectacular coastline at Durdle Door where the sea has created a giant arch out of the softer rocks.

and Weymouth draw big holiday crowds, and even Weymouth is no run-of-the-mill tripper resort. Like most Dorset towns, its fabric is still essentially a pleasing marriage of Georgian and Victorian buildings. The seafront is intact and so is the busy harbour.

Elsewhere the coastline has remained remarkably untouched, with long stretches preserved by the National Trust. The Army gunnery range at Tyneham has kept developers at bay, while still allowing access to walkers on most weekends. In summer the small resorts such as Lyme Regis, Swanage and West Bay can be crowded, but there are smaller villages and hamlets, some tucked in deep coastal combes as at Eype and Seaton, others a short distance inland as at Charmouth and Abbotsbury, where solitude is within easy reach.

Farther inland, follow any signpost and you can find unknown villages where cats sleep in cottage windows and cows walk slowly down the lanes at milking-time, amid landscapes of stone and thatch and watercress streams lost among plump green hills. Their names are like a ring of bells: Winterbourne Clenston, Melcombe Bingham, Frome St Quintin, Toller Porcorum. Climb those hills and you will find hardly one that is not dimpled with tumuli or encircled by prehistoric ramparts; Hod Hill, Hambledon, Badbury Rings and Maiden Castle, the

impressive prehistoric fortress.

History is everywhere. Dig a spade into the ground around Dorchester and you might well strike a Roman pavement. At Cerne Abbas Britain's first full frontal male nude, the prehistoric Cerne Giant, strides in chalk outline across the downland turf. Through a gap in the Purbeck Hills, Corfe Castle's shattered towers glower across Poole Harbour. Sir Walter Raleigh's castle stands at Sherborne. The bones of long-dead Saxon kings rest in Shaftesbury's great abbey church, and many a humble parish church contains a treasure no less prized: a Norman font at Toller Fratrum, Hardy's heart in Stinsford churchyard, an effigy of Lawrence of Arabia in the Saxon church of St Martin at Wareham.

Foremost among Dorset's architectural glories are its country houses—the great Tudor manors of mellow Ham Hill stone at Parnham, Cranborne, Athelhampton and haunted Purse Caundle. The county towns are no less handsome: Georgian Blandford beside the Stour, the broad streets of Bridport set among steep green hills, and Dorchester, the county town, capital of Hardy's Wessex and proud possessor of one of Britain's finest provincial museums.

Finally there is the glory of the countryside itself. The face of the land is never ruggedly beautiful, but there are hills high enough to add a sense of

drama, and long, clean skylines with far-ranging views over green-gold vales still patterned in the old manner, a chequerboard of fields divided by hunting-print hedgerows plumed with trees.

There is heathland Dorset, fast-dwindling unfortunately, but still in good heart on the Arne peninsula near Wareham; and Purbeck Dorset, limestone country with a magic of its own. There is downland Dorset with its Roman roads and rippling seas of summer barley. And best of all, perhaps, is the Dorset that lies beyond the high chalk, in the tangle of combes and rumpled hills where the south country ends and the west begins.

Here is England at its best, a happy compromise between man and nature. Slow to change, well-farmed on the whole, but with enough rough corners for wildlife to thrive in all its old abundance. The hedgerows, not yet grubbed out to make way for super-prairies, still harbour primrose clumps and finches' nests. The woods are thick with roe and fallow deer. I know where drifts of snowdrops grow, and wild orchids in summer. There are badgers at the bottom of my garden. In Dorset you can still find, for the time being at least, most of those things which are fast being driven out elsewhere.

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BOOKS

The middle age of Dr Johnson

by Robert Blake

Dictionary Johnson, The Middle Years of Samuel Johnson

by James L. Clifford
Heinemann, £10

James Clifford, who started his career as an engineer in the Middle West, was one of the greatest of all Johnsonian scholars. He died in 1978 but this book, the second volume in what would presumably have been a trilogy, was already completed. It is the sequel to *Young Samuel Johnson* published 25 years ago and generally acclaimed as a masterpiece. The lack of a third volume—if it was ever intended—matters less than might be supposed. Mr Clifford's aim had always been to uncover the years before Johnson met Boswell on May 16, 1763, and his book ends exactly at that moment. Inevitably what Boswell wrote about Johnson's earlier life was largely hearsay. What he wrote about his life after 1763 was not, though it also could have been subjected with advantage to the sceptical scrutiny of this remarkable scholar. But Mr Clifford has accomplished the task that really mattered. In any case his *H. L. Piozzi*, a life of Mrs Thrale published in 1941, covers much of Johnson's later career. It is well to remember that the turning point in his life as opposed to his historiography occurred not at his meeting with Boswell but in 1766 when the Thrales provided him with the secure base which made his latter years so memorable to posterity.

The book opens in 1749. Johnson is 40, still married to his alcoholic and drug-addicted wife Tetty, who for some time past could not "bear a bed-fellow". This was all the more painful to Johnson since, according to Tetty's companion Mrs Desmoulins, "there had never been a man with stronger amorous inclinations, but for the most part he conquered them". Repression, erotic dreams and what he regarded as illicit practices may have resulted in the deep sense of guilt about the "sensuality" of his thought which plagued Johnson, like Gladstone, for much of his middle life.

The year was memorable for Garrick's production of Johnson's tragedy, *Irene*. Because no one reads it now—and with good reason, for it is unreadable—the assumption has been that it was a failure. On the contrary, it ran for nine nights—a very respectable figure for the time, and Johnson made £300 which can be multiplied by 20 or 30 in terms of the modern pound. At the same time he published his best poem, the Juvenalian satire *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. This is certainly worth reading, and not only for the splendid lines on Charles XII of Sweden:

"His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

The middle years saw most of Johnson's major achievements. There was the great *Dictionary*, of whose production Mr Clifford gives many fascinating details. It is easy to laugh at the length of some of his definitions. "Network" is the most famous, but I like "cough", which is "A convulsion of the lungs vellicated by some sharp serosity. It is pronounced *cough*." It is typical of Mr Clifford's fabulous learning that he has disinterred as a comparison the even longer version in Ephraim Chambers's *Cyclopaedia* of 1738: "A disease affecting the lungs, occasioned by a sharp serous humour, vellicating the fibrous coat thereof, and urging it to a discharge by spitting." The *Dictionary* is, as Johnson intended it to be, much more than a list of definitions. It contains 116,000 quotations, and in Mr Clifford's words is "a storehouse of philosophy, theology, history and literature".

Then there was his splendid *Rasselas*, an Eastern fable which came out in the same year as *Candide*. One of the interesting points made by Mr Clifford is that Johnson was in fact by no means as addicted to long sentences and polysyllabic words as is generally believed. He quotes the ending of a chapter in *Rasselas*: "No man can taste the fruits of autumn while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of spring; no man can at the same time fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile"—36 monosyllabic words out of 39.

These are the years, too, of his contributions to *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, the latter less well known but more eclectic and often better written. But, although Johnson was at the height of his powers, he was anything but happy. Tetty died in 1752 and he was so overcome that he could not face her funeral and did not visit her grave for more than a year. His aged mother died seven years later, and her death was another blow. Moreover, he was often desperate for money.

"There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,

Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

Johnson wrote from sad experience. But in 1760 George III came to the throne and the political climate changed. The "Prime Minister" Lord Bute acceded to Johnson's friends and gave him a pension of £300 a year. It was awkward to laugh off one of his dictionary definitions—"pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country"—but he had too much sense to worry about that. He moves out of Mr Clifford's book and into his later years with a financial cushion, and with a young friend, Boswell, who was destined to immortalize him.

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Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Doctor Fischer of Geneva

or *The Bomb Party*

by Graham Greene

Bodley Head, £4.50

Old Soldiers

by Paul Bailey

Cape, £4.95

Puffball

by Fay Weldon

Hodder & Stoughton, £5.95

The Wise Virgins

by Leonard Woolf

Hogarth Press, £6.50

Graham Greene's last novel, *The Human Factor*, was prefaced with a quotation from Joseph Conrad: "I only know that he who forms a tie is lost. The germ of corruption has entered into his soul." That seems to have been the fate of Dr Fischer in Greene's macabre new story, a man so unbalanced by the humiliation of discovering his wife's contempt for him that after her death he embarks on a life of eccentric and cruel revenge. Fischer had made a fortune with his invention of Dentophil Bouquet, a toothpaste said to combat decay caused by excessive eating of chocolates of the kind made by a factory at Vevey where the narrator, Alfred Jones, works as a translator. Fischer's revenge takes the form of "research" into the greed of the rich, his conviction being that the desire of those who are already wealthy to become more so without having to earn the additional money, to get something for nothing, is so great that they will submit to any humiliation to satisfy it. To test his belief he gives dinner parties to which he invites an alcoholic film actor, a high-ranking Swiss army officer, a lawyer, a tax adviser and an American woman, all of whom are rich and find it convenient to live in Switzerland, and who readily submit themselves to the practical jokes, the mockery and indignities their host has devised, knowing they will be rewarded with expensive gifts.

Fischer lives only for his research, which he knows must end. His final joke is the Bomb Party which is also attended by Jones, who has married the Doctor's daughter only to lose her in a fatal skiing accident. Each guest must pull a cracker—one cracker is said to contain a lethal charge; the others have cheques for 2 million francs. The climax is deadly but unexpected. Of more importance in this short novel than the study of human greed—the guests are merely caricatures, however vivid—is Greene's portrayal of the Doctor's perverted pride and vindictiveness. He may seem a monster, the incarnation of evil, but he is no more a caricature than Jones who makes no secret of his hatred for him and who, though middle-aged and with an arti-

ficial hand, was loved by Fischer's daughter, Anna-Luise. Fischer claims not to believe in God but we are to infer, I think, that his revenge on the world is a blow struck at a God whose greed for man's humiliation he feels to be insatiable. Jones, on the other hand, after his wife's death, hopes he will pick the loaded cracker while also sensing the futility of such hopes for someone without faith in an after-life. In the confusions and contradictions of those who have no belief, or only a half-belief, there is an echo of the predicament of Castle, the double agent in *The Human Factor*.

If novels are getting shorter there is no reason to regret this when they have the narrative tautness and vivid characterization of Graham Greene, and scarcely any when they attain the stylish precision of Paul Bailey's *Old Soldiers*. Victor Harker and Captain Harold Standish meet for the first time in St Paul's Cathedral. Harker, in his 70s, has come to London from Newcastle to escape reminders of his much loved but recently deceased wife. The "Captain" is a compulsive impostor with a tiresome line in verbose banter. When he is not Captain Standish he becomes either Tommy, a fastidious tramp, or Julian Borrow, a prolific but unpublished poet who has a platform at Speakers' Corner. While Harker's distrust of his new acquaintance (after a career in banking his instinctive response is that the fellow is not one to whom he would ever have allowed an overdraft) creates a distance between them, what ties them together for the reader is the discovery that they are both in the grip of the past. Harker is haunted by the horrors of the Somme, Standish has spent a life of disguises running away from the shame of having been a deserter from the same battle. Harker, the unwitting agent of the other's downfall, returns to Newcastle where he dies; Standish, confronted at last by his real self, Eric Talbot, drowns himself in the Thames. Though the kaleidoscopic scene-changing has a rather ping-pong rhythm, the novel's delicate subtlety offers a further reminder of Mr Bailey's accomplishments.

It seems that *Puffball* was originally conceived as a thriller and it does retain an element of suspense. It would be inadequate to say that this turns on the question of whether the 28-year-old, but immature, Liffey will succeed in becoming pregnant. Rather it is a matter of whether or not her ovarian follicles will ripen and develop their egg. Fay Weldon offers a view from the womb—the inside story of "the inner Liffey, cosmic Liffey, hormones buzzing; heart beating, blood surging, pawn in nature's game". Her view of nature, its mysterious and wasteful processes, is insistent but not original. Liffey's husband Richard, progressing as an executive and busy with extra-marital sex in London, leaves her to cope in their Somerset cottage. They have

some odd neighbours, there is a suggestion of witchcraft, Liffey's follicles at last do what they should, and one sympathizes with Richard when he declares he doesn't care who the father is. *Puffball* is an unsatisfactory mix, by turns portentous and superficial.

The reissue of Leonard Woolf's *The Wise Virgins*, first published in 1914, is long overdue. As a *roman à clef* it will be valued for its revealing picture of the young Virginia Woolf, of her family and Leonard's very different circle, and of their courtship. But, as Ian Parsons indicates in his introduction, the book is remarkable for its sharp, analytic treatment of other major themes: class distinction and the conflicting viewpoints of orthodox Christians, Jews and agnostics. Though not without weaknesses in plotting and characterization, it commands respect for its wit, frankness and intellectual stimulus.

Other new books

The Last Edwardian at No 10

by George Hutchinson

Quartet Books, £6.50

Mr Harold Macmillan is the subject of this book, which is described by the author as a selective but representative mélange. Patchy is another adjective that comes to mind. The problem begins with the title, which is plainly inadequate. Mr Macmillan may from time to time look back with nostalgia upon the reign of Edward VII, with its sense of security (though the King himself was far-sighted enough not to share in that feeling—troubled as he was by the restlessness of his people at home and the gathering war-clouds in Europe), and he may have encouraged an impression of Edwardianism in manner and appearance (which no doubt suited the image of unflappability he so carefully cultivated); but the Edwardian label ignores the fact that Mr Macmillan was a thoroughly practical and pragmatic politician, responding to the events of his time in the light of what was then possible. There is much about Mr Macmillan that needs to be recorded and assessed that is not in this book. Mr Hutchinson could have written a well-informed and fascinating biography, and one is certainly needed, but this unhappily is not it.

The Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters Vol 2 1956-57

Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis

John Murray, £8.95

The editor quotes the words of Dorothy Osborne at the start of this volume: "All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse, not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words like a charm." This exchange between George Lyttelton, retired Eton schoolmaster, and his former student, now a busy London publisher, by and large follow Dorothy

Osborne's precept. The correspondence continues at a lively literary level, with some good, down-to-earth exchanges of opinion. "I have just finished the Strachey-Woolf letters," writes Lyttelton. "Not fearfully good are they? Good things here and there, of course, but Strachey is often trivial and V. W. often shows off, and on the whole one sees why many people spit at the name of Bloomsbury. And I suspect they would spit even more if all the names were given. Neither had any *humility*, and I am more and more blown if that isn't the *sine qua non* of all goodness and greatness. The trouble is that if you are very clever and don't believe in God, there is nobody and nothing in the presence of whom or which you can be humble." Hart-Davis agreed that the letters were disappointing, but was not prepared to concede that it was impossible to be humble in spirit unless you believe in God. He is quick to respond with anecdotes on every subject, recalling that it was J. B. Priestley who said that "the Savage Club is the place where dirty stories go when they die."

The Life of D. H. Lawrence

by Keith Sagar

Eyre Methuen, £9.95

A biography of D. H. Lawrence does not endear one to its subject. He was a wife-beater (though it might be argued that if ever there was a case for wife-beating Frieda was it) and man-hater, quarrelsome, egotistical, often deliberately provocative, frequently disagreeable. But he was also a great writer, and Mr Sagar wisely makes good use of Lawrence's own stimulating letters to tell his life story in more sympathetic style. The book is also well illustrated.

Renaissance Jewellery

by Yvonne Hackenbroch

Sotheby Parke Bernet, £55

Who will pay over £50 for this book, even if it is the first comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject? First, people who need to know about Renaissance jewelry, such as museum curators and saleroom specialists, and collectors; and they will have the fortifying knowledge that the author is Consultative Curator at the Department of Sculpture and Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Art historians will want the book, too, for the light it throws on, and receives from, contemporary paintings and other art works depicting jewels. Working jewellers would find it inspiring at a time when individual jewelry which expresses the personality of the patron is becoming increasingly asked for. Included in nearly 500 gilt-edged pages are 204 colour plates and about 1,200 monochrome illustrations; but it has to be said that the picture-caption layout is idiosyncratic and hard to follow and that the colour reproduction is less than brilliant in a book of this high price.

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Luck of the savings draw

At one period rates of income tax were so high, particularly on investment income, that anyone paying higher rates of tax who was looking for security of his investment was likely to fare best by choosing an investment contract where the return was completely free from tax. While the tax position has changed for the better there is no doubt that for higher-rate taxpayers tax-free income has attractions.

Take the current issue of National Savings Certificates. Here, the tax-free return if the certificates are held over the full term of five years is 10.333 per cent per annum, compound. The importance of holding the certificates for their full life can be judged by the fact that the interest drops to 8.969 per cent if the certificates are held for four years, to 7.578 per cent if held for three years, 6.771 per cent if realization takes place after two years, and 5 per cent if the certificates are held for only one year. Unfortunately, a limit is imposed on the number of certificates which may be held in respect of any one issue, although there is no overall limit.

It is possible (although the chances are not particularly high) to obtain a much better rate of return from investment in premium savings bonds. Here again the return, in the form of prizes, is completely tax-free. Often, children are given a few bonds by parents or well-wishers. The chances of a few bonds winning a prize are remote. There is, however, much in favour of a parent who is paying tax at a relatively high rate giving premium savings bonds to children—while keeping within the capital transfer tax limits of gifts totalling £2,000 in any one year, plus £100 to as many people as you like.

The top premium savings bond prize is now £100,000, paid out every week. The runner-up gets £50,000 each week, and there is also a consolation prize of £25,000 each week.

Obviously, the more bonds which are held the greater is the chance of a reasonably sized prize. It would be sensible for parents and all the children in a family to aim as close as possible to the maximum holding of £3,000 in premium savings bonds. On that basis, despite the fact that the prize structure has been altered and fewer prizes are being distributed than in the past, there should be a reasonable flow of prizes to the family. The £25 prize has been abolished, and now the minimum is £50, and there are a worthwhile number of £100 prizes, before reaching the levels of £500, £1,000, £5,000 and £10,000. Each month there are five prizes of £10,000, and 50 of £5,000.

If you are thinking of a regular income, you can rule out the top prizes. Among a family, all of whom have the maximum holding, there is, over a reasonable period, a fair chance of at least one person winning a worthwhile prize, but there is no means of calculat-

ing how much it might be or when it might be won.

You can, however, be much more scientific about the prizes for £100 and £50. Roughly, out of every 15 prizes nine will be for £50 and six will be for £100. But what really matters is the chance of winning anything at all. This varies slightly, depending on whether there are four weekly draws in a month (each absorbing £175,000 of prize money) or five. As a generalization, the chances of any £1 bond winning a prize in any monthly draw are about 19,000 to one against, compared with odds of about 10,800 to one against any single bond winning under the old structure.

This is not as grim as it sounds. If, for instance, anyone has the maximum of £3,000 invested in premium savings bonds there will be 36,000 chances in a year since each bond will "enter" each monthly draw. On this basis it means that, on average, two prizes should be won every 13 months.

Prize draws do not work out quite so exactly. There have been plenty of occasions of individuals receiving two prizes on the same day, and then having to wait a long time for the next one. It is important, therefore, not to put too much reliance on that figure when considering short-term results. But over a period the results should be more or less as I have described.

A close watch is kept on Ernie to make sure that everything is working satisfactorily, and the Government Actuary's department monitors the results to make sure that the picking of the prizes remains an entirely random exercise, and that, within limits, the bonds winning prizes are representative of those actually in each draw. Sometimes, for instance, there is criticism from disappointed bond-holders in certain parts of the country that holders in the south-east appear to win more prizes than those living elsewhere. The answer is simple: more bonds are held by people living in the south-east, and thus it is to be expected that more prizes will be won by them.

It is that figure of 19,000 to one against which is all-important when making any calculations about the chances of winning a prize. While it cannot be expected to be entirely accurate, particularly where small holdings are concerned, at least it gives an indication. It means that, in theory, anyone with a holding of £25 in premium savings bonds will win a prize in just over 64 years.

While no importance should be attached to that specific figure, it does demonstrate that the chances of a win with a relatively small number of bonds are remote. The greater the number of bonds held, the greater are the chances of winning; and also the "law of averages" will be more likely to operate, so that prizes will more nearly match the theoretical odds quoted.

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The Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet season at Rosebery Avenue at the beginning of March presented, among the repertory, two works new to London, two revivals and a chance to reassess a Mac-Millan work premièred last August.

The major new work, in terms of resources employed, was *Papillon*, Ronald Hynd's jokey reconstitution of the Taglioni ballet which made the name of Emma Livry, the young ballerina who died horribly after her gauze skirts caught fire during a rehearsal in 1863. She was only 20 and the ballet *Papillon*, whose plot involved her, as the butterfly, in perishing in flames, was never performed again, as a mark of respect and as a matter of good taste.

The original plot was even more convoluted and ridiculous than Hynd's simplified version, and the ballet, by the nature of its tinkly, attractive Offenbach score, can never have achieved much tragic impact. Hynd treats the whole thing as a period pantomime romp, creating a jolly two-thirds-of-an-evening's entertainment which one would rather expect to find in the repertory of London Festival Ballet, who have never disdained to charm the groundlings, than in the more sinewy, serious SWRB list.

There is much for an audience to enjoy: a comic drag witch (Alan Dubreuil, quite unrecognizable), whose ugliness bars her from the love of the Persian ruler (Stephen Jefferies, having such a whale of a time that he earned the nickname Shandy Ra, the randy Shah). The Shah has his lecherous eye on *Papillon* (Margaret Barbieri, giving a slightly dotty but feather-light performance), a maiden who loves a handsome shepherd (Carl Myers) and who is turned by the witch into a butterfly. Add to this a magic cauldron, beves of beautiful butterflies (clouded yellows, every one), the petrification of the villain, the transmogrification of the witch, a collapsing palace and a flying heroine, and you really do have something for the kiddies.

There is also a reasonable amount of pleasant, watchable if not imperishable choreography, notably a highly showy solo for the Shah, and a *pas de deux* for him and the witch, changed suddenly by the Shah's kiss into a lovely if gauche young girl and very well danced by Siobhan Stanley, who is making a pronounced impact these days. Peter Docherty's designs are at once pretty and practical. I see no reason to be gritty about a trifle designed to please which succeeds well in its aim. Why take a sledgehammer to a butterfly?

The other new work was David Bintley's *Homage to Chopin*, danced to a mournful but atmospheric score by Andrzej Panufnik. This is Bintley's first abstract ballet and it is suprisingly mature. It might more properly have been titled "Homage to Chopiniana" for it inevitably recalls Fokine's great

work, using as it does a group of "white" girls and a poetically melancholy male dancer. In other ballets Bintley has already shown a flair for dramatic characterization, for handling a small *corps*, for poetic interpretation and for humour. Now he reveals his talent for grouping, for creating moving patterns in space and for making beautiful stage pictures; he strings together pure classical movements in a satisfying if not yet highly original manner. An all-round choreographer in the early stages of his development, he gives us great hope for the future.

The first revival was MacMillan's *Dances Concertantes*, which dates from 1955. Spiky, idiosyncratic and sophisticated, and perfectly fitted to its Stravinsky score, it has been given new scenery and costumes by Georgiadis which consist largely of red, shiny arm-chairs upstage and similarly shiny costumes in red and black and yellow and black which emphasize an implied decadence. Sharply danced—in particular by Nicola Katrak and Roland Price—this was a work to be enthusiastically welcomed back.

I am less sure about *The Grand Tour*, Joe Layton's lightweight about 1930s personalities on a holiday cruise, and a dowdy old darling among them befriended by a steward with a heart of gold. Despite John Conklin's superb Art Deco set and a precise and beautifully stagey impersonation by Barbieri of Gertie Lawrence this ballet makes less impact than it did, largely because Vyvyan Lorrayne's interpretation of the old lady has broadened, sacrificing pathos to burlesque. A pity—but the work is still good fun.

MacMillan's *Playground* remains no fun at all. Indeed at second viewing I found myself even more baffled and irritated than before. This nasty work deals with a group of mentally disturbed people, prominent among them an epileptic girl, her surrogate mother and an odd couple who think they are a vicar and his wife; and a young man sympathetic to the girl who himself ends up in a straitjacket. The danger with depicting the actions of the insane is that their irrational behaviour can seem either comical, repellent or uninteresting unless it is related to their previous history and character. No clues are given here and despite noble efforts by the dancers, notably Marion Tait, in a thankless role if ever there was one, never do we care a rap about any of these repugnant creatures.

The action of the ballet is conveyed mainly in mime, and what choreography there is is extremely ugly to watch. *Playground* headed *Dance and Dancers'* list of 1979's most disliked ballets, rightly in my view. The only part of this farrago worth preserving is Gordon Crosse's strange but intriguing score, based on children's songs.

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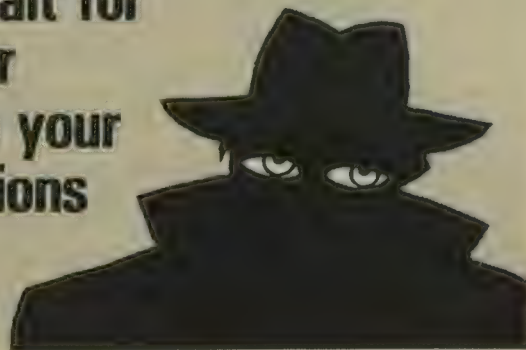
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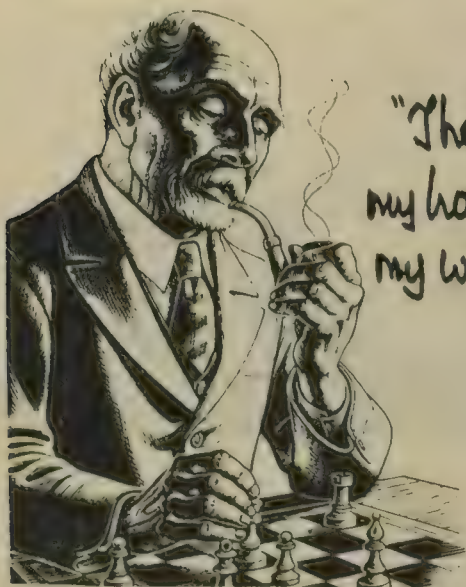
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Widow's perennial charm

In his new production for English National Opera of Franz Lehár's most popular operetta Colin Graham's frankly romantic approach revealed the power to charm which *The Merry Widow* still exerts 75 years after its Vienna première. The Ruritanian-style story which took London by storm in 1907 can hardly be the reason—what must have seemed daringly erotic then is pretty tame now—but the music retains its spell-binding power.

I missed the opening at the Coliseum but the later performance I attended was running on oiled wheels, the orchestra was playing with sparkling precision under the baton of Hazel Vivienne, who was providing the singers with the right balance of indulgence and firm support, and the cast had integrated into a well-knit team. In Mr Graham's smooth-flowing, inventive production song and dance, choreographed by Pauline Grant, blended harmoniously, the singers joining in the dance routines with accomplishment. The sets, designed by David Collis, provided an attractive Art Nouveau framework, proper to the Paris of 1910, and his costumes displayed a dazzling palette of colours which, used with less expertise, could have clashed vilely, but didn't. His one miscalculation was the pastel-shaded, shimmering dress of the utmost beauty in which the Widow first appeared, but which did not distinguish her from the crowd: the variations on black which she wore for the second and third acts were far more striking.

As the lead couple, of millionaire widow and embassy secretary detailed to marry her, to secure her fortune for the bankrupt Pontevedrian fatherland, Anne Howells and Emile Belcourt handsomely supplied the essential romantic interest: cool beauty versus irresistible charm. The casting of a mezzo as Hanna Glawari instead of the more usual soprano resulted in a slight loss of carrying power, though "Vilja" was finely judged and tenderly sung, but Miss Howells's words were exceptionally clear which, in view of the amount of dialogue, was a worthwhile bonus. Mr Belcourt cut an elegant figure as the dissolute Count Danilo-vitch, whose principles are no match for his emotions, and sang expressively but with signs of vocal strain, though he touched the heart in the second-act finale. Their scenes together achieved a high standard of operatic acting.

The strength of the second couple, Valencienne, the "highly respectable wife" of the Pontevedrian ambassador, who plays at amorous dalliance, and her admirer, Camille de Rosillon, was essentially vocal: Della Jones seemed miscast as a soubrette and Graham Clark failed to infuse much personality into Camille. However their duet was a highspot of the performance.

The character roles were strongly played: Eric Shilling soundly and

endearingly eccentric as Baron Mirko Zeta, the ambassador; John Fryatt as his much-put-upon clerk, Njegus, whose third-act solo was deservedly restored; Terry Jenkins and John Kitchiner as St Brioche and Cascada.

In the company's final month at the Coliseum before their regional tour *The Merry Widow* shared the stage with *Don Giovanni* and *Manon*. The former production will be remembered for its first-act climax with Giovanni swinging on a chandelier to make his escape. However Richard Van Allan's dashing, hedonistic portrayal of the role was memorable for more than this athletic feat; in voice and manner he radiated the brash confidence of the successful seducer. New to the cast were Ian Comboy's up-and-coming Leporello, Elizabeth Connell's vindictive, vocally confident Elvira, William Shimell's bold Masetto and Stuart Kale's self-effacing Ottavio. Noel Davies conducted with sensitivity.

The first night of the *Manon* revival will be remembered for Penelope Mackay's last-minute, confident assumption of the title role. The light, pretty voice, which rose easily to the demands of the Cours-la-Reine scene, was ideally suited to Manon's brittle fragility. Another newcomer to the cast, John Treleaven, sang with power and ardour as the Chevalier des Grieux and delivered "Ah, fuyez" dramatically, but there was as yet little depth to his characterization. There were sound performances from Richard Van Allan as the Count des Grieux, Edward Byles as Guillot and Niall Murray as Lescaut. Nicholas Cleobury conducted with feeling for the atmosphere of the scenes conjured up by Massenet's music. Henry Bardon's sets and Alix Stone's costumes converted them into a series of ravishing stage pictures.

The visual aspect of Covent Garden's *Eugene Onegin* is all that survives of Peter Hall's concept of Tchaikovsky's "lyric scenes", latterly subjected to the whims of other producers. The finely-sung Onegin of Yuri Masurok, last season so coldly unbending, this year warmed into a more animated portrayal, though it was hard to believe that the withdrawn, bookish Tatyana of Eugenia Moldoveanu would have been attracted to such a suave charmer. The Rumanian soprano sang strongly but without much warmth or variety. She graduated into a prim Moscow hostess with whom it was unbelievable that Onegin would have fallen in love. The Olga of Claire Powell was vivacious and impressionable, understandably ready to torment the lovelorn Lensky of Stuart Burrows when flattered by Onegin. They made an ill-matched couple. The improbabilities in the production did not, however, detract from the musical qualities, notably the fine orchestral playing obtained by Edward Downes.

●

Full-blown Rose

Her hair is a haystack made out of ringlets. Her chin has the aggressive jut of a Marciano. Her upper row of teeth form a glittering semi-circle like an immaculate set of dentures. No one could say she is conventionally pretty. Yet Bette Midler, the star of *The Rose*, has sex appeal, lung-power, comic timing and a great sense of *joie de vivre*. The film itself is basically another of those stories of the decline and fall of a 60s rock star, but Miss Midler breathes new life into a hackneyed subject.

I have less and less sympathy with those self-destructive rock and showbiz superstars: the Joplins, the Hendrixes, the Garlands, the Monroes. We are always told they are victims of the system, but equally they contributed to their own downfall through indulgence, greed and indiscipline. But although the Joplinsque heroine of *The Rose* is presented as the prey of a slave-driving, dollar-hungry manager and although she proceeds towards inevitable extinction at a concert in front of her Florida hometown fans, the presence of Miss Midler removes any trace of maudlin self-pity. With a lesser artist it might have been a hyped-up Little Orphan Annie. With her there is a healthy tension between the heroine's appetite for life and her inevitable death.

Miss Midler, who is hardly ever off-screen, emerges as a fun-girl. Fleeing the oppressive world of showbiz, she and her driver land up in a rough, red-neck caff somewhere on the outskirts of New York. "We don't serve hippies," snarls the proprietor. "That's all right 'cos we don't eat them either," retorts Miss M. She seems equally at home in a drag club watching simulcra of herself and Barbra Streisand ("Talk about a second-hand Rose") or careering through a male bath-house in pursuit of her chauffeur. And it is just because Miss Midler establishes the heroine as a coarse, raunchy, jokey lady that one can take such cliché moments as the stress on her gregarious solitude ("I haven't been alone," she says, "in 300 years") and the final phone call to mum and dad from a pay-box before her climactic concert.

There is plenty wrong with the film: the dialogue is hard to hear, the rock lyrics almost totally obliterated, and that excellent actor, Alan Bates, is given little chance to build a character as the Machiavellian manager who keeps Rose on a fairly tight leash. But Frederic Forrest is good as the driver whom the heroine picks up and takes under her capacious wing and Miss Midler gives you the heartening sensation of at last encountering a star with a self-deprecating sense of humour.

There is undeniably something odd about seeing people one knew from student drama days being elevated to the showbiz superstar bracket. Having once acted, in a minor way, with Dudley Moore at Oxford, I am a little surprised

to see him catapulted into the million-dollars-a-picture category as a result of Blake Edwards's *10*. In this, cuddly Dudley plays a 42-year-old Beverly Hills songwriter who finds himself fretting over his age and over his relationship with his operetta-singer girlfriend. He fantasizes about a passing beauty he glimpses in a bridal car, pursues her to the ends of the earth (well, Mexico) but, shocked by her blithe permissiveness, returns to his sensible, steady lady and the prospect of marriage.

The male menopause is always good for an agonized laugh or two, particularly if one is hovering round the same age as this film's hero. The trouble here is that Dudley Moore, though a musical parodist of genius and a jazzman of great skill, delivers his lines as if he were reading them off the bottom of an oculist's chart. Moreover Blake Edwards has a way of mercilessly stretching a comic sequence long past the point at which it is funny.

In the States the film has been hugely popular partly, I guess, because it restores the male-menopause-comedy-with-a-moral-ending to the screen. In England, where every third dramatist writes that kind of play, I doubt whether it will touch quite the same kind of public nerve. But collectors of odd screen moments may enjoy a bedroom scene between Mr Moore and Julie Andrews in which they have a spat about women's lib, and Bo Derek as the slender beauty after whom Mr Moore lusts is undeniably pleasant to behold. But it says a lot about the film (or about my sense of humour) that the only moment to make me laugh was when a geriatric maid hobbled across a room with a tea tray and lurchingly delivered it straight into the fire-place.

Matters of a more serious sort concern Federico Fellini in *Orchestra Rehearsal*, a 70-minute, made-for-TV parable about the dangers of Italy dissolving into total political chaos and being rescued by a rebirth of Fascist authoritarianism. How anyone could mistake the film for an endorsement of Fascism (as has happened in Italy) defeats me. The message is abundantly clear, not to say simplistic. The real problem is that an idea that might have seemed interesting on TV looks over-extended on the big screen. And Fellini's basic metaphor—an orchestral rehearsal in a 13th-century oratory that plunges into wild anarchy—just does not make much sense. I know musicians can be mutinous but nothing happens to explain why they should suddenly start to behave like savages. Politically naïve and musically questionable, the film has nothing going for it except Fellini's inborn talent as an image-maker. As an early warning about Fascism it has as much weight as a billboard; but Fellini, the visual magician, ensures there is always plenty to look at.

The word and the action

"They sign with conflagration/The viewless moors of air." Those are lines by A. E. Housman that have always lingered in my mind, never more forcibly than when lamenting our loss of verse drama. I should say "our temporary loss". The fact that scarcely anybody now writes a verse play does not mean that a poet will never return to sign the night with conflagration; to bring the sound of the word to a theatre devoid of it.

I had expected that lost beacons might blaze during *The Greeks* at the Aldwych, a sequence—trilogy, conflation—of ten plays adapted "mainly from Euripides but with additional material from Homer, Aeschylus and Sophocles". At the end of a day when the trilogy had been acted through, with two breaks, between 10am and 11pm, I had hoped to be exhilarated. We had heard the full narrative of the House of Atreus, the Trojan war had been fought, Agamemnon's children had avenged his death, the gods had spoken: here were the timeless myths, the narratives that one might indeed call from another context—Housman again—"the beacons burning about the fields of night".

Certainly one had to applaud John Barton, who was the director, and Kenneth Cavander, on whose translation the work is based, for so ambitious an adventure, for the work behind the trilogy of sin, punishment and redemption, from Iphigenia condemned as a sacrifice by the windless straits, to Iphigenia once more, a priestess at Tauris. But what was missing in the enterprise? Why, for me, has it become blurred within a few weeks? A plain answer is the absence of heightened speech, something to lift the mind, to transform these battles long ago. Agreed, the narratives themselves can be potent, never more than when Hecuba, enslaved and fettered, mourns for burning Troy. Yet even there I waited at the Aldwych for language that would fire the spirit.

There were gleams—during *Agamemnon*, for example—but too little for remembrance; and a sudden dip almost to parody, in the Helen scene of the final sequence, aggravated my discontent. Kenneth Cavander and Mr Barton have their reply. They speak of the terseness of the original plays; their own repudiation of anything elaborate; the choice of "a style which is unadorned, compressed and simple". They would probably raise an eyebrow at Gilbert Murray's verse translations which, within our century, brought so many playgoers to Greek drama. Obviously the loved, if indulgent, scholar who would use half-a-dozen words where one would do, is not for our contemporary stage; but he did think of the sound as well as the sense.

I am grateful to Mr Barton and the RSC for their ordering of the stage and

some splendid performances. The tones of John Shrapnel, Billie Whitelaw, Eliza Ward, Tony Church, ring in the mind, if not much of what they utter. It is belittling when Orestes and Electra turn into modern terrorists; it is unfortunate to recall such phrases as "Wait for it" "Any moment now", "I can live with it". No one in our day has directed *Troilus and Cressida* better than Mr Barton. Some of us would have given most of *The Greeks* for a few lines from that intricately passionate piece.

Henry James, not a poet, was a writer of complex prose that, however valuable on the page, can clog theatrical advance. Still, though he was an indifferent dramatist himself, many successful plays have been shaped from his books. *Appearances* (May Fair), from a short story, "The Private Life", is hardly one of them. Adapted by the Parisian Simone Benmussa, and directed by her—English translation by Barbara Wright—it reaches the theatre as an elegant and affected fantasy, a treatment of "alternate identities", such as—just one example—the puzzle of a man who, when he is not in public, presenting his social image, can melt into air. The production, even in so small a theatre, is unkind to certain seats; better-placed colleagues were enthusiastic, but I can report only that Susannah York and Daniel Massey—he appears as the observer, called Henry James—seemed to be acting agreeably as two of the guests in a turn-of-the-century Swiss hotel.

Anyone who eavesdropped on *Country Life* (Lyric, Hammersmith) in mid-career might have thought that the shapes and sounds were entirely typical of Carlo Goldoni in his 18th-century prime. Actually, the play, as adapted by Robert David Macdonald from a trilogy, ends with a surprisingly bitter resolution. It arrives now as an uncommon period piece, thanks to the direction of David Giles and, especially, the acting of Ellen Pollock and Peter Eyre as an old woman and her demanding parasite; but, coming from the man Browning apostrophized as "the sunniest of souls", it is curiously unexpected.

Back in our own century, *Beecham* (Apollo) is so precise a portrait of Sir Thomas, aspect and style by Timothy West, witty script by Caryl Brahms and Ned Sherrin, that we can regard it as rediscovery rather than impersonation. *Born in the Gardens*, farther up Shaftesbury Avenue at the Globe, is a minor study in the eccentric-symbolic, written by Peter Nichols and aided by the restraint of Barry Foster.

Finally, a study of William Charles Macready, one of the greatest English actors. He is flashed up so finely in a recital by Frank Barrie, which I heard at Goldsmiths' College, that *Meet Mr Macready* must return later in the year to "sign with conflagration" every crest in that extraordinary life ●

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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

Green and fresh from Portugal

I paid a short visit to Portugal last autumn to see some old friends in the vinho verde district. Economic and political changes were apparent, the main one being a shortage of labour, once so easily obtainable; here the firms who can reckon on old loyalties to a family tradition count themselves fortunate. But on the whole things seem to have settled down pretty well in the wine industry and there is a big increase in production—80 per cent up on 1978 in the demarcated district, the story being repeated in other districts; this increase is due not only to good weather.

We are importing much more of the “green” wine. The Portuguese have always been careful with their vinification (the result is not always to British taste) but it has taken the great increase in the price of the dry white wines from France to persuade British drinkers that the young freshness of vinho verde can replace some of its more famous rivals. I suppose Avelada, under its original name of Casal Garcia, was the pioneer of this wine over here. “Young” Fernando Guedes was the maker and brilliant marketer of Mateus Rosé, and many people had their first taste of wine from that cleverly designed bottle, now a lamp-base in many a home. It was the Guedes family, under his lead,

who decided that the local, time-honoured wine might also be capable of attracting a larger public. This vinho verde—sharp, acid on the palate, and, owing to its green youth, “prickling” or *pétillant*—required some adjustment to palates unlikely to team it with the rich oiliness of the Portuguese cuisine with which it had grown up. Casal Garcia was the result and it is a very successful one, selling in England in increasing quantities under the name of Avelada, the name of the Guedes family home.

It was the first import of many. The crisp, cool character of these wines, their bouquet varying between the almost apple-like to the grapey, but always flowery, is perfect with fish. But a well-made vinho verde will go with almost anything except some heavy meat dishes or anything that demands sweetness. When you have seen it grown the reasons for its character become clear. The soil is granite, which is highly acidic in character; even the pillars that support the freely spreading vines are granite. The winter is rainy and mild, the summer dry and often hot, and the vines grow high above ground which is usually humid; the vines are trained in many cases across corn and bean fields and rely on direct sun rather than the reflected sunshine enjoyed by grapes grown close to the

ground. There are many pine and eucalyptus trees around and it is possible to imagine the clean, astringent scent of the trees in some of the musts.

The net result is grapes that are extremely healthy, relatively low in sugar and high in acid. They produce a low-alcohol wine on first fermentation with a great deal of malic acid; it is this which, during the second, malolactic fermentation, makes the wine attractively *pétillant*. The Guedes family, after consulting the French, made only one alteration to the original Casal Garcia. They took the extreme edge of the tartness off the wine by stopping fermentation the merest fraction early, leaving a trace of sugar unconverted and still preserving the minute bubbles to titillate the palate. I have spoken of Avelada as the typical favourite in Britain; other popular names are Gatao, Dom Silvano and Verdegas. They are all worth trying.

I had intended to write also about Dão but found too much of interest in vinho verde to include it here, so I will return to Dão in the future. One of my readers took me gently to task for not writing more about less widely marketed Portuguese wines, and followed this up by sending over a couple of bottles via a friend. These have provided me with interesting suggestions for other

readers. One bottle was the Sauternes-like Granjo so beloved of Edward VII (but, as Raymond Postgate remarked, “King Edward, as you may remember, had a taste for what was bland, blonde, sweet and rather gross—not in wine only either!”). It is possible with this wine, which you are more likely to come across in the Upper Douro than in this country, to find varying quality. However, in its own district it is likely to please and I have enjoyed it there, as I did my reader’s sample which was a good one, even without local food.

The other bottle was a Colares red and this wine is interesting for several reasons. It was very good indeed, with lots of tannin—these wines are for keeping—but with the suggestion of a matured Brouilly about it; and it reminded me that this district has the reputation of producing some of the best wine of Portugal. But it is an “endangered species”. The vines are grown in sand-dunes, rather too near to Lisbon and an attractive commuter area, and they require immense labour, including heavy fencing against Atlantic gales which tear the vines to pieces, with consequent expense. But the phylloxera cannot grow in the sand and the drinker can taste wine as it used to be. Try it while you can ●

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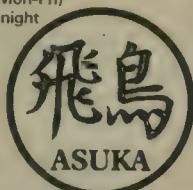
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FOOD TIM BEAUMONT

Final choice

The other night, learning that I was a writer on food and, I suspect, slightly desperate for a topic of conversation, someone asked me what I would recommend as the best restaurants in London. As invariably happens, the names of every restaurant I have ever visited, with the possible exception of Lyons Cornerhouse, escaped me. I muttered something inane but I also promised to write and give a more considered answer.

Since this is my last regular column for *The Illustrated London News* after three years of pleasurable eating, cooking and writing it seems a good moment to give my readers a list of the best restaurants I have visited during this period.

There is a lot of truth in the saying of that great restaurant critic, Quentin Crewe, that "The best restaurant is the restaurant where you are best known". But one of the tests of a restaurant is the kind of treatment given to people who do not look as if they are writing food columns, or likely to order the '28 champagne, or tip abundantly, and one of the more amusing offices of a restaurant critic is to notice if there is any marked difference between the service he is getting and that given to the rather poor-looking young couple who have been put at the worst table.

So here is my list of restaurants which I regard as the tops from every point of view except, sometimes, expense. First is the ethnic class, second, the classical and third, the eclectic.

I have never had a bad meal in a Japanese restaurant in London. I have only once had a Japanese meal I could seriously fault; the reason for this could be that I do not understand Japanese food but, at the risk of sounding vain, I do not think so. If you go to Japan you can certainly find bad food but when the Japanese set out to produce their best they succeed.

Chinese food, on the other hand, varies between abysmally bad chop suey and the finest concoctions of a supremely gastronomic nation. In the old days when Oriental food was new to Britain you could find both kinds in any price range but now, on the whole, you have to pay to get the best. Poon's is a wonderful place for a party, and Tiger Lee's for a more intimate occasion. Two slight reservations about the latter: the décor is bad European and the food is served in separate courses in the European style—but it is superb!

Still in the ethnic section there is The White Tower. It may get left out of the guides from time to time for crimes I am unable to detect but for sheer reliable quality of delicious food I find it hard to beat. This may be because I am seldom tempted away from my favourite menu there—mixed pâtés and

stuffed duck—but once you have located heaven it is silly to desert it.

For classical cooking I have never had anything to equal the "Menu Surprise" at the Dorchester Grill. This is a set six-course menu prepared according to whatever is best and freshest in the markets on the day, and is a monument to the art of Chef Hornsby and Chef Mosimann.

The third category is the one of which I am most fond—the eclectic, the school which in England spread from The Hole in the Wall in Bath, and shows what Englishmen without a culinary heritage can do when they turn their mind to sheer invention and to adapting dishes from all over the world.

Carrier's is still top of the league in this category, although I have not been there for some time, not having had occasion to visit Sadler's Wells Theatre for which it is the obvious restaurant choice. There is Pomegranates which went through a bad patch but now seems to be right on top of its form. It is interesting to note how often this kind of restaurant is run by a former engineer or, at very least, someone who did not start as a regular cook. Lichfield's in Richmond is excellent and has earned its Michelin star. Finally you should try Drake's although again I have not been there for some time.

As for deciding which is the best, it is like comparing Bach and Beethoven, or chalk and cheese. A convivial party of ten I would take to Poon's and let Mrs Poon choose the menu. On the other hand I would take an American to lunch at Wilton's, a restaurant I have not mentioned because it falls into that rare category, genuine English cuisine. It provides the food which English clubs ought to serve but which they are unable to do because their members can no longer afford the prices.

That is my list, and if you work your way through it you will be a great deal heavier and your wallet a great deal lighter by the time you have finished ●

Poon's of Covent Garden, 41 King Street, London WC2 (01-240 1743).

Tiger Lee, 251 Old Brompton Road, London SW5 (01-370 2323).

The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, London W1 (01-636 8141).

Dorchester Grill, Park Lane, London W1 (01-629 8888).

Carrier's, 2 Camden Passage, London N1 (01-226 5353).

Pomegranates, 94 Grosvenor Road, London SW1 (01-828 6560).

Lichfield's, Lichfield Terrace, Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey (01-940 5236).

Drake's, 29a Pond Place, Fulham Road, London SW3 (01-584 4555).

Wilton's, 27 Bury Street, London SW1 (01-930 8391).

Next month Nicholas de Jongh will take over the food column to begin a series of reviews of restaurants and other eating places in and around London.

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The easy-going tulip

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Tulips can be kept going but must be understood. Unlike daffodils and snowdrops they are not native to this country but originate in dry, mountainous regions from Europe through Asia Minor to the Himalayas. They came to western gardens from Turkey and the first mention of them in Western literature was in 1554 by the Ambassador to the court of Suleiman the Magnificent from the Emperor Ferdinand I of Austria, Ogier Ghislaine de Busbecq, who was a keen botanist.

Like other bulbous plants the tulip has developed a brief life cycle suited to its harsh natural habitat. While it is active the roots absorb moisture and nourishment and the leaves help to fatten the bulb through photosynthesis, by which energy is gained from light. After flowering it puts much of its remaining energy into producing seed, at the same time forming one or more offsets, smaller bulbs which in due course build up to flowering size. Once the dry weather starts the roots and leaves die back and the bulb slowly ripens and lies dormant until next spring in dry conditions—not easy to copy in a wet climate. A bulb may take more than a year to reach maturity, producing only leaves until it is ready to bloom. This is the point at which bulbs are sold, each with a new bud packed inside and with enough food stored round it to power the upward thrust of bud and leaves.

I used to wonder why, in the 17th century, at the time of the craze known as tulipomania—that hysteria in Holland when bulbs changed hands for astronomic sums—precious tulips were picked and displayed in those curious blue and white tulip vases shaped like large jars dotted with teapot-like spouts. Then I realized that the flowers had been removed to prevent seeding and to force the plants' energies into the bulbs. The Dutch bulb festivals in which hundreds of thousands of tulips on very short stalks are used for decoration are a similar mixture of inspiration and thrift.

We can remove the flowers the moment they fade and we can help to build up the bulbs with foliar feeds on the leaves and with Wisley mixture, so beneficial to all bulbs—one part hoof and horn meal, two parts bonemeal and half a part of sulphate of potash—a slow-acting fertilizer that I first

discovered for lilies.

Tulips may be divided into species and hybrids. Grouped among the species are the large, early, scarlet *Tulipa fosteriana*, *T. kaufmanniana*, May-flowering *T. greigii* with striped leaves, and their close hybrids. They are good border plants, not difficult to grow, long-lasting if given drainage and plenty of sun. In damp conditions they are vulnerable to pests and diseases and will certainly die if waterlogged or overgrown by other plants. Smaller tulip species are suitable for rock beds, raised beds and protected sunny corners where they may be left for years, all being well.

The big, hybrid bedding tulips might be a different race. Their production is one of the highest achievements of horticulture and, like thoroughbred racehorses, they need care. My favourites are the lily-flowered tulips with recurving petals, surely among the most beautiful of flowers. Where conditions are ideal hybrid tulips may be left in the ground; there were several clumps of old hybrids like Clara Butt in my chalk garden which came up year after year, slowly pulling themselves down until difficult to move or to divide. Normally they are best lifted and stored in a cool, dry place as soon as the leaves have died down naturally. If used in bedding they may be lifted immediately after flowering and heeled in elsewhere.

When planting tulips see that they are deep enough, 6 or even 9 inches, and that each bulb is on a little heap of sharp sand. Bulbs left in the ground are at risk. Try to mark their positions. I ring species tulips round with pebbles, add inconspicuous metal labels and try to keep a notebook that is not an oubliette. I try not to dig where there are bulbs, for these can so easily be turned upside down or damaged.

Rupert Bowlby of the Dutch bulb firm, Van Tubergen, Willowbank Wharf, Ranelagh Gardens, London SW6, told me that a common mistake is to plant hybrid tulips in the same place year after year: this can cause a build-up of virus disease. Animals also can cause losses: I have known squirrels to remove tulip bulbs from ornamental urns and hide them in the rose beds, where they made a surprising spring debut. Fine mesh wire netting laid on the surface and disguised with soil will protect bulbs from squirrels and mice. One way to keep bulbs safe is to plant them in a plastic basket called a planting tray which can be lifted bodily without losing any small offsets and which gives good ventilation if used for storing.

To increase your stock line out ripened offsets and spent bulbs in a reserve bed in autumn, water and feed well next summer and do not let them flower until you want them. It is really easy to grow tulips ●

Britain's housing stock

Late last year I exchanged letters with a reader in the United States. He asked if there were no cheap houses in Britain. Most property writers tend to emphasize the more expensive, historic and unusual houses and perpetuate the belief that this island contains only castles, stately homes, Elizabethan manors and Georgian gems, all costing at least £100,000.

There are still amazingly cheap properties to be bought in some areas. On display in an agent's window in Leicester recently a notice advertised a small terraced house for £6,000. Freeholds with vacant possession at £6,000 have not existed in a desirable part of London for a long time.

But houses between £20,000 and £50,000 are the backbone of the country's housing stock, and represent the majority of transactions. These are the properties occupied by the middle-class—determined more by earnings level than by aspiration—a class which, according to recent government reports, is the most vulnerable to the effects of inflation. At the moment such people are the most susceptible to economic uncertainty, high interest rates, continuing mortgage limitations and all those other things that convince the potential buyer or seller that he should not move for a while.

As this is the range in which most transactions occur, it is also the range in which the longest chains of sales and purchases build up, with a consequent risk of collapse. One of the effects of the recession has been a price drop; whether this is real or whether it merely reflects earlier over-pricing is difficult to determine. Certainly during the early and middle months of 1979 prices were rising sharply and, often with the advice of their agents, vendors were adding a thousand pounds or two to their asking prices. Now that the market faces a decline the "hope" figure must fall back initially to a realistic one and many of the more dramatic falls in price which have been reported have been the result of earlier over-pricing. There has been some drop in prices but, in the last month or two, they have begun once again to move slowly upwards.

The initial shock of a minimum of a 15 per cent interest rate takes a little time to be absorbed by the buying public but after getting used to it buyers come back and the market starts to move again. There was a serious hiccup in sales before and after Christmas, 1979, which was not explained by the normal pre-Christmas lethargy in the house market.

The building societies, although by no means satisfied with the inflow of funds, have recently begun to offer mortgage advances more quickly. During the worst period of fund shortages offers of mortgages were made to take effect three months ahead, sometimes longer, and this again made the

chains of sales and purchases particularly vulnerable. Purchasers wanted to buy more quickly, sometimes the vendors wanted to sell more quickly and there was a general chase after an applicant ready to buy with cash. But mortgage periods are now much less. Although there is variation, not only between different societies but also in different areas, offers are being made for implementation seven to 14 days ahead thus making chains less vulnerable and stimulating interest in buying.

Our road system and rail services have made more accessible parts of the country which contain some very desirable property, and a buyer prepared to face the rigours of commuting by train or car can house himself and his family well for much less than the figures quoted by most writers.

At the higher end of the bracket the High Street banks and insurance companies are offering mortgage facilities and, given the status and earning power, the buyer should have no difficulty in supporting his purchase. The Government has placed some emphasis on the need for funding of starter homes and, because of the limits of individual lending, building societies themselves seem to be helping the starters rather more than they are helping the third, fourth and fifth-time buyers who are moving upwards on the housing ladder. It is difficult to find a sufficient number of reasonably priced starter homes to meet the demand. In many London suburbs there is little available below £20,000. It is not only the absence of job opportunity which is forcing the young out of major city centres; it is also a shortage of property which they can afford.

Popularity means that in a buoyant market prices tend to surge upwards. Improvements in communications mean that areas which once were slow rise even faster. For example, in central Norfolk, which has always been the lowest valued area of the county, rises of up to 40 per cent in price were recorded during 1979. Even greater rises than 40 per cent were sometimes achieved, particularly by properties around two years old, which could show a rise of 100 per cent on re-sale. Essex has become as expensive as Kent, Sussex and Surrey and there is strong demand for properties in the range of £20,000 to £50,000.

In many areas £20,000 will provide a nice semi-detached or small detached house; but the London market remains unique. Although £20,000 might buy a pleasant house in Surrey, that sum will only provide a basement flat in Kensington, or farther out in the true suburbs a terraced villa of sizeable proportions with a small garden.

Building costs are still rising and must have an effect on the second-hand home market although the scale of building is much reduced ●

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Audi's new Turbo



Sales of big cars the world over are being hurt by rising petrol prices. Audi (the smart end of the Volkswagen organization) have just entered the luxury market with their new 200 Turbo saloon. They give its fuel economy top billing and mention its 125 mph maximum almost as an afterthought. The five-cylinder 200 Turbo, and its stablemate, the fuel-injected but unsupercharged 200 5E, will compete with cars like the BMW 7-series, the Mercedes sixes and our own Jaguars. Audi point with pride to the fact that the 200 Turbo weighs 900 lb less than a Mercedes 280SE and is over half a ton lighter than a 4.2 Jaguar. Because it has to pull less weight around than its rivals the Audi is notably economical for a large, fast, five-seat car.

In town the 200 Turbo with manual transmission does 18 mpg, the automatic 18.3 mpg. At a steady 56 mph the figures are 31.7 mpg (28.2 mpg) and at a constant 75 mph, 23.9 mpg (21.9 mpg). In day-to-day use a 200 Turbo should yield 22-23 mpg easily, providing the driver does not make too much use of the flashing acceleration.

This is, I fear, tempting. When driving the 200 Turbo on the Continent some weeks ago I found that the exhaust-driven turbocharger really started to work from about 2,750 rpm upwards. At anything from 45 mph in third gear, or 55 mph in fourth, it fairly leapt forward, feeling as though the 2.1 litre five-cylinder engine had suddenly turned into a 3½ litre V8. In fifth gear the flow of power was less dramatic though perhaps even more useful. Acceleration from 70 mph to a quiet 100 mph cruising rate was impressively fast. At a genuine 120 mph the Audi remained unfussed enough for the radio to be enjoyed.

Turbo-charged cars like the Audi are at their best when the driver exploits their higher torque (pulling power at a given engine speed) rather than their ability to whip up to high revolutions in the gears. To protect the engine from the insensitive and heavy-footed Audi fit an ignition cut-out that operates at 6,300 rpm.

From the outside, the main differences between the 200 Turbo and

the Audi 100 from which it has been developed are the deep, aerodynamic spoiler under the nose, the large alloy wheels and ultra-low-profile tyres, twin headlamps with wash/wipe and hefty shock-absorbing bumpers.

The combination of ultra-low-profile tyres and excellent power steering makes the Audi 200 almost nervously responsive. It is sure-footed on wet roads, nimble on winding ones; the ride on rough roads is slightly knobbly.

The interior is fashionably luxurious, with check velour trim on plumply upholstered seats. Space in the front seems almost unlimited and in the back there is room for a fifth passenger without squeezing. The boot is enormous.

When the 200 Turbo goes on sale in Britain in a few days' time it will cost over £13,000. The specification will be so comprehensive that the only optional extra offered is air conditioning. The standard package includes a choice of automatic or five-speed manual transmission, electric windows and sun-roof, central door and boot locking, stereo radio and tape player, heated front seats and electrically adjustable, heated exterior mirrors. Electronically controlled anti-lock brakes will be available later in the year.

At present Audi are not planning to import the 200 5E into Britain, where they expect to sell between 800 and 1,000 Turbos this year. But I think the 200 5E (and perhaps a turbo-charged diesel 200) will come to this country in the foreseeable future. The 200 5E feels less urgent than the Turbo because it has less power—136 horsepower at 5,700 rpm against the Turbo's 170 at 5,300—and an exceptionally high fifth gear. Its top speed of 116 mph and 0-62 acceleration in 10.8 seconds (the Turbo takes less than nine seconds) should be enough for most of us. And it is even more economical, with an average consumption of 25-26 mpg.

By the end of this decade a 2 litre car will be considered to have quite a large engine. What is really significant about the Audi 200 is that it proves a lack of engine capacity does not necessarily lead to inadequate performance or the need to run a fairly small car instead of a big, comfortable one.

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Omega Constellation Quartz Chronometer.
Photographed in the Rockefeller Centre, New York.

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Left: Omega Constellation Quartz. DD3980852. Stainless Steel and yellow metal. Officially certified Quartz chronometer. Water resistant up to 30 metres.
Right: Omega Constellation Quartz. ST3980852. Stainless Steel. Officially certified Quartz chronometer. Water resistant up to 30 metres. Both models registered.

An odd hand

In the course of the 1970s the World Championship final has more than once worked itself up to a dramatic climax amounting to a total reversal of fortune. At Bermuda in 1975, with more than half the match played and hopelessly trailing behind USA by no less than 77 IMPs, Italy was eventually to win by 45. At a similar stage in the 1977 final at Manila this same American sextet seemed equally lost beyond recovery, only to turn round and triumph over a team of fellow-Americans. In 1979 Italy, as had been confidently forecast, had again been matched against USA, but with only a sixth of the final still to be played faced a daunting deficit of 66 IMPs. Then an Italian counter-offensive almost but not quite caused history to repeat itself. The end was perhaps rather an anti-climax, for Italy never regained the lead but were to lose by a mere 5 IMPs.

An exciting final naturally secures most of the limelight, but there can be much of interest in the qualifying phase, where with six teams in contention there are thus three separate matches with the same hands being used in each. A very early, and very odd, hand produced at most a 2 IMP swing in any one match, yet it could not be said to be uneventful. In the Italy-Taiwan match, it was played at Two Clubs at both tables, but the Italian West played it doubled and the Italian South played it redoubled. The first took only four tricks to lose a 700 penalty, the second made his contract to clock up a game worth 710. There was thus no swing.

- ♠ K 6 5

♥ A Q 6

♦ Q 4 3

♣ A Q 10 2
- ♠ Q J 7 4 3

♥ J 10 8 3

♦ J 8 6 2

♣ void
- ♠ A 10

♥ 9 7 5 4

♦ A 10 7 5

♣ 7 5 4

The bidding with Taiwan North-South:
West North East South
1♣ 1♠ 1NT
2♣ DBL END

Against a One Club system, such as the Taiwanese were employing, it is always tempting, anyway at the right vulnerability, to put an oar in before the stronger side has shown anything specific. East-West would doubtless have done a little better in spades rather than clubs but the ill-starred enterprise had by this time lost its charm, so they let it go. On a spade lead, North-South took their obvious tricks of two spades and a ruff, two hearts, one diamond and three more trumps.

- West North East South

DBL 1NT No 2♣

RDL END

When South bid a Stayman Two Clubs, West thought a double might help the defence, but North did not share that opinion. West tried to minimize the other side's power to make separate trumps and led Club Jack, but could not prevent South obtaining a spade ruff. With his contract in sight, South decided not to take whatever slight risk might be attached to taking the heart finesse for an overtrick. But of course this is no ordinary overtrick but is worth 400 aggregate points or 9 IMPs.

A further oddity about this hand was the fact that Two Clubs redoubled, just made, was the contract in two other matches, with Three No-trumps making ten tricks at the corresponding other tables.

It is quite natural for North-South to reach Four Hearts on the hand below, though the bitter blow of the trump break defeated all but two of the declarers, both of them from the Australia v USA match.

- ♠ A 10 7 4 3

♥ 10 9 6 2

♦ 6 5

♣ K Q
- ♠ J 9 6

♥ Q J 5 4

♦ J 9 7

♣ 10 7 5
- ♠ Q 2

♥ void

♦ A Q 8 4 3 2

♣ J 9 8 6 4
- ♠ K 8 5

♥ A K 8 7 3

♦ K 10

♣ A 3 2

After two passes, the American East had pre-empted with Four Diamonds and the Australian with Three Diamonds. Against Four Hearts both Wests led a diamond and both Souths won a second round. But after the Easts had failed to follow to a top heart, the declarers' plans diverged. The American advanced the play to the point where West must either give up a trump trick or open up the spade suit, hopefully to declarer's advantage. Club King from dummy was cashed, the Queen overtaken with the Ace and a small club ruffed. Ten of trumps from North was ducked into the West hand from which Nine of Spades was now led. This was covered by Ten Queen King, and South then successfully ran his Eight through West's Jack. Possibly West would do better to lead his Jack of Spades; East's Queen is now bare but declarer cannot be sure of this.

The Australian South engineered a trump coup but needed to find three spades with West rather than with East. Dummy's top clubs were both cashed, South's hand was entered with Spade King, Club Ace taken and Ace and another spade played to land West with the lead. His third diamond left him with a temporary way out, but both he and South were down to nothing but three trumps. A low trump by South from K87 effectively ended played West ●



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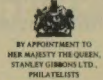
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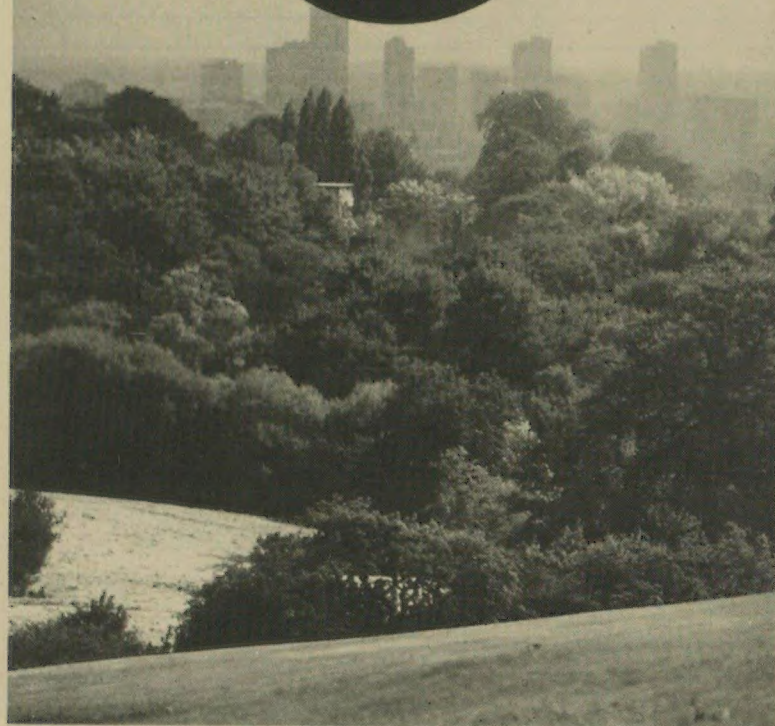
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CHESS JOHN NUNN

Success at Hastings

The annual Hastings grandmaster tournament, sponsored by International Computers, provided a double success for British chess. First, I shared first prize to become the only British winner of this event since 1953. Second, Nigel Short's score of 8/15 gave him the International Master title and at the age of 14 he is the youngest ever to achieve this.

Final scores at Hastings were Nunn and Andersson 10, Makarychev 9, Georgadze, Lein and Speelman 8½, Christiansen, Liberzon, Short and Stean 8, Seirawan 7½, Raicevic 7, Biyiasas 6½, Mestel and Zilber 5, Bellin 2½.

Nigel Short played in mature style and produced a number of interesting games. The one below was played when Nigel needed only to draw his remaining games to gain the International Master title.

Ruy Lopez

Short White	Biyiasas Black
1 P-K4	P-K4
2 N-KB3	N-QB3
3 B-N5	P-QR3
4 B-R4	P-Q3
5 P-Q4	

Rather an unusual reply to the delayed Steinitz variation but Short has a special idea in mind. 5 BxNch and 5 O-O are more common.

5	... P-QN4
6 B-N3	NxP
7 NxN	PxN
8 P-QB3	B-N2

The usual move is 8 ... PxP but Biyiasas, by nature an aggressive player, wished to avoid the possible draw by 9 Q-Q5 B-K3 10 Q-B6ch B-Q2 11 Q-Q5. Short revealed after the game that in view of the tournament situation he would have forced a draw given the chance!

9 PxP N-B3
9 ... BxP 10 O-O B-K2 11 R-K1 B-N2 12 N-B3 N-B3 13 Q-K2 gives White a dangerous attack for the sacrificed pawn.

10 P-B3	B-K2
11 O-O	O-O
12 B-K3	P-B4
13 N-B3	R-K1

Short's psychology has turned out well. In avoiding 8 ... PxP Biyiasas has gone down a line thought to be good for White and the present game confirms this opinion.

14 Q-K1	B-KB1
15 R-Q1	P-B5

Releasing the pressure on White's centre gives White's advantage a concrete character, but otherwise Black has no satisfactory square for his queen.

16 B-QB2	N-Q2
17 P-Q5?	

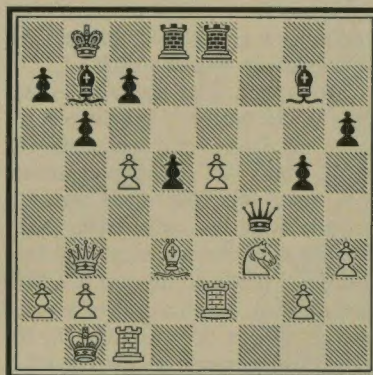
Although this move must be played at some time, once it has happened Black has chances to gain queenside counterplay based on ... N-B4 and the

fianchetto of the king's bishop. So preparatory moves like Q-N3 and P-QR3 should have been played before P-Q5.

17	... P-N3
18 Q-N3	Q-B2
19 P-QR3	B-N2
20 P-B4	N-B4
21 P-K5	

A familiar pawn sacrifice in the Benoni. After 21 ... PxP 22 P-B5 Black's bishop on KN2 is blocked in while the K4 square becomes available for White's pieces. Nevertheless Black might have been able to defend with 22 ... QR-Q1.

21	... N-Q6
22 BxN	PxB
23 RxP	PxP
24 P-B5	Q-B5
25 R-Q2	QR-Q1



Black has chosen to activate his pieces rather than gain a pawn and at first sight he has a good position. However Short's next move maintains the balance.

26 P-KR4!	P-QR4
27 P-R5	R-Q3?

The losing move. In such a sharp position the loss of a single tempo can decide the game. Instead 27 ... P-N5 28 BPxP BPxP 29 KRPxP P-R4! 30 R-B7 (30 Q-R3 Q-N5) PxN 31 Q-N5 PxR 32 RxBch KxR 33 Q-R6ch K-B3 34 Q-N5ch leads to perpetual check.

28 BPxP	BPxP
29 P-R6	B-B3
30 B-N5!	

Exchanging the main defender of the Black king.

30	... BxB
31 QxB	P-N5
32 N-Q1	

Simple and effective. The knight comes into the attack via K3.

32	... RxP
33 N-K3	Q-B4
34 R(2)-B2	R(4)-Q1
35 N-N4	R-KB1
36 N-B6ch	K-R1
37 N-K4!	

37 N-Q7! would have been equally good.

37	... Q-Q5
----	----------

37 ... BxN would be answered by the same move as in the game, while 37 ... RxR 38 QxRch R-Bch 39 NxQ RxQ 40 NxB wins a piece.

38 QxPch!	Resigns
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With acknowledgements to the creative genius of H.M.Bateman



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